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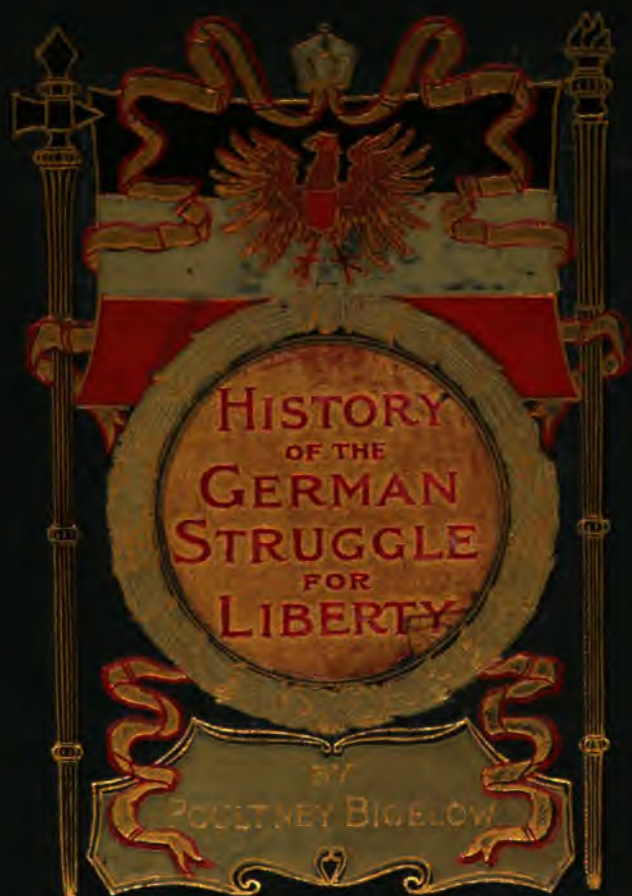
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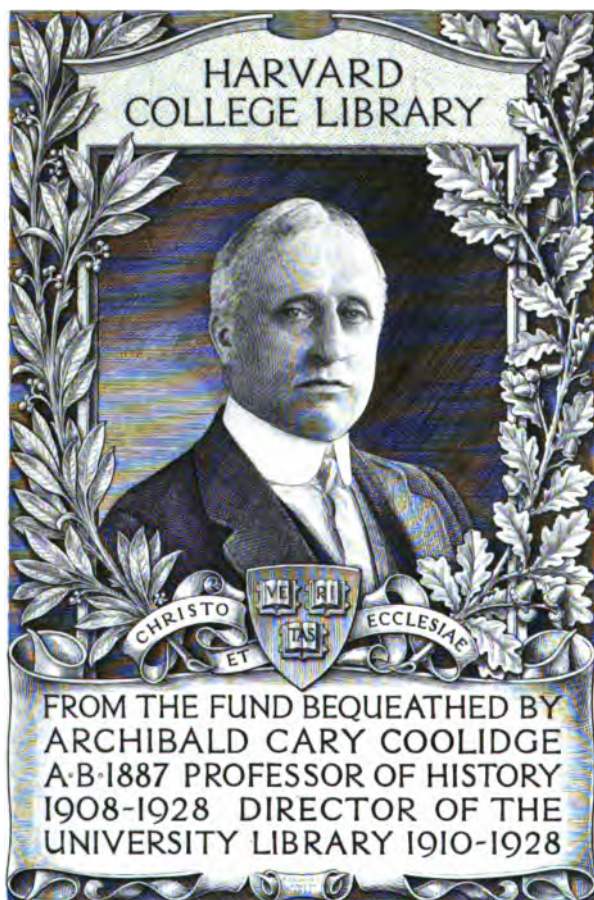
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Edwin H. Brown



WILLIAM I. AS PRINCE OF PRUSSIA

After a lithograph by F. Jentzen

HISTORY OF THE
GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

BY POULSEN
DEPUTY SECRETARY OF THE
OF THE AMERICAN
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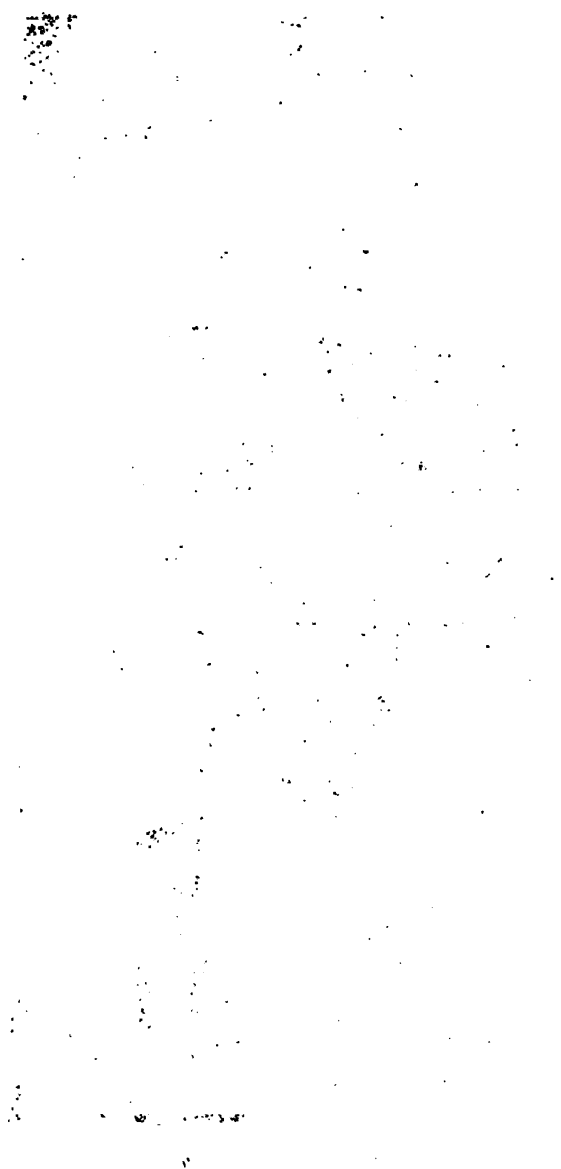
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VOL. IV.

1848



NEW YORK AND LONDON
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HISTORY OF THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW, A.M.

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ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

VOL. IV.

1848



NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1905

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Published November, 1905.

TO
JOHN HAY
SECRETARY OF STATE IN THE CABINET OF
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

My dear Mr. Hay :

*To you I dedicate this volume in memory
of a friendship now forty years old. If these
pages find favor it will be because I am*

*Your devoted disciple in diplomacy and
letters,*

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

The death of Mr. Hay occurred after these pages had gone to press

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PREFACE

IN this volume I have tried to picture a moment when the people of Germany had it in their power to adopt a popular Constitution for the whole of a common country. It was a moment of ideals, of glorious optimism; a short moment, yet long enough to show the world that a triumphant people can be generous and that a monarch has no worse enemies than those who flatter him.

For the student of history this period offers peculiar difficulties, springing from the social structure of modern Germany. The families possessing historical information regarding the revolutionary period of 1848 are averse to making this information public for fear that it might affect the professional career of some member of the family.

No such obstacle stands in the way of the historical student in France or England.

In the next volume I shall hope to show how the people lost what they had gained in 1848, how military governments once more prevailed, and how, in 1871, Prussia finally conquered by the sword a position in Germany which she had declined to accept when offered to her by a generous people.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

CENTURY CLUB, NEW YORK, One hundredth anniversary of Schiller's birth.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

IN Australia I searched the local records with the assistance of Mr. Gifford, of the Sydney Public Library. In San Francisco I was helped by Mr. Clark, of the Municipal Library, and also by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Professor Armes, of the California University. Professor Deiler, of the Tulane University, in Louisiana, also gave me valuable help.

The Munich Library is a rich storehouse for students of this period, and I was most kindly assisted by Director Laubmann and Dr. Koestler. Rich as Munich is, however, I found that even in matters German the British Museum was more complete, and to its director I beg to express again my grateful acknowledgment. The Boston Public Library is not so rich in German material as I had anticipated; and, while expressing here my gratitude to its eminent director, Mr. Wadlin, I trust that this line may be the means of calling to his aid the purse of some citizen seeking useful employment for spare capital.

At the same time I must not forget many others: Frau Professor Schaeffelen, of Munich; Sidney Lee, *Dictionary of National Biography*; Major Boileau, Secretary of the Royal Artillery Institution, Woolwich; Samuel Cook, the veteran editor of the *Sydney Herald*; Frau Professor Pyloty, of Munich; Herr Professor Dr. Abel, of Wiesbaden, whose collection of caricatures and posters dealing with the Revolution of 1848 deserves national recognition; Professor Carl Marr, Munich, and many others to whom I have referred in the course of these pages.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

It would be impossible to enumerate the immense number of books, pamphlets, and manuscripts consulted in the course of writing this volume. For general purposes the student may with profit consult the works referred to in the French *Grande Encyclopédie* or in the German *Brockhaus*, both of which have evidently taken much pains in providing their important articles with bibliographical references. The German *National Biographie* is also excellently equipped in this respect.

Among the works consulted, aside from the standard German histories known to the average reader, are the following:

Robert Blum, *Selbstbiographie*, also his speeches (in German only). There is not as yet any good life of this illustrious patriot. The one by his son is unsatisfactory. Ochsenbein, *Life of General Dufour*; Lector, *L'Election Papale*; Lesseps, *Souvenirs de Quarante Ans*; Perrens, *Deux Ans de Révolution en Italie*; Simoni, *Histoire des Conspirations Mazziniennes*; W. Hamburger, *Sealsfield—Postl, Bisher unveroeffentlichte Briefe*; Kertbeny, *Erinnerungen an Sealsfield*; Smolle, *Charles Sealsfield*; Hochstetter, *Geschichte der Missouri Synode*; R. Hoffmann, *Die Missouri Synode in Nord Amerika*; Kampe, *Geschichte der Religioesen Bewegung*, etc.; J. F. Koesterling, *Auswanderung der Saechsischen Lutheraner, 1838*; Morgenbesser, *Geschichte Schlesien's*; Tschackert, *Staat und Kirche im*

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**HISTORY OF THE
GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY**

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. IV

THE FIRST SHOT

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY

I

THE FIRST SHOT

Prussian troops called out to shoot down the starving weavers of Silesia, 1844 — Causes of distress — Labor-saving machinery — Opening of National Industrial Exposition in Berlin — Its glories compared with the condition of the people in general.

“Ihr Schurken all, Ihr Satansbrut
Ihr höllischen Dämonen,
Ihr fresset den Armen Hab und Gut,
Und Fluch wird Euch zum Lohnel”
—Popular song in the weaving villages of Silesia, 1844.

In June of 1844, Prussian troops were called out to shoot down some half-starved weavers whose misery had made them desperate, and whose ignorance impelled them to seek relief by attacking the machinery which had been recently introduced in Silesia.

This outbreak is not to be confused with the famine which commenced in the year following in another part of this same province. To be sure, it was the same Silesia in the same Prussia, and the people were all educated in the school of industrial and political helplessness, of blind reliance upon a so-called paternal government—but

such was the difficulty of getting from place to place, and such the severity of the censor, that the weavers (of Peterswaldau) who were but a hundred miles from Upper Silesia were no more affected by the suffering of their fellow-Prussians than would have been the province of Shantung by a plague in Yunnan. For us, however, the weaver riots and the famine of Upper Silesia have something in common. The suffering commenced in 1842; rioters were shot down in June of 1844. The Upper Silesian famine commenced in 1845, and was at its height when the February Revolution in Paris gave Germans the opportunity they had been long anticipating with impatience.

The causes of the weaver outbreak were similar to those which had produced similar results in England at a time when steam was superseding hand labor in the factories, and when hard times and lack of employment caused many laborers to regard machines as their chief enemies. In 1819 a handful of quasi rioters had been killed in Manchester, and we yet hear references in public speeches to the "Manchester martyrs." So in Germany to-day the *Webers* (weavers) of 1844 have inspired many a socialistic song and drama.

Heine, in the security of his Paris home and with a rare instinct for what could torment the government, wrote then the poem which is still to-day alive in popular memory:

"Ein Fluch dem König, dem König der Reichen
Den unser Elend nicht konnte erweichen;
Der den letzten Groschen von uns erpresst
Und uns wie Hunde erschossen lässt.
Wir weben! Wir weben!" *

* Heine. Lines suggested by the massacre of the weavers, 1844.



HEINRICH HEINE
From an engraving by Weger and Singer

The Prussian policy of forbidding association or discussion kept the people so ignorant in matters economic and political, that while the tide was rising to destroy them, they could not understand it, nor did Prussian officialism suggest any remedy save to send soldiers to shoot them down.

Some were killed, and the government was at length forced to take notice of them. "Many weavers punished nowadays, in Silesia" [wrote Varnhagen in his diary], "the highest penalty is nine years in the penitentiary. The government seeks to cloak its own incompetence by punishing its victims (*die Leidenden*). Think of a physician flogging his patient!"

This was the note of a representative German—it was the voice of every German who had ears to hear and eyes unspoiled by official spectacles. But the people of the palace sang the stanza:

"Gegen Demokraten
Helfen nur Soldaten!" *

To make the massacre of the Silesian weavers appear more striking, there was opened in Berlin on August 15th of the same year a National Exposition of Arts and Industries. It was a very creditable one, according to contemporary accounts, and showed that Germany had made considerable progress in manufacturing. But those who streamed through the Royal Arsenal (where the display was made), could but contrast the splendor of the exhibits with the fact that starvation was the chronic condition of many whose interests were here symbolized.

Varnhagen also visited the exposition and paid his

* Merckel, "Die fünfte Zunft."

compliment to the wealth of material exhibited. He thought, however, that the people in general took little interest in it—drew little profit from it.

“Even the great reaping and mowing machines do not get into the hands of our farmers—it is the rich and the educated who profit by these things—they devour everything—those who come afterwards get mighty little.”*

* This was not the first industrial exposition in Germany—there had been one at Mainz in 1842 for all German states. Munich already had held one for Bavaria alone in 1818. England had, however, the honor of inaugurating the modern international world's fair (1851). This Berlin exposition furnishes indirect evidence as to the backward state of agricultural machinery in Germany in 1845. Cyrus McCormick had successfully worked his reaper and mower in 1831, and already in that year there were riots in England, caused by an effort to introduce labor-saving methods in the fields. Twenty-eight patents on reapers and mowers alone had been granted in the United States up to 1835. In Germany, however, they were still (in 1845) marvels.

II

THE GREAT SILESIAN FAMINE

Conditions of Prussia in 1847—Censor forbade discussion of the famine—Ignorance of the officials—Details of the suffering.

"When the Hohenzollerns shall have cheerfully dedicated themselves to meeting the pressing demands of modern times, then shall we see strength and health in Germany. From that time on they will find that the leadership will fall to their lot, with scarcely any effort on their part.

"Friends and enemies alike know this."—Gustav Freytag, *Neuer Zeit*, p. 490, written prior to 1866.

SILESIA is not an obscure Chinese province on the border of Thibet, nor is it a presidency of British India—it is not even a Russian grand-duchy. It compares favorably with the Rhine provinces as a centre of population and industry. It was in 1848 the Lancashire of Prussia, and, at the time of which I write, it had already been connected with Vienna and Berlin by railway. Prussia had enjoyed profound peace ever since 1815. The blessings of a well-administered customs union had been diffused from the Alps to the Baltic and from the Russian border to the German Ocean. There was postal service throughout Europe, there were newspapers, but there were also censors.*

And yet within a few hours of the Silesian capital,†

* "Die Pest in Ober Schlesien wäre eine Unmöglichkeit gewesen bei freier Presse.

Die Hungerspest trug mit zum raschen Ausbruch der Revolution in Preussen bei."—Lasker, p. 124; D. V. Erhebung (ed. 1848).

† Breslau, population: 1848, 120,000; 1898, 378,000.

the university city of Breslau, the seat of an archbishop, the residence of a royal governor, and the headquarters of an important military command, Prussian subjects were dying of hunger, and the government let them die.

In America or England men threatened with starvation would have marched forth in bands and fought for the lives of their children, their wives; but the peasants of Prussia begged the government for bread, and when the bread did not come they lay down in their cabins and waited for death.

As early as July 23, 1847, a Breslau newspaper had the temerity to report that near Landsberg, seventy miles east of Breslau, a man had been found dead by the road-side.

"The official post-mortem certified that the man was the head of a family, and that for many days past (*seit längerer Zeit*) the sole food of himself and family had consisted of grass, mushrooms (*Pilze*), toadstools, etc. In his pockets were found (*Fliegen Pilze*) poisonous mushrooms. It is but too true that in many districts this has become the only food; indeed, many human creatures are now living entirely in the forests, which they never leave. They build huts, start fires, and drag out an existence by what they can gather in the fields."

Let the reader bear in mind that Prussians were sent to jail then for offering any criticism upon the administration. The censor in Breslau permitted so bold a statement as this only because the famine had assumed such proportions that it was no longer possible to keep it an official secret—as it had been for two years preceding—and, since it could not be wholly suppressed, the Prussian officials permitted just enough to be published to draw the attention of the crown to their distress.*

* February 5, 1848, Varnhagen makes the first reference to the famine in Upper Silesia by entering in his diary that Berlin is in-

The afflicted districts were to the southeast of Breslau, only about one hundred miles away, a few hours by rail. Daily bulletins were available, or might have been, yet up to the summer of 1847 the people of Breslau were kept in ignorance that their fellow men and women were dying almost at their gates.

On January 20, 1848, a report was published from Ribnyk, fifteen miles from the river Oder in Upper Silesia.*

"There is a deadening listlessness and weakness abroad owing to the crop failures in the past three years and the consequent

dignant at the behavior of the government in neglecting this matter to such an extent that private charity has to be invoked at this late hour.

"No one dares to correct the false impressions held by the King.

"The King learned of the famine in Silesia first through the public prints. . . ."—February 28, 1848.

February 29, 1848. "It has become still more evident that already six months ago the suffering had been reported by minor officials, but the Ministers in Berlin treated the matter lightly and are now trying to prove that they were right in the matter. . . ."—Diary of Varnhagen von Ense.

* In 1848, a few days after the Revolution in Paris, there appeared in Mannheim (Baden) a little book called, *Die Hungerpest in Oberschlesien. Beleuchtung oberschlesischer und preussischer Zustände*. It is anonymous and consists largely of letters written in haste from the distressed regions. It was published before Prussia had attained liberty of the press; and the Breslau papers, in which many of the letters appeared, were so carefully watched by the royal censor that the historical student may regard them as moderate statements.

The historic value of this little work is thus noted by the late Rudolf Virchow in a supplementary note to his *Report*—published after the outbreak of the Berlin Revolution.

"Much as I regret not having been able to use the material of this work (because his own had already gone to press), all the more do I rejoice in discovering that we are at one in our conclusions, and that this excellent book is an endorsement of what I have myself written on the subject." The eminent scientist adds that on comparison he finds that his own case might have been put more forcibly had he been in possession of the other work earlier.—P. B.

general consumption of indigestible stuff, grasses, etc. This general debility has generated Hungertyphus. . . . The mortality is already eight per cent. in this county.

"Distress is universal.

"The price of food has scant effect, for the bulk of the people have no money wherewith to buy food at any price.

"Public relief works can do no good, for the poor people have no strength left wherewith to work!

"Desperation and apathy are apparent; the people turn to begging and pilfering until death relieves them.

"In this county (Rybnik) there are 20,000 sufferers, and in the adjoining Pless it is said to be no better.

"In this state of affairs neither the township nor the county can give adequate help."

From Pless came a report dated January 21, 1848.

"The accounts that have so far come from here are not exaggerated. It is no longer a threatening evil—it is a living terror. In this county and in the adjacent one of Rybnik hunger has decimated the population. In this last year there died in this county 4500 more than in the year preceding (1846).

"In many of the neighboring parishes the mortality has been from fifteen to twenty in the hundred."*

Statistical tables are not always romantic reading. It may help us to appreciate the death-rate of 1847 in

* Morgenbesser's *History of Silesia* (Breslau, 1892), out of 450 pages, 8vo, dedicates barely one page to this famine. Treitschke gives it one and a half pages out of the 750 contained in his fifth volume. The Jubilee edition, 1903, of Brockhaus's most excellent German *Encyclopædia* dismisses the subject in four lines. Professor Hadley, President of Yale University, in his article on "Famine" (Johnson's *Encyclopædia*, vol. iii., 1895), says:

"In Europe also famines belong to the past, in consequence of the change which has taken place in the cultivation of the soil . . . since the latter part of the eighteenth century. . . . A famine in western and central Europe is *impossible!*"

In the list of great famines from the earliest times to ours, Hadley mentions none of the European Continent save those of Russia.

Silesia by recalling that the average death-rate in Great Britain, according to the census of 1890, was only twenty in the thousand; that in the United States it was but eighteen in the thousand. Even in Austria, where the death-rate is officially given as higher than in any other country of Europe, it was (1890) less than thirty to the thousand.

For the diocese (decanate) of Pless we have an official table covering the eight parishes with a population of about 20,000 souls. Here, in 1847, there died 2292, or 1594 more than in 1846, and the number of births was less by 260. In these parishes the death-rate varied from eight per hundred to nineteen per hundred. The average was thirteen per hundred, and this, too, in a diocese containing the palace of the Prince of Pless. These figures, published in Breslau in 1848, are more trustworthy than those of the Prussian government, for the Roman Catholic Church had then better machinery for gathering such information than had his Majesty in Berlin, and had, moreover, less temptation to distort facts.

"The county of Pless," wrote Virchow (p. 89, *Report*, 1848), "has nineteen and one-half German square miles, with a population of 69,000—a very dense population, therefore—3538 to the German square mile.

"There died here, in 1846, 2399 people; in 1847 the number was 6877. In the case of ninety-seven of these a coroner's inquest was held, and they were officially certified to have died of pure starvation. According to an official table prepared by the priests of twenty-five parishes, for the government of the county, there died of hunger in Pless County (Kreis) alone 907 people. In general one-tenth of the population was killed off. Of this number 6.48 per cent. were victims of hunger and pestilence."

As the Prussian government has not published reliable figures about this famine, it is of importance that we

gather together such scraps of information as are accessible, particularly when these scraps have been analyzed and indorsed by the first scientific authority of his time. It is the more important because fashionable historians fail to state how much (or how little) was done by the government to relieve this famine.

The disease first showed itself in the county of Pless for local reasons. Virchow states that it appeared there in July of 1847, that it appeared in Rybnik and Ratibor during September, but that up to March of 1848 it had spread over eleven counties representing two-thirds of Upper Silesia.

There was hunger and pest beyond the border, but in Austria and in Russia the government suppressed all information.* Virchow calculated, however, that in the county of Wadowicz, immediately adjoining Pless County, in Austrian-Silesia, the deaths amounted to 60,000 to 80,000.

In Prague the deaths in 1847 represented 1.23 per cent. of the population, for there too was the plague.

"It is almost impossible to prevent the plundering of the crops even when watchmen are employed—the wheat is cut and cooked when the ears are yet green. . . . The state of health may be imagined—the most miserable creatures make daily appeals to our feelings, chattering with famine fever—and this has been going on now for long!"

As far back as September of 1847 the Breslau papers had announced officially that the governor of Pless County forbade assembling at funerals because "of the great mortality which prevailed in consequence of the

* The custodian of the Imperial Library in Vienna professed himself unable to procure me official information as to the result of this famine in Austria.

'nerve fever' (*Nervenfieber*)" * — polite substitute for starvation.

From Sohrau, an important village between the town of Pless and Rybnik, a cautious reporter wrote, under date of January 13, 1848:

"How many creatures have died here and in the neighborhood of *Nervenfieber* ('famine fever') it is impossible for me to say; but I am sure the number must be considerable, because in many places the supply of wood for coffins is exhausted and in many instances out-buildings have been violently robbed of boarding in order to make coffins. . . . Moreover, it is no strange thing here for corpses to lie fourteen days unburied, and many bodies are tumbled into the same grave. Our City Hall is like a coffin-factory. . . . In a neighboring village a mother has killed her two children because she could give them nothing to eat. One she exposed, the other she sank under the ice."

* "Hungertyphus springs from the united effects of misery, unsuitable food and drink, overcrowding, filth, and barbarous conditions generally. It is a frequent, almost indigenous and chronic disease in Ireland among the poor peasantry; sometimes also among other poor people, for instance once, latterly, with great violence among the poor weavers of the Silesian mountains."—Brockhaus, vol. viii., ed. 1853. Under heading "Hunger."

As this was the first edition of this notable encyclopædia since the great famine of 1845–1848; and since this famine was fresh in the minds of the people, it may well serve to illustrate the power of the censor (as rehabilitated in 1853) that he succeeded in expurgating from this edition any reference to this stain upon Prussian officialdom, although permitting a thrust at British administration in Ireland and a diversion anent the hard times of 1844 in Silesia, which, however, as we elsewhere show, had a different origin than the one culminating in the winter of 1847–1848. Strangely enough the Brockhaus of 1903 has no special article about famine or hungertyphus, that illustrious house not regarding the subject as of sufficient importance.

Under the head of "Silesia" the Brockhaus of 1853 says not a word about this famine—nor under the head of "Pless County." Yet Silesian history is sketched at length—so far as wars and official history is concerned.

On January 26, 1848, the mayor and common council of Pless signed a report in which were these words:

"Famished wretches creep about like corpses."

Then, after referring to the nuisance of starving tramps crowding into their capital from outlying villages, the report says:

"The authorized means of combating this evil are unavailing, for when we have expelled them at one gate of the town they enter again at another. They make light of our punishments, for no penalty we can inflict could be more severe than their own sufferings. To arrest them is to release them from pain—save them from starvation. . . . This is a calamity against which we, unaided, stand helpless!"

The reader asks, "What, then, was the Prussian government doing all this while?" So far as the starving peasantry of Silesia was concerned, their loving father in Berlin did nothing for them until January 26, 1848—and that little came too late to be of value.

Those of us reared in self-government are apt to conclude hastily that because we go ahead without government interference that therefore Prussians might have done the same. But in Prussia it was a crime to meet and discuss anything, no matter how harmless, unless the police had first been consulted on the subject; a policeman had, moreover, to be present in order to break up the assembly at the first word which he might regard as a criticism upon the government.

III

A GERMAN IRELAND

Rudolf Virchow—His share in precipitating the German Revolution—Remarkable report on the famine—His arraignment of the Prussian government—Nature of the Polish subjects of the Prussian monarch—Ignorance of the Prussian officials—How this report affected the future scientific career of Virchow.

"The first duty of a guardian is to see that his ward should not starve to death. When this guardian has complete control over his ward and also the control of all its property, who then can be held responsible for its education and its support?

"Very well then, you Guardian! The shades of the Silesian weavers who were shot down [by the troops in 1844] demand of you information—why were not they and their brethren saved from the desperate straits of famine?"—Heinzen, *Bureaucratie*, p. 249. Published in 1845. (The author had to fly the country under charge of high-treason.)

THE late Professor Virchow, in his report on the great famine in Silesia gives us a picture of social life among the peasants* of this section of Prussia that is well worth recalling, for in 1848 Prussia was pretty generally acknowledged to have the model bureaucracy—even Cobden saw much to admire in the administration.

It is hard to think of one better equipped for just such a task than Virchow. He was then but twenty-eight years of age, and had already become a distinguished member of the Berlin University, through his original

* "Mittheilungen über die in Oberschlesien herrschende Typhus-Epidemie," 1848.

investigation in the field of pathology. He had in the year previous founded a scientific journal (*Archiv für pathologische Anatomie und Physiologie und für klinische Medecin*); and as prosector at one of the most important hospitals in the German capital he enjoyed a professional prestige very rare for one so young.

Fortunately, also, for science, his political opinions had not yet alarmed official circles, and it is to this fact that we owe his being sent on behalf of the Prussian government to report upon the disease which was popularly supposed to be a plague imported from Russia or Austria. The original purpose of this mission was not so much to relieve distress in Silesia as to suggest measures by which the residence of the Prussian King might be spared an invasion of hostile microbes. His report allayed the dread of contagion by tracing the causes to local conditions. But he did not stop there. He pointed out that the wide-spread misery which he saw would return again if the same conditions were permitted in the future. He recommended as a remedy, not merely good food and water, but freedom of the press, freedom of the ballot—in short, a democratic government.

The words of such an observer cannot be of indifference, particularly when written over his own name and published in a medical journal, and therefore with a full sense of the personal responsibility involved. His frankness may be due to the fact that between starting on his mission and writing his report the revolution in Berlin had abolished the censor; but had no revolution taken place we may safely trust that he would have found means to tell what he saw—possibly in more guarded language—possibly as an exile, a refugee in London, New York, or Paris, like so many of his colleagues.

"At the beginning of this year (1848) the newspapers brought fuller and fuller details of a disease that was devastating Upper Silesia. The Prussian Minister for Religion, Education, and Medical Affairs not only received no information regarding the nature of this disease, he did not even learn what the disease was."

These are the first two sentences of this remarkable report—enough to have sent an ordinary editor to jail in normal times, for it expressed a doubt as to the efficiency of government officials.

Virchow then adds that only after all Germany was aroused by this horrible plague and that private organization was collecting funds for the distress, "then the Ministry of the Interior was forced to rouse itself out of its indolence," and the Minister of Education sent an agent to report on what was being done, but "refused to give him power to act as might be necessary." Virchow himself was appointed a little later (February 18th) for purely scientific research.

Both started together on February 20th, and Virchow was back in Berlin on March 7th, just ten days before the revolutionary outbreak there. The fortnight in Upper Silesia he devoted to visiting the most interesting districts, examining patients, discussing with the local doctors.

The character of Upper Silesia suggests Ireland, in the boggy nature of the soil no less than in the religion of the most ignorant section of the people, who are in both cases alien in race to the ruling powers. "All Upper Silesia is Polish," was Virchow's experience, and "intercourse with the people is impossible except through interpreters."

The observations of a Virchow in 1848 have still force to-day in the Prussian-Polish districts which are the particular objects of Germanization.

"Seven hundred years have thus passed since Silesia was torn from Poland. The greater part of the country has been completely Germanized by means of German colonization and the power of German civilization (*Cultur*). But in Upper Silesia seven centuries have not sufficed to wipe away the Polish impress upon this people, an impress which their fellow-Poles have so completely lost in Prussia and Pomerania."

Are we not reminded of Ireland, north and south?

"To be sure, these seven centuries have sufficed to destroy the national pride, to corrupt the language, and so to break their spirit that they go by the nickname of *Wasserpölacken* (Polish water-rats is the closest English equivalent). And yet their whole appearance bears clear trace of their origin. We do not see the peculiarly Russian type of face which we generally call Slav, and which so frequently suggests to us that these representatives of Asiatic ideas are neighbors to the Mongolian. On all sides we noted handsome features, clear skins, blue eyes, fair hair—frequently, to be sure, the features are modified by troubles and dirt, but, particularly among the children, they are most attractive and pretty. Their domestic habits remind us strongly of Poland. Their dress, their houses, their social intercourse, and finally their uncleanness and indolence have all their counterpart among the lower classes in Poland.

"So far as laziness and dirt are concerned it would be hard to exaggerate. The Upper Silesian scarcely ever washes—he leaves to heaven the task of giving him an occasional bath through the medium of a sudden shower. Vermin of all kinds, notably fleas and lice, are almost constant guests about his body. And almost equally striking is the indolence, their distaste for any exertion, physical or mental; a complete dedication to sloth. And this combined with their doglike servility is so disgusting to one accustomed to freedom and hard work that the first impression is apt to be rather of disgust than compassion.

"... The Polish language has been one of the chief reasons for the backward state of the Upper Silesian. For seven centuries, since it has been separated from the mother-country, this people has had no share whatever in the civilizing influences, small as they were, which have existed in Germany. It has gained noth-



RUDOLF VIRCHOW

ing from German life, for it had no means of getting in touch with it.* In later years attempts were made, through the schools, to introduce the German language, but the means taken by the government to accomplish this carried with them the seeds of failure. The German school-masters were usually of the most inferior caliber, and they were turned over to a Polish population to get on as best they might. The result was that the teacher usually learned Polish, but the school learned no German. Instead of the German language gaining ground, the Polish held its own, and to-day you may see innumerable people with German names and German features who yet cannot understand a single word of German. . . .”†

“A second obstacle to the development of this people has been the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Nowhere, excepting in Ireland, and at times in Spain, has the Roman clergy ruled a people so absolutely as here; the people serve them as though they were their serfs. . . .

“The Upper Silesians had been so addicted to brandy that on the evenings when the people returned from the markets, the roads were literally sown with drunken men and women. The child at the breast was suckled on brandy.

“In a single year Father Stephen ‡ (Brzozowski) managed to convert all these people. It was done by drastic measures—

* “The last census states that out of six millions of children in Prussia below the age of fourteen only a little more than two millions are receiving education.”—Lasker, p. 142 (1848).

“An official petition on file with the government, signed by every president or mayor of villages in the county of Pless (Silesia), shows that seven-eighths had to sign by making a cross, their names being written by another hand!”—Lasker, p. 145 (1848).

† Many sections of Europe furnish this same anomaly. For instance, in the upper Rhine valley, near Ragatz, I have been struck by the Roman or Latin appearance of the peasants who yet speak only German. In Spain I have been equally struck by Gothic or Germanic features, hair, and eyes in villages where only Spanish or Basque was understood. The French Huguenots lost their own language completely among the Boers of South Africa. These illustrations could be multiplied.—P. B.

‡ This remarkable priest was generally referred to in Germany as the Polish Father Matthew — another illustration of the German familiarity with the Irish famine.

legal and illegal—church penalties and corporal punishment; these were freely exercised. But finally the pledge was extracted from all—and kept.

"This epidemic has abundantly illustrated the immense devotion of the people to their spiritual leaders. Many competent observers have assured me that the poor people faced death with a certain degree of cheerful confidence (*Zuversicht*), because it meant freedom from suffering here, and a compensation in the shape of heavenly happiness.

"In case of illness, the victim did not call in a doctor, but rather the priest. If the Holy Sacrament did not heal, what could mere human medicine avail?

"... At the moment when state help was urgently needed the government did not appear, and when it finally did put in an appearance it was too late, and the help it offered was so trifling that it would have done no good anyway. (Page 17, Virchow, *Archiv*.)

"The suffering was greatest upon the land belonging to the crown of Prussia in Rybnik County, because here the power of the authorities was more complete than elsewhere!"*

Professor Virchow relates what I have already quoted above as to the Prussian tax-collector levying the very bed of fever-stricken patients. He declined to believe these tales because he had not sufficient evidence—they were too monstrous to be accepted without investigation—he was satisfied that they must be very exceptional.

Then he goes on to say, and I quote him always with pleasure:

"It would, to be sure, have been a difficult task to have raised up out of its degradation (*Versumpfung*) a people for centuries

* "Show me a single official or citizen who has not had reason to complain of the Bureaucracy—her cruelty, her offensive haughtiness her caprice, her disposition to play the guardian in everything, her omnipotence, and finally her dishonesty? Who has not in bitterness yearned for a free press and popular representation as a means of lightening this burden, of limiting the field of her operations—of cutting down the army of employéés?"—Heinzen, *Bureaucratie*, p. 318.

neglected and held down by clerical rule; it would have meant a large outlay, but then the results would have been correspondingly satisfactory.

"Men who are familiar with conditions in Upper Silesia and competent to discuss their intellectual condition, such as professors, . . . etc., insist most earnestly upon their capacity for higher development. But the schools, the communications, agriculture, and industry had been allowed to get to so low a point that any development from within had become an impossibility.

"These few notes suffice to indicate how deplorably the Prussian government, through the most monstrous neglect, through most sluggish domestic as well as foreign policy has made the intellectual and material elevation of this people impossible!"

To-day there are many respectable German writers who quite understand why Ireland should hate England, yet cannot see reason for Poles not becoming good Germans.

Virchow paints an economic picture of Upper Silesia which at every step suggests the parallel with Ireland of the same period—this is the more interesting from being obviously a mere coincidence.

"More than anywhere else in the eastern part of Prussia is Upper Silesia characterized by an aristocracy possessing vast estates; and more than anywhere else in Prussia is it the rule of these landlords to spend their time and money far away from their estates, after the fashion set by the Irish aristocracy. A large portion of the nobles spends vast sums in Breslau, Vienna, Berlin, etc., or abroad; and this money is, of course, withdrawn from the neighborhood where it is much needed.

". . . A large portion of the poorer people, particularly the majority of those called *Häusler* (cottagers or farm-laborers), had to endure up to recently all the hardship of forced labor (Corvée, or Roboten in Slav countries). These poor people were compelled to do service for their landlord five or six days in the week, and they hardly had one day to themselves to cultivate their little patch and care for their own family. What could be expected of them when they had but one day in the week, fifty-

two days in the whole year? They could not possibly do more than satisfy the barest necessities of life.

"What can be expected of a people that has, for centuries, fought for mere existence in such miserable conditions that it has never known a time when its individual labor went for its own benefit—a people that has never known the joy of possession—never enjoyed the satisfaction of earning, never known what it was to get wages in return for hard labor—a people that has sweated only in order to swell the profit of a landlord. It is not strange if such a people should have quite lost the sense of any permanent possession, that it should fail to provide for the morrow, should think only of satisfying the demand that is immediate.

"After so many days spent in working for another, what was more natural than that he should devote the one day free to his own rest, for idleness, for dozing on his brick stove? Is it strange that he worked in a slovenly manner for his landlord, considering that he received no payment?

"His only stimulant was brandy (*Schnapps*), to which he was passionately addicted. In it he found a source of oblivion—of momentary exhilaration. There is a consensus of opinion that joy went out of them completely.

"When, however, this forced labor was abolished two years ago, through the law compelling the people to purchase this liberty by ceding more land to their landlords, it could not be expected that this people which had been kept in degrading slavery for centuries—ay, from the very first moment of their appearance in history—this people when the day of liberty finally dawned could not be expected to welcome it with the joy of a strong man whose prison doors are opened while he is yet in the prime of his manhood.

"A people for which centuries had known no other exercise of liberty than to lie about in idleness could not be expected at once to enjoy its blessing in any other manner. There was no one there to help this people in taking the first step towards the new liberty—no one to teach them the significance of freedom—that prosperity and education are the children of labor, the mother of comfort.

"In former years it had been to the interest of the landlords (or rather the slave-owners) to preserve their serfs (or slaves) from misery and famine; but with the abolition of feudal serfdom their practical interest in the welfare of the people ceased!"

Virchow's language might be applied to the condition of the negroes in the former slave States of North America.

Virchow denies that the Pole is ineradicably dirty and lazy. He discusses the matter as though at that time the opinion to that effect was so universal as to have the force of a self-evident proposition.

"I feel convinced by my own observations that there would be no lack of energetic labor and intelligence in Upper Silesia if only we took the pains to awaken these slumbering forces.

"What a glorious picture will be presented when this people, after its centuries of fetters, shall for the first time raise its head aloft like a young giant! It is well worth the effort for a wise and well-intentioned statesman to undertake this task.

"Medical science is a social science. It is the knowledge of man, and its task is to discuss such questions and to attempt their theoretical solution. It is the task of the statesman, the practical anthropologist, to find means for solving this problem."

As we shall have occasion to see later, the only solution attempted by Bismarck and subsequent statesmen of Germany has been to do the reverse of what Virchow suggested here—and with deplorable results.

Now, turning to the state of the dwellings, we get another suggestion of Ireland.

"The houses are in the country and the suburbs, almost exclusively built of logs; the walls consist of logs placed one on top of the other, smeared inside, and sometimes outside as well, with clay.* The roofs are of straw. Chimneys are almost universal. Windows are small, and only rarely are they arranged so that they can be opened. Only the rich can afford stables and barns. The dwelling-house is usually at the same time the stable and store-house. The general room is usually six, eight, or twelve feet

* The primitive Boers still used clay for their floors in 1896, but in other respects I recall no Boer house so primitive as these here described.

square, about five to six feet high. The floor is of clay, the ceiling of boards laid across the beams. The stove, with its arrangements for hanging clothes about it, occupies a large part of the space. Connected with the main stove* there is the so-called *Zigeunerofen* (Gypsy oven), on which the cooking is done; and a flat species of platform made of bricks is joined to it, on which a portion of the household spend their leisure and sleep."

This description suggests the oven which I found in use in China, north of Peking, and which is common from Manchuria to Moscow. The feature of man and cattle dwelling together is not unknown in Russia to-day, and to some extent I have seen it even in Ireland as late as 1888.

"The remaining place in the room is usually occupied, even when the inhabitants are prosperous, by a cow, or a cow with calf. The rest of the furniture is of the scantiest nature—always a hand-mill for grinding corn, and in most cases a bedstead with feather pillows. These latter, however, never suffice for all inhabitants of the hut, who number anywhere from six to fourteen. Those that cannot find room in bed sleep on the oven, on the benches about the oven, or on the floor with some straw under them.

"The only ornament of this room consists of a generous array of images of saints (*Heiligenbilder*), which are wont to hang in handsome frames in one row over the windows.

"From this brief description we may readily judge of the misery and drawbacks incident to such a life.

"The exhalation from so many people and their cattle; the evaporation from the damp floor and walls, which is constantly taking place during the winter months when the room temperature is kept up to between eighteen and twenty degrees Réaumur, are apt to cause headache to any one not accustomed to this atmosphere.

"The clay of which the floor is made and which holds the walls together is frequently so damp that many fungi grow upon them.

* A pile of brick and tile reaching to the ceiling, as is usual throughout Germany to-day.—P. B.

I have seen huts into which the melted snow had penetrated and was lying one foot deep on the floor, and the inhabitants let it lie there! They had simply stretched boards over the water! Under the principal bed there is frequently a depression in the ground intended to take the place of a cellar for the storing of potatoes, etc., and this contributes its full share to the atmospheric poison."

Virchow regarded many of these ills as having prevailed from time immemorial, but the overcrowding he proves to have been a thing of the past fifteen years, traceable to government neglect. He goes on to point out that in general the church occupies the most advantageous position, then come the houses of the landlords, and finally the farm-laborers, or *Häusler*, build their cottages on the low, swampy land where each freshet finds them unprepared.

What I have quoted is so extraordinary considering the year and the place that nothing less than a Virchow could have induced me to treat it as historical evidence. We seem to be in Russia, not in the state of the Hohenzollerns. Indeed, the influence of Russia was mighty over the husband of Queen Luise—also over this King Frederic William IV., and, if possible, still mightier over the then Prince of Prussia, the first German Emperor.

"Month after month passed after the outbreak of the epidemic before the higher officials took any notice of it. The autumn passed—the winter came with its horrors, and yet nothing was done! Small sums were finally granted, but the red tape of the government insisted that each little sum should be paid directly to each individual, and in each case a written voucher procured so that it might be filed in the office of the comptroller!"

The life of Virchow is not merely the life of modern biological science, it is likewise the history of German political development in the nineteenth century. He

was ever an active citizen, and when past eighty he still participated in the political work of the day with all the enthusiasm which he had shown in the stormy beginnings of 1848. His life was devoted to the searching after truth and making it known. The government of Prussia treated him as an enemy, but the world of science honored him as a benefactor.

The words with which he closed his medical report on the famine of 1847 have so important a bearing on the history of Germany, and notably on the several great cholera epidemics which have since then afflicted his country, that I make no apology for using his precious words in a final résumé of the whole situation.

"A wasting epidemic and a horrible famine raged simultaneously over a poor and illiterate and a down-trodden people. In one year there died in the county of Pless 10 per cent. of the population—6.48 per cent. of hunger and disease, 1.3 per cent., according to official lists, of hunger alone. In eight months there fell ill in the county of Rybnik 14.3 per cent. of the population, of typhus; of whom 20.46 per cent. died, and it was certified 'officially' that a third of the whole population would have to be fed at public expense for six months. Both of these counties (Kreise) counted orphans to the extent of one-third per cent. of the population.

"Thirty - three doctors, many priests and merciful friars (*frères de charité*), and helpers of various kinds fell ill, and not a few died.

"In the thirty-three years of peace Germany had never experienced anything approaching this—even remotely; nobody had dreamed this possible in a state which, like Prussia, laid so much stress upon the perfection of its domestic administration. But it was possible, as is abundantly attested by the columns of figures, each figure representing suffering—horrible suffering. And now that it is impossible to question the existence of this suffering it is our duty to draw such conclusions as are justified by the facts collected and proved.

"My own conclusions had been formulated at the moment

when I left Upper Silesia and hurried home in order to help in the reconstruction of our old political edifice knocked to pieces by the French Revolution. I did not hesitate to state my conclusions before the members of the convention which was to send delegates to the National Assembly at Frankfort. These may be summed up in the words, 'Complete and unlimited Self-government (*Volle und unumschränkte Demokratie*).

"Prussia had been proud of her laws and her officials. According to the law, each day-laborer was entitled to look to the state to save him from starvation. The law guaranteed him work by means of which he could earn at least this much. The schools—these much-vaunted Prussian schools—were nominally provided for the purpose of giving him the education suited to his needs. The sanitary police was there for the purpose of watching over the condition of his home, his manner of life. And what an army of officials ever ready to carry out the letter of the law! How ready was this army at all times to pry into the private affairs of life; how carefully did it watch over the private affairs, spy out the most secret relations of 'subjects,' one to the other, in order that these might not develop too much, either spiritually or materially; how zealously did this army of officials seek to nip in the bud any precocious or demonstrative manifestation of civic intelligence or enterprise! The law was there—the officials were there—and the people? They died by the thousand of hunger and the plague!

"The law was of no avail, for it was but written paper. The officials could give no help, for all their activity consisted merely in producing more written sheets. The state had become, little by little, nothing but written paper—a vast card-house—and when the people shook themselves the cards came tumbling to pieces.

"In Ireland the people rose, with or without weapons, when their distress had passed the bounds of what they could endure; the working-classes (*Proletariat*) came out upon the field of battle, in rebellion against the law and those who owned the land—in threatening masses they came. In Upper Silesia they hungered in silence.

"The violence of outward pressure had produced in them a stoicism, an apathy, which the North American Indian attains only through great inner struggle.

" . . . Remove the conditions that have produced the famine fever in Upper Silesia, and famine fever (typhus) can never occur again.

"Medical considerations have drawn us unconsciously into the field of sociology, have brought us face to face with the great questions of our day. Consider, it is no longer a matter merely of treating this or that fever patient through medical or sanitary prescription—it is a question involving the happiness of one and a half million of our fellow-citizens (*Mitbürger*) whom we find in the lowest moral and physical degradation."

After pointing out that it is the duty of Prussia to spare no money or effort in raising the economic condition of these people, he continues:

"The means of producing such a mighty reform as would enable this worn-out, exhausted people to attempt regeneration lies in a complete national reorganization of Upper Silesia.

"As I have already pointed out, the Upper Silesians are Poles by origin and customs and language, albeit the other Poles despise them for their corrupt dialect, and they themselves have lost the knowledge of their own history. But we have arrived at a point in the history of nations when the great Slav family is justified in stepping out upon the stage of history.

"On all sides are heard the echoes of the Panslavistic call throughout the great extent of its spread. Unknown and almost unnamed branches of this family rear their heads; and the new national ideals are setting spirits aflame which had been left cold by the artificial system of territorial equilibrium. . . . Prussia has had time enough in which to realize the clumsiness of her attempts to Germanize Upper Silesia. A people does not lightly surrender its national attributes. The force of arms or overwhelming material advantages can alone induce it to become attached to the new forms in a comparatively short period of time."

Virchow urges Germany to let Upper Silesia separate and join a Slav confederation—in other words, he advocates the rehabilitation of Poland.

"It is most illogical for Germany to hold an alien people against its will—we who made war against Denmark for the sake of the German duchies!"

Virchow's words should be kept in mind whenever reference is made to the relations of Prussia to her Polish subjects either here or in Posen or the provinces of West or East Prussia.

"Let the events happen as they may—whether Upper Silesia fall to a German or a Slav federation of states, it remains none the less the duty of any wise and popular government to educate the people and to make it free, not only outwardly, but domestically.

"Freedom without education means anarchy. Education without liberty makes revolution. The needs of this country are, above all, on the one hand elementary education to the widest extent, including trade and agricultural schools, the encouragement of popular literature and periodicals. On the other hand the greatest possible extension of liberty—notably, the liberty of self-government."

Virchow, of course, insists energetically upon the complete separation of Church and State. (Cf. p. 174.)

"The earth produces far more than men need for their support," a proposition which Henry George treated as the corner-stone of his *Progress and Poverty*. Virchow maintains that under a condition of self-government such a famine would have been impossible.

"A reasonable Constitution must accord to each individual the right to existence under suitable sanitary conditions!"

From the date of this publication to that of his death Virchow has been looked up to by the chief cities of Germany as authority in matters sanitary. It is he who has made the German capital the model for all others in Germany.

At the time of the great Hamburg cholera scare (1891), when intercourse throughout Germany had become almost impossible owing to the absurd efforts made to combat this disease by means of fumigation and quarantine, Berlin set the example of a community which had nothing to fear from within or without—travellers from everywhere came and went as usual—neither they nor their luggage were molested. While the medical authorities with comical unanimity insisted everywhere else that cholera was infectious, Berlin remained untouched by this absurd alarm, kept its streets clean, supplied the people with pure drinking-water, and gave the physicians of the world a lesson which centuries of medical congresses would probably never have taught.

Virchow, in his lifetime, suffered much social ostracism because of the fearless manner in which he defended his political convictions against popular prejudice or governmental authority. How often was he told that a professor should not meddle with political questions! Bismarck honored him with official persecution, and the so-called best society of Berlin would have been scandalized had it heard that one of its members had been seen in the company of this "radical."

Yet it is because Virchow loved his country, as well as his science, that we have this precious report on the famine of 1847, and it is the political side of this report which was the means of educating the German government and the German people in regard to the true relation of popular welfare to popular health. From this point of view Germany to-day may well raise monuments to Virchow as one of the mightiest forces in her regeneration—the man who, in Germany at least, may justly be called the father of public sanitation.

IV

THE PERSON OF FREDERICK WILLIAM IV.

Views about Constitutions—Similar to those of his father—His indefiniteness—Love of oratory—Stained-glass windows—Medieval mind—Admiration for Ludwig and Nicholas—His early years—Incapacity to understand what was going on about him—Growing dissatisfaction among his people—Religious ferment—Julius Rupp—His protest—Prussians petition for a labor bureau—Distress among the working-classes—Advice of Prince Albert—Petition ignored.

"HAMLET"

Deutschland is Hamlet! Solemn, slow,
Within its gates walks every night,
Pale, buried Freedom to and fro,
And fills the watchers with affright.
There stands the lofty shape, white-clad,
And bids the shrinker in his fear—
"Be mine avenger, draw thy blade—
They've poured poison in mine ear!"
—"Hamlet," by Ferdinand von Freiligrath.

THE liberals of Germany may regard with complacency the magnificent monument in Berlin reared to this King, for he was eminently calculated to produce the Revolution from which Germany has derived such immense good. Germans who distrust popular government speak otherwise—they regard his reign as a sad episode—about which the least said the better.* No history of

* "The only proper way of meeting revolution is to avoid making any concession—to assemble an army rather than a congress . . . to put the Prince of Prussia in command. . . ."—*Memoires of General v. Gerlach*, vol. i., p. 130.

this year can be complete until the Prussian archives are thrown open, and meanwhile we must content ourselves with such evidence as fortune has enabled us to secure.

In 1815, and again in 1820 and 1823, the father of Frederick William IV. (husband of Queen Luise) had solemnly made public his intentions to grant to Prussia some sort of Constitution.

He violated this pledge and died in 1840. It had been pretty generally felt among his loyal subjects that it would be lacking in good taste to press this matter too far, so they let the old gentleman die in peace. They hoped, however, for better things from his son, who had early awakened political hopes from the effusive manner in which he had declaimed upon German unity and liberty.*

In 1847 he finally granted what he regarded as the most liberal Constitution which could possibly be conceived by any right-minded German.†

The document had the signature of the King alone as a sign that it was a gift from on high and not the recognition of any right inherent in the people.

From the King's point of view the concession was immense; but from that of his younger brother (the future Emperor William I.), it was a dangerous limitation of sovereignty, for it admitted in principle that there were circumstances in which the representatives

* "Frederick William IV. was curiously adapted for stirring up the sleeping German people and rousing in them demands and aspirations which he never satisfied. . . ."—Otto Abel, *Das neue deutsche Reich*, 1848.

† "It is the tamest and feeblest of animated things, but to Germans, living under as perfect a despotism as ever existed, from the days of Nimrod to those of Nicholas, it may have a far greater value."—*Illustrated London News* of February 13, 1847. Referring to this Constitution.

of the people should have the right to unite and discuss public measures.

This to him was as dangerous as permitting a recruit to discuss the orders of the commander-in-chief.

Unfortunately for both, however, the people understood by a Constitution, something akin to what existed in Switzerland, France, or Belgium, if not in England, some measure of popular suffrage, some measure of free speech, some right to convene at short and regular intervals, and, above all, some share in raising and in spending their own revenue.

But all this species of modernity was to the King (and his brother) impious radicalism. It was highly embarrassing to be constantly reminded of what their sainted father had promised them. Nevertheless, they assumed that no matter what that promise might have been, the principle of monarchy by right divine was of vastly more importance.

Frederick William IV. was proud of his Constitution, and no one has ever contested his right to its exclusive authorship.* He cheerfully looked forward to meeting a gathering of notable German representatives and receiving their humble and heart-felt thanks for permitting them to come together once in four years or so, and ratifying such laws as the King in his wisdom might choose to submit to them.

There is an ancient rhyme which sums up the situation on April 11, 1847, in Berlin:†

* "... He (Frederick William IV.) excluded the parliamentary opposition, as disobedient subjects, from the banquet to which he has invited the more tractable."—*Illustrated London News* of July 3, 1847.

† Of Leopold v. Ranke, *Life of Frederick William IV.*, vol. xli., p. 747. *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie* "Diese Auskunft war so viel wir wissen, der eigenste Gedanke des Koenigs."

“‘Mother may I go out to swim?’
‘Yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
And don’t go near the water!’”

The eight provinces of Prussia were permitted to elect representatives, to meet, to talk, to go through all the outward forms of a parliamentary gathering, but—no more.

Frederick William IV. was a gifted orator, and he hugely enjoyed hearing the sound of his rolling periods. In England he would have been a second Gladstone; in America he would have rivalled Daniel Webster. For the opening of his parliament (*Vereinigter Landtag*) he prepared a speech in which he expressed his opinion in these classic words:

“Noble and loyal subjects! I am moved to declare solemnly that no power on earth shall ever induce me . . . to convert the natural relation between Prince and People into one of constitutional contract. I shall never, under any circumstances (*nun und nimmer*), tolerate the wedging of a sheet of written paper between God in heaven and this country—to rule us by its paragraphs like a second Providence.”

Before twelve months had passed over his head, the Revolution had blown a refreshing whiff across Berlin, and this same monarch made a proclamation closing with these words (dated March 21, 1848):

“Only through the introduction of a truly constitutional form of government with responsible ministers in all (German) states; public and oral trials by jury; equal political and civil rights for all of whatever religious denomination they may be; and a thoroughly liberal and popular administration can we establish and make permanent our domestic peace and happiness!”*

* “. . . The King of Prussia is at this moment impossible—that is not merely my own, but the opinion throughout Germany. His



FREDERICK WILLIAM IV

Small wonder then that the German writers of national history step carefully when in the neighborhood of this historic period. The illustrious Ranke, who was born in the same year as his King, 1795, who had frequent opportunities of seeing and conversing with him, who was made royal "historiographer" in 1841 (the year after his accession), and who was subsequently raised to noble rank by William I., even this illustrious writer, who found it easy to publish the truth when speaking of Popes beyond the Alps, suddenly found the truth most awkward when affecting his monarch on the Havel and the Spree.

Frederick William IV. married a Roman Catholic Bavarian Princess who became Protestant shortly afterwards (out of conviction, we are told by Prussian chroniclers). His sister married the "Orthodox" Nicholas of Russia, and she too changed her religion from equally convincing motives. He admired the King of Bavaria (Ludwig I.) because both were romantically inclined—they both dreamed of a regenerated Europe in which the alleged virtues of the so-called age of chivalry should once more be made manifest, when all should be devoted to the Church, when men should look up to the priests and the kings as to their natural leaders and loving guardians.

Nicholas he admired, not merely because his father had taught him to, but because in him he recognized a

name alone is enough to spoil any proposition with which it is linked. His picture has been publicly insulted and burned in Munich, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, and Frankfurt. The *Demokraten* are in power—it is now only a question of the terms they may offer us. Had Prussia but taken action four days before she was compelled by the mob, there would have been every prospect of happy relations. The government is too late."—Ernst II. to Prince Albert, April 6, 1848. *Memoires*, vol. i., p. 280.

shining example of absolute monarchy undiluted by any weak concession to popular clamor.* Of course his polished and rather sentimental nature regretted that Nicholas found himself compelled to act with apparent brutality towards what in Germany passed for science—that he ruled his universities as though they were barracks; but, on the whole, he envied the Czar's immunity from an awkward public opinion.

There never was a king who meant better by his people, nor one who fancied he had done more for their good. And, indeed, no prince ever came to the throne under auspices more hopeful.

The beautiful and noble Queen Luise not only secured for her husband the best political adviser available at that time (Hardenberg), but was the means of giving her eldest son a tutor (Ancillon) of really eminent qualities instead of the one who had hitherto been engaged for this important task (Delbrück).

It was she whose tact and insight made the change possible.†

* German feelings for Russia illustrated by a caricature of 1849 (in the *Reichsbremse*)—a Russian troika—the bear is driving—and the horses have the heads of Frederick William IV., Franz-Josef, and Louis Napoleon.

“Bittend nahten sich im Maerz,
Dreissig Polen dem Barbaren,
Fuer die Freiheit schlug ihr Herz
Kniehend flehten sie dem Czaren:

“Maecht'ger, gieb uns Polen frei!
Niklaus sprach: ‘Ich werd's bedenken,
Rief Kosaken schnell herbei,
Liesz sie alle dreissig—henken!’”

—From *Der Teufel in Berlin*, 1848.

† “An education which limits itself to making the Crown-Prince an honest, religious, and honorable man is not enough. He must have correct notions about his country; he must have a knowledge of the body politic; he must be able to see events in a broad spirit;

What we know of Frederick William IV. officially and authoritatively is to his credit. Those sources are, however, suspect-members of his family, officials about the court, or historians dependent on government.

No prince was ever more carefully trained for the career which was marked out for him from his cradle. At this cradle stood the widow of Frederick the Great; his mother, Queen Luise, did not close her eyes to the world until 1810, when the lad was fifteen years of age; the father lived to see his son forty-five years old, and his birth happened in a year when Prussia was pretty generally regarded as the state from which would come the regenerated Germany.

In 1795 the court hesitated as to whether they should acquaint the French Republic *officially* with the birth of this Crown-Prince, and yet before this Prince was more than ten years old, Napoleon, the child of revolution, was holding court in Berlin and dividing Prussia among his friends.

In 1805 Prussia once again demurred from recognizing a Napoleon on the French throne, but her scruples yielded as they had after Jena, especially when Russia, which had brought about the downfall of Napoleon I., found herself compelled to a humiliating peace by his nephew.

Frederick William IV. had seen the whirligig of history as few men may do in one life, but he could not understand what he saw.

he must be qualified to take hold of great things and push them through. . . . The Crown-Prince has intelligence, imagination, and thirst for knowledge; but his talents are not being sufficiently developed. There must be a tutor who can take hold of his spirit, command it, and lead it in the right direction. . . ."—Hasty memorandum of Queen Luise, 1809, cited by Ranke, *Frederick William IV.*, vol. vii., p. 733.

For art, for music, for architecture, for after-dinner speeches, for Church ceremonial, for theatrical fuss and feathers, for all the secondary interests of monarchy he had a keen eye. He travelled Italy when a young man, and bathed his soul in the romance surrounding the venerable palaces and churches of this favored soil. But he could not see that this gaudy splendor had been purchased by the sweat and suffering of a helpless peasantry. Although destined to be the head of the Lutheran Church, his impressionable nature could not escape the influence exerted by the gorgeous pageantry of the Roman Catholic hierarchy; he could not fail to contrast the picturesque and romantic piety of the Latins with the comparatively cold and inartistic worship of North Germany. That hundreds and thousands of his fellow-Lutherans were sacrificing their all and escaping to America to satisfy their craving for religious truth—to this he was blind.

He was a kindly man when kindness caused him no discomfort. He would have visited the cabins of the starving Silesian weavers had they been well warmed and furnished. At Paretz, the favorite country-seat of his mother, he played the part of a bountiful squire,* and basked in the adulation of scholars, artists, historians, architects, who readily persuaded him, if not themselves, that he was the wisest and most generous of monarchs.

A witty Frenchman has said of him:

* "No military guard approaches this peaceful spot. The King is himself magistrate (Schultz) of the village, and the whole life of the place proceeds in patriarchal simplicity. During dinner . . . the villagers were collected before the windows; everything taken off the table was straightway given to them; and, on rising, each person of the royal family took fruit or cake from the dessert, to distribute with their own hands from the window."—Letter of Bunsen to his wife, October 19, 1827. *Memoires*, vol. i. p. 283.

"Tout son règne (1840-1861) n'est qu'un flirt avec l'Allemagne libérale. Le prétendu était fort amoureux, un peu timide et susceptible; la fiancée était coquette et réclamait un contrat avantageux; la famille du jeune homme craignait qu'il ne se laissât jouer. . . ."

His visits to Bavaria, the home of his wife and King Ludwig, these also fed his fondness for the mediæval. The wayside shrines about this beautiful country, the outward respect shown for the priests by the happy and very Catholic peasantry was in strong contrast to his Brandenburg, where Lutheran pastors congratulated themselves if they could drag a small fraction of the people into their cheerless churches.

Frederick William IV. felt what he saw, and had he been trained as a priest, a painter, or an actor he would in all probability have done creditably. But, like many in these three professions, he was almost devoid of practical or common sense—his impulses were sometimes noble, but the impulse of to-day was displaced by that of to-morrow. If he saw a suffering man by the wayside he would give him a present and descant eloquently on humanity; but that thousands of his subjects were in equal misery through his whimsical legislation he did not see and therefore could not be made to feel.†

Such a man could never have become the manager of a railway or a safe-deposit company. As King he should have been limited to opening charitable bazaars and presiding at the annual banquets of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. Providence in her inscrutable

* Denis, *l'Allemagne*, 1810-1852, Paris ed., 1898, p. 221, *et seq.*

† "We regret to add that distress is becoming universal throughout Germany."—Letter from Stettin (May 15, 1847), accompanied by half-page picture of Prussian soldiers dispersing the mob in Stettin who are attacking a baker's shop. Published in the *Illustrated London News*.

wisdom placed him on the Prussian throne at the one moment of all others when Germans in and outside of Prussia were in a state of restless dissatisfaction at the antiquated, absolutistic government to which they had grudgingly submitted even since Waterloo. They, too, admired stained-glass windows and romantic ceremonials, but they cared very much more for their national self-respect. They were weary with being looked down upon by the rest of the world as symbols of economic and political helplessness. They saw England and America moving forward irresistibly in nearly every walk of human activity, they felt that individually they were inferior to no men on earth, and yet collectively they appeared to be political and industrial babies. Germans emigrated in all directions and sent back to their friends at home messages which but increased the general discontent.* While their King talked frothily and inter-

* "Provided with passports countersigned by the Prussian legation in Carlsruhe, the undersigned (Itzstein and Hecker) undertook a journey through North Germany." (May, 1845.) Itzstein and Hecker were both notable members of the Baden Chamber of Deputies, and their journey was an eminently peaceful one—nothing much more dangerous than acting as godfather to the first-born son of an old friend in Stettin. "At five o'clock on the morning of May 25th there appeared at their door in the Brandenburg Hotel, Berlin, a police officer in uniform and sword." He ordered them to leave Berlin for their home by the first conveyance, which was the seven-thirty train for Leipzig. He had orders, he said, to accompany them to the train, and to remain with them until they started.

"Our amazement cannot be described—we could only think that some mistake had been made." But there was no mistake. "To our demand for written authority for this step, and the reason for this outrageous act of violence, the official answered by pointing to his uniform and remarking that as a royal official he needed no written credentials for his action, and as to reasons he had but to obey the order of his superiors." They both endeavored to interest their government in this matter, but were refused access to the minister—were told that he did not rise before eight o'clock. They

minably about the glories of the Hohenzollerns, the manifest destinies of Prussia, the preciousness of piety, and, above all, the beauties of obedience to the monarch, his starving people were being locked up for whispering about their country's distress and driven into exile for seeking to worship God after the manner of the Bible.

It is wearisome work wading through the chronicles of this mushy-minded monarch. He is still honored as the enlightened patron of art and letters, yet we count in the first four years of his reign seventy books suppressed by the police of Berlin.* He could see only disloyalty in those of his Protestant subjects who differed from him in matters theological. With grim humor did Varnhagen write:

"Prussia, in the long run, will have cause to bless the King and Eichhorn (his minister), because their madness in matters theological will result in religious liberty. The independent Churches are rapidly gaining ground!"—November 23, 1847.

One illustration will suffice—that of Julius Rupp, one of the principal founders of the Independent Protestant Church in Germany (what in the United States might be called the Congregational). He was born in Königsberg, East Prussia, in 1809, and here he died in 1884.

In 1846 he founded here a free church, after having, in the year previous, been dismissed from his pulpit for questioning the Athanasian symbols.

He had studied at the University of Königsberg and taken an advanced course at Luther's Wittenberg. He

left a message for him—represented the urgency of the matter—but that was all there was of it. The protest of Itzstein and Hecker is dated Mannheim, May 27, 1845. This is the same Friedrich Hecker who fought in the Civil War, became a general, and died in St. Louis, 1881. Cf. Lasker, *History of 1848*, p. 122.

* Cf. Lasker, p. 156, *et seq.*

is the author of a large number of important contributions in defence of religious liberty, and was many times returned to the Provincial Parliament. His protest in 1846 indicates the degree to which the King of Prussia had outraged the conscientious scruples of loyal Protestant people.

This is the Protestant Declaration of Independence, one of the most important utterances bearing on the popular triumph of 1848. It is known as Rupp's Protest (January 1, 1846). The principal sentences read:

"The Holy Spirit lives on in man as in the days of our Saviour; it manifests itself perpetually in different ways.

"Words and meanings grow old.

"The human spirit alone remains ever new.

"Each generation has to find the truth for itself, but should not on that account force it upon a generation succeeding. The Bible and the Symbols are very important as witnesses to the truth, which men then felt—but they have no other significance. God has not revealed them in any one book. The worship of the Bible itself is irrational (*unstatthaft*). Each of us will read it with edification, but each is entitled to appreciate it according to his individual moral and mental capacity. The belief of the individual is his own secret into which no one has the right to pry.

"The highest duty of man is to make real the idea of ethical perfection (*Sittlichkeit*). Love (*die Liebe*) leads us to this moral perfection.

"If the Christian religion is mainly one for the poor and the distressed, then must we see a community (*die Gemeinde*) make this a reality by seeking to render happy on earth those who come to us for help.

"The present is the time in which we must do our work—the earth is the only place for this.

"Each one has equal right and an equal claim upon life, for each one has in himself the capacity to realize the moral purpose of this life."—Rupp.

During that terrible year, 1847, when the King should have been in the midst of his suffering people, we find little paragraphs such as the following:

"To-morrow the King goes to Ischl—an Austrian summer-resort—from September 7-9 (1847) he will be in Venice—then Padua, Verona, Lake Garda, and back by way of Innsbruck."*

On September 25th this chronicle notes that the King had been on a visit through the Rhine country and Westphalia, but that his reception had not been cordial, that what warmth there was had been of an official nature—that is to say, paid for.

There were many parts of the world more interesting to him than the fever-plagued villages of the upper Oder.

"A hundred times in the course of the evening the King at dinner, and at tea, declared he would see the Acropolis and Jerusalem; that it was easy enough to manage—a matter of only three months; he had but one life to live, why should he be deprived of such little pleasures? It is the report of such things that make people think that the King is a little wrong in the head!"†

"The King has gone for eight days' shooting in the Harz."‡

The King was fiddling while Rome was burning, the Revolution was sending its warning note abroad, and many heard it—even in and about the palace. But it is the fate of monarchs to breed flattery and falsehood, and the courtiers whom Frederick William IV. treated best were those who agreed with him.§

* Cf. diary of Varnhagen von Ense.

† *Ibid.*, October 15, 1847.

‡ *Ibid.*, October 19, 1847.

§ Bunsen to his wife, Sans Souci, June 8, 1841, "He (Frederick William IV.) sees and feels everything defective, whether in persons

Varnhagen was not in office. His position was one of comparative independence, socially and financially. He knew what was going on in many circles of Berlin, and he delighted in the work of keeping a diary.

This Berlin Boswell saw clearly the dangers ahead; but to have pointed them out to the King would have merely exposed him to a trial for treason.

"A newly discovered Nibelungen Lied will make them (the Germans) forget Constitution, liberty, and misery. They can give you an exact account of the mismanagement in China, Japan, or Siam, but it never occurs to them that their own is the worst of all!"

There was much truth in this comment made by Charles Sealsfield* in 1827; but the year 1848 was affected by considerations of a very practical kind—how to keep from starving. For a time poetry and music were neglected—the mob was clamoring for bread.

And now we have the first petition of working-men to a Prussian sovereign—the first manifestation of that political force which became for a short time the sovereign of Europe—the wage-earning class referred to as the *Proletariat* to distinguish it from the little traders and shopkeepers who formed the bulk of the so-called *bourgeoisie* or employers of labor.

This petition reflects the blind confidence of the subject in the capacity of the King to grant everything—even to modify the laws of nature. Note the wholly respectful tone, and the date—March 11, 1848—only a week before the King was made to bare his head to a triumphant Berlin mob.

or things, more clearly and deeply than any one in his dominions."—*Memoires*, vol. i., p. 603.

* *Austria*, p. 4.

"*Allerdurchlauchtichster König*"—most serene and perfect of sovereigns—a designation which is the usual perfunctory blasphemy common in addressing a German monarch.

"In these times so hard for us, we, working-men of every description, venture to beg a favor of you.

"This favor is that you speedily do away with the present distress among laborers and make their future secure.

"The state can flourish only when the laboring classes can earn enough for their needs, and make their wishes known.

"The fact is that we are being oppressed by usurers and capitalists.

"Our present laws are not able to protect us against them.

"We therefore implore your Majesty to establish a labor bureau that shall be composed only of wage-earners and wage-givers, and that these should be elected by such people only.

"Only such a labor bureau can be in a position to understand the condition of the people, to raise the condition of the laborers, to protect the state from the dangers which threaten, to protect the property and lives now endangered by threatened violence.

"In deepest submissiveness

(Signed).

This petition the King ignored.

In a few days he was congratulating himself that he had not been guillotined.

It was not only from the mob that his Majesty received hints as to the state of his country. Kaiser Franz (and Metternich) had extracted a promise from him that he would grant no Constitution, but his people did not then know of this duplicity.

The Czar Nicholas also warned him against the dangers of popular government.* When the Russian archives are thrown open they will afford interesting light upon

* "Nous l'avons dé ja dit, la Russie est mauvaise a l'Europe et bonne a l'Asie. Pour nous elle est obscure; pour l'Asie elle est lumineuse; pour nous elle est barbare, pour l'Asie elle est Chretienne."
—Victor Hugo, *Le Rhin*, vol. ii., p. 426.

the extent to which St. Petersburg methods have influenced German civilization in our times.*

One royal voice, however, spoke honestly to the Prussian King, and it was one that should have carried more weight than those of all other courts in Europe—that of the late husband of Queen Victoria, who was not only himself a German prince and familiar with the social condition of Europe, but had enjoyed in England exceptional opportunities of noting the effect of personal and political liberty upon a people of kindred race. Prince Albert wrote, on December 12, 1847, from Osborne Castle:

"... It is my firm conviction that the only way in which you can meet this threatening popular clamor (*Andrang*) is to attract to your government the property-owning and educated classes by giving them generously a share in the administration of their own country. . . .

"... The new Germany must be erected, and if a German prince does not undertake the task it will fall into the hands of political clubs, professors, theorists, charlatans, and if the work is not commenced soon the Democracy will run away with it.

"Without an Emperor at the head it will be nothing but a republic, whose ultimate end will be such a condition of things as exists in America or Switzerland."

But the wise warning † of Prince Albert was wasted—

* "Le Roi de Prusse mon beau frère, avec lequel j'étais étroitement lié d'amitié, n'a tenu aucun compte de mes conseils.

"Nos relations politiques s'en sont singulièrement refroidies, à ce point qu'elles ont réagi même sur mes relations de famille.

"Voyez quelle a été sa conduite: ne s'est il pas mis à la tête de ces fous qui rêvent l'unité de l'Allemagne!

"... et maintenant qui sait où il va avec ses projets de Constitution!"—From a secret despatch to De Tocqueville from the French ambassador in St. Petersburg, dated August 11, 1849, detailing a talk with the Czar Nicholas. Tocqueville, *Souvenirs*, p. 369.

† Prince Albert to his brother Ernst II. of Saxe-Coburg, March 30, 1848, Buckingham Palace.—*Memoirs of Ernst II.* Cf. vol. i., p. 266.

Vienna and St. Petersburg were nearer to Berlin than Windsor or Southampton Water—and the tenets of the Hofburg and Petropaulovski were more sympathetic to the Prussian police than British parliamentary tumult and mass-meetings in Hyde Park.*

Enough has now been said to show that the political, the religious, and the economic forces of Germany were not merely organizing an opposition to the absolutist administration of the day, but that they were inviting the co-operation of elements which were then a novelty in Germany—Socialism and Communism.

* "Believe me—if the monarchy had not completely forbidden Frenchmen to take an interest in public affairs—even local affairs—the Revolution of 1789 would have been quite different—it would have been much less radical—and would have taken the shape of a great and useful reform. The monarchy has been punished for her unjust, selfish, and short-sighted policy—she expelled the nation from the life that was politically practical and consequently unchained the ideas of a politically unpractical nature—and these have taken vengeance."—Odilon Barrot, *Memoires*, vol. ii., p. 16, in his Introduction to the Revolution of 1848.

V

WEITLING THE SOCIALIST

Growth of Socialism in Germany—Engels and Marx—Socialist programme of Marx—London, 1848—Stieber's history of revolutionary societies—Relations to the Church—Weitling—His *Gospel of the Poor Sinner*—Extracts—Advocates Christianity as Communism—His programme for 1848—Secret societies in Germany.

"Les Utopies d'un siècle sont les faits du siècle suivant."—Victor Hugo, 1841, *Le Rhin*, vol. ii., p. 423.

"All the great intellectual problems that convulse Europe are connected with the rights of nationalities, the progress of democracy, or the dignity of labor."—Lecky, *Rise of Rationalism in Europe*, vol. i., p. 174.

THE word Socialist is in Germany as vague a one as with us the words Republican, Democrat, Conservative, or Liberal. As I write, the so-called Socialist party of Germany cast some three millions of votes and elected fifty-six members of the imperial parliament, and thus become the dominating political party. The elections passed off in so orderly a manner that the casual stranger had no occasion to notice them. Yet it was practically a political revolution, the turning of an empire upside down, the passing of power into the hands of a party which for the past fifty years has been denounced from the pulpit, the throne, and the barrack-yard, as the party of revolution, anarchy, godlessness—the party of unpatriotic vagrants, of *Vaterlandslose Gesellen*.

When Marx and Engels drew up the Constitution for the Socialists of 1848, the only feature of it which attracted notice in the world at large was the call for union of all laborers against organized society. The programme frankly stated that the Socialist must make it a rule, in times of election, to throw his whole weight on the side of whichever party was the most inclined to revolution.

The attitude of the government is epitomized by a royal historian.

"The programme of international anarchy was adopted (1848), and their authors were two Germans without a country (*Vaterlandslose*)!"*

Yet to-day Marx and Engels are as much honored among a large section of German voters as are in America Thomas Jefferson or Henry George, or in England Cobden and Huskison.

Let us glance a moment at this manifesto of the Communistic party, drawn up by Carl Marx in January, 1848. It reads as though written yesterday:

"A bugaboo (*Gespenst*) is making the round of Europe—the bugaboo of Communism. All the powers of old Europe have linked themselves together in a holy hunting down of this bugaboo—the Pope and the Czar, Metternich and Guizot, French radicals and German police. Where can you find a party of 'opposition' that is not denounced by the hostile authorities as 'communistic'? From this alone we may conclude that Communism is recognized as a force by all the great powers of Europe.† It is high time that we present to the world our aims

* "Das Program des Internationalen Umsturzes war (1848) aufgestellt, und seine Urheber waren zwei vaterlandslose Deutsche (Marx und Engels)." — *Treitschke*, vol. v., p. 517.

† The attitude of the German Emperor to the Socialist party after the election of 1903 was epitomized by the Munich *Simplicissimus*, in a cartoon representing a monarch and his son observing

and objects and oppose a party programme to the bugaboo of Communism.

"For this purpose Communists of different nationalities have assembled in London and united upon the following statement (manifest), which is published in English, French, German, Italian, and Danish."

Then follows a well-worded programme by Carl Marx, calling upon the "Proletariat" of the world to organize the social revolution.

The force of this document lay in that it was comparatively moderate and practical; and it is still a gospel among the Social Democrats.*

the lightning in the midst of a heavy storm. The lightning is about to strike a mediæval castle. The little boy, who is waving a Prussian flag, says, "Papa, order this wretched storm to stop!"

"No, my son; when the proper time arrives I shall interfere with a strong hand!"

This veiled thrust at the Majesty in Berlin was provoked by a statement alleged to have been made by William II. to the effect that if the Socialist vote grew to dangerous proportions, it would then be time for the government to take steps against it.—P. B.

* It occupies twenty-five pages of close octavo print, and may be read *in extenso* (p. 209, *et seq.*) in a scarce book, written by the infamous Prussian Police Chief Stieber (of Berlin), in his book on Communism, etc., published in 1853.

This book of Stieber was intended only for police officials, and is not mentioned in connection with his life—it was obviously a "confidential" document. The Brockhaus *Encyclopædia* of 1854 omits Stieber's name, no doubt by order.

Forty years later, however (ed. 1895), he receives notice as "one of the most notable and most dreaded of Prussian criminal prosecutors," no slight distinction. Stieber was, even in the Prussia of that time, an especially unscrupulous and dreaded official—so brutal was he that in 1860 he was himself brought to trial, and though he was acquitted the government had to retire him for a time. During the war of 1866, however, he once more entered the Prussian service as chief of police in the field, and in 1867 he accompanied the Prussian King William to the Paris Exposition, and there added much to his fame by unearthing an alleged plot against the Russian Emperor (by the Russian Pole Berezewski). In the war of 1870 he also had



FREDERICK ENGELS

"... The theories of Communists are not based upon ideas that have been discovered for them by this or that reformer (*Weltverbesserer*).

"They are but the general expression of a war between classes that is now going on. The proposition to abolish the conditions of ownership is not a distinguishing mark of Communism.

"All ownership has ever been the subject of legal modification in all ages.

"The French Revolution abolished feudal ownership in favor of the middle class.*

"What distinguishes Communism to-day is not the abolition of ownership by this middle class (*bourgeoisie*).†

"... The communistic theory may be summed up in the words, 'Abolition of private property!'

"Capital is a product of the community working together (*ein gemeinschaftliches Produkt*), and can only develop itself further through the combined activity of many members of the community—I might say through the combined efforts of every member of the community.

"Capital is therefore not a personal perquisite, but belongs to the community.

charge of the police in the field. He died in 1882 at the age of sixty-four—a cordially detested man, save at court. He is ignored by the *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*. I recall, as a boy, the hatred of him that I heard expressed in Berlin, 1871.—P. B.

* "Für Marx steht Deutschland hinter den anderen Kulturstaaten unendlich weit zurück. Es ist noch nicht da angelangt wo Frankreich schon vor 1789 stand. . . ."—Gross, *Karl Marx*, 1885, p. 5.

† This word *bourgeoisie* at that time was the expression for the class of employers, manufacturers, shopkeepers who were credited with drawing their earnings from the sweat of the day-laborer and giving in return merely enough for bare existence. We to-day glory in the title of citizen—the German is proud of its equivalent *Bürger*; but in 1848 the word had an evil sound among the day-laborers—it suggested the man who through machines and money prevented them from ever rising above the level of economic slavery.

The word *Proletariat* I avoid in these pages, for we have in America no class that corresponds with what Marx had in mind when he penned this famous document. Day-laborer is the nearest thing we have to it.—P. B.

"You are scandalized that we should propose the abolition of property!

"But in the community of to-day nine-tenths of the whole population has no private property—it does not exist for them. The condition of present ownership is that nine-tenths of the community should be without it—and you cry out against us for wishing to abolish this state of things.

". . . Our complaint boils itself, therefore, down to this, that we propose to deprive you of YOUR property.

"In this surmise you are perfectly correct!

"Communists are accused of not loving their country.

"Day-laborers have no country (*Vaterland*). You cannot deprive them of what they do not possess. The supremacy of the labor party (*Proletariat*) will abolish political frontiers. One of the conditions of our emancipation is the fraternity of all civilized nations."

Marx regarded the Germans as a people who had not enlightenment enough to make a revolution of their own, but had profited by suppressing revolutions elsewhere. In the eyes of Marx a nation must first be ashamed of its condition in order to be ripe for revolution.

"But Germany is not yet capable of feeling shame—these wretches on the contrary call themselves patriotic!"*

Finally, bunching together the communistic demands, he enumerates ten principal ones, many of which have been partially met, or at least recognized by many European states to-day—notably imperial Germany.

1. The abolition of private property in land and the application of ground rent for national purposes. (Henry George, who was far from being a Socialist, also advocated this to a certain extent.)
2. Progressive income tax.
3. Abolition of inheritance.

* Professor Gross, of the Vienna University, *Essay on Marx*, p. 5.

4. The property of absentees, political refugees (*Emigranten*), and rebels shall be confiscated.
5. State monopoly of banking.
6. The carrying business shall be in the hands of the government—"express" service, railway, ferry, trams, etc.
7. Government aid to factories, drainage works, machinery, etc.
8. Compulsory labor for all—creation of industrial armies, particularly for carrying on farming.
9. Gradual blending of farm and factory work; gradual abolition of the contrast of town and country.
10. Public and free education of children. Abolition of child labor in its present form. Combination of education with productive labor (trade-schools), etc.

Marx admits that some form of despotism will be necessary before people get accustomed to the benefits he contemplates. The above ten paragraphs he proposed to apply immediately, but only to the most advanced communities—though he does not name them.

"Die Communisten arbeiten endlich überall an der Verbindung und Verständigung der demokratischen Parteien aller Länder.

"The Communists disdain to make a secret of their purposes. They declare openly that these purposes can be attained only by the violent overthrow of all former social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble in the fear of a 'Communitic Revolution.' The day-laborers (*Proletarier*), have nothing to lose but their chains. They have the world as their prize.

"Proletarier aller Länder vereinigt euch!"

These are the closing words of the famous London Manifesto of January 1, 1848, by Carl Marx, the same who was for many years the esteemed European correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, the organ of the American capitalistic *bourgeoisie*!

The German Socialist of to-day is nominally the same as the one of 1848. Yet the German ship of state glides

along fairly well in spite of our being told in almost every official breath that the crew is mutinous.

There is nothing new about Socialism. In 1848 it represented a popular demand for a betterment of the working-man's lot, to-day it represents the same; but if you talk with the German who to-day calls himself a Socialist, you soon find out that he has no particular interest in Marx's financial theories, but he votes* the Socialist ticket, because he believes that the success of that party means higher wages or shorter hours, or some fancied material advantage.

Every great trading and manufacturing country to-day has a labor party whose votes are solicited by politicians. The more liberal the government, the more moderate is the party of labor. In England and America, Italy, France, and Germany the labor party, under whatever name it may go to the polls, behaves itself quite as respectably as the members of any other party.† In Russia there can be no open party of labor, and the result is an underground organization which the government

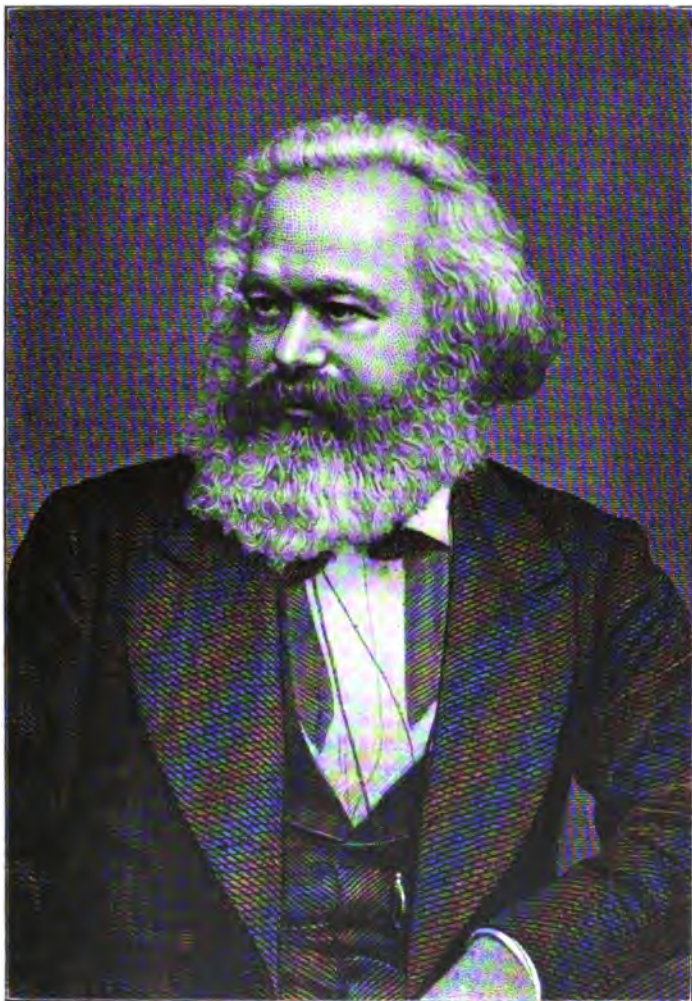
* "Die Arbeiterbewegung seit den 60er Jahren kann nicht so ausnahmslos demokratisch-sozialistisch bezeichnet werden, wie diejenige der 40er Jahre."—Adler, p. 313.

† "It would be difficult to deny that in the first German labor movements there was something of natural and popular development smacking of the soil (Naturwuchsiges-Volksursprüngliches), that the same had become a necessity even though to only a limited extent.

"Evidence for this lies in the persistent persecution by the government and the manner in which Communism has ever survived this persecution!"—Dr. Adler, *Sozialpolitische Arbeiterbewegungen*, etc., Breslau, 1885.

"Wir haben nun-ausser bei Kuhlmann—bei Keiner Einzelnen der vielen in unserer Geschichtsdarstellung handelnd auftretenden Persönlichkeiten direkt constatiren können, dass sie die Arbeitersache nicht aus Ueberzeugung vertreten habe."—*Ibid.*, p. 305.

The author, as a professor at a Prussian university, is careful to weigh his praise of Socialism.—P. B.



CARL MARX

calls revolution, but which we who have come into personal relations with some of their spokesmen regard merely as the natural protest of outraged humanity.

The Socialist-Communist party of Germany is the direct product of bad government. The poor weavers who starved in Silesia, and who finally lay down in their cabins to die by the hundreds and thousands—these knew nothing of socialistic philosophy—had probably never known the names Saint-Simon and Fourier, of Marx or Weitling; yet they made more converts to Socialism than all the radical missionaries combined.*

The Socialists of those years were pronounced enemies of the Church,† the State, and of society. We find no names of priests among their early leaders. From being treated like outlaws, they necessarily acquired the habits of hunted creatures. The more they were hunted the more dangerous did they become.

Marx, who had great admiration for Weitling, thus drew public attention to him:

"Compare the commonplace, timid mediocrity of German political literature with this immensely brilliant initial production (Weitling's *Die Garantien der Harmonie und der Freiheit* ‡), first

* Otto Wittelschöfer, in his life of Weitling, accords to him credit for being the pioneer of Socialism in Germany—ahead of Marx. He was born in Magdeburg, 1808, the illegitimate child of a working-woman.—Cf. *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*, vol. xli.

† "Noch ein weiteres Ergebniss der Geschichte der ersten deutschen Arbeiterbewegung ist die Erkenntniss ihrer wesentlich irreligiösen Färbung. Die Social-demokratische Propaganda—ebenso wie die communistische der 40er Jahre ist niemals von einem Priester unterstützt worden. . . . Und das ist um so bemerkenswerter als sich an ihr Mitglieder aller anderen Berufszweige, ohne Ausnahme, beteiligt haben."—Adler, *Sozialpolitische Arbeiterbewegungen*, pp. 310, 315.

‡ "Dieser Weitling . . . war übrigens ein Mensch von Talent—he was a man of talent—he had ideas and his book, *Die Garantien der*

published in 1842, (début) of the German working-men! Compare the giant-like infant shoes of the *Proletariat* with the dwarfishness of the worn-out political shoes of the *bourgeoisie*—then are we compelled to predict the proportions of an athlete to this German Cinderella.

"We must admit that while the European *Proletariat* recognizes that of France as its politician, and that of England as its economist, it looks up to the *Proletariat* of Germany as to its theorist!"

Weitling's most striking work was a little book made up almost entirely of Bible texts. It is called *Das Evangelium des armen Sünders* (*The Gospel of the Poor Sinners*), and was published at Bern in 1845 at the "psychological moment," when the shooting down of the starving weavers in Silesia was the theme of every German laborer and when famine was already reaching out over Upper Silesia. It caused him to be imprisoned for six months by order of the Swiss government, after which he was handed over to Prussia; hence he made his escape to America in 1847, returned to Germany to take part in the revolutionary movement of 1848, returned to America in 1849, and died there in 1871, the same year that saw William I. proclaimed German Emperor. He was thirty-eight years old when he wrote his *Gospel of the Poor Sinners*.

His last years were spent in scientific, mainly astro-

Harmonie und der Freiheit, was for a long time the catechism of the German Communist."—Heinrich Heine, *Geständnisse*.

Die Garantien der Harmonie und der Freiheit, in which Weitling laid out his communistic programme, appeared at Vevey in 1842, and passed through two further editions in Hamburg (1846 and 1849) in spite of the police. It has been translated into English, French, and Norwegian. Kaler (Weitling's biographer) wrote that the first edition consisted of two thousand copies, and was produced by three hundred enthusiastic working-men who took payment in copies of the book.—P. B.

nomic, studies in New York. He was the author of many books on socialistic themes, but none which more completely illustrates the extent to which official Germany had made religion odious to the working-classes.*

"Weitling the tailor was a good-looking, blond young man, with a rather loud jacket (*stulzerhaft geschnittenem Jäckchen*) and coquettishly trimmed beard. He looked more like a commercial traveller than the bitterly brooding laborer oppressed by the weight of thought and toil—as I had pictured him to myself."†

"Stieber narrates (p. 24, *Communistenverschwörungen*) that Weitling ostentatiously threw his sewing needles and scissors into the Lake of Geneva and swore that he would henceforth dedicate himself to Communism."

Stieber, however, must not be believed implicitly.

That such a book should have been joyfully acclaimed is not a sign that Germans are lacking in civic virtues, it cannot be strange to those who are familiar with the German government of that day.‡

There are honest men who cannot understand why poaching should be punished by law; there are many Irish who cannot see the justice of paying tribute to a landlord; many an American cattle-herder considers himself justified in shooting a fellow who attempts to steal a sheep; and there was a time when people thought

* The Prussian police record of 1853 describes Weitling as follows: Height, five feet, seven inches (Hamburg standard). Figure, slender. Hair, blond, darkish. Forehead, broad and high (*Frei*). Eyebrows, blond. Eyes, blue. Nose and mouth, normal (*gewöhnlich*). Beard, dark brown. Chin, bearded. Face, oval. Complexion, healthy.

† Note of the Russian author Anienkow, 1860, in the *Westnik Jewropy*.

‡ "We doubt whether the Roman Catholic Church in the Dark Ages withdrew so much energy and capital from industrial life as does nowadays the military and official hierarchy."—Lasker, *d. Deutschen Volkes Erhebung*, Danzig, 1848.

it proper to massacre the Jews now and then. In Germany the change from an agricultural to an industrial community, which went on slowly in the years succeeding the Napoleonic Wars and which may be said to have been provoked by the introduction of steam, were years in which the German peasant was seeking to adjust himself to the new rights and obligations which had grown out of his emancipation from serfdom.

He retained a lively recollection of the days when his landlord gave him at least a living; when he was allowed to pasture his cattle on the common, to draw fire-wood from the forest, and in time of distress to expect assistance from the people in the baronial hall.

But with the emancipation edict all these paternal arrangements vanished. The landlord ceased to care whether the farm-laborer had a full stomach or not; he paid the smallest wages possible; there was no further right to draw wood from the forest or to pasture cattle on the common. The laborer found cold comfort in his political status; he found himself, in most cases, merely a slave with another name. The manufacturers were even worse than the landlords; they opened stores and paid their workmen by allowing them to purchase supplies on credit—the so-called truck system.*

In good times the working-people could only keep body and soul together, and when times were bad they starved, for there was no obligation on the part of the manufacturer, the landlord, or the government to prevent this.

Conditions were favorable for the teaching of doctrines such as were popularized by the *Gospel of the Poor Sinners*.

* “. . . le socialisme, et même le communisme, se sont repandus dans les masses Germaniques, à tel point que, si la question de l'organisation du travail vient à surgir en Allemagne, elle y prendra un aspect plus formidable que partout ailleurs.”—Balmes, *La Révolution de 1848*.

It was a gospel preached to men and women who saw in property only the spoil of successful robbers; who saw in the church merely the police in clerical robes; who saw in monarchy merely the friend of a capitalism which made the rich grow richer while the poor grew poorer.

"Poor sinners," cries Weitling, in the opening of his book, "this gospel is for you. Make of it a gospel of liberty!"*

The book popularizes Proudhon's famous dictum, "*Le propriété c'est le Vol*," which the French philosopher, one year Weitling's junior, had enunciated in 1840. But it is one thing to inveigh against property as robbery in the abstract, and quite another to lead a plundering expedition against the house of your neighbor.

The French philosopher disturbed people of property by a treatise addressed to fellow-philosophers. Weitling excited more alarm, for his theories bordered closely upon the practical.

Judge for yourself, you reader, who have money invested in a house, a railway, or a mill!

"On the brow of the criminal this gospel will press the kiss of forgiveness," writes Weitling, in his preface, "and light up his dungeon with rays of hope."

So long as we imagine these dungeons filled only with patriots like Fritz Reuter or Turnvater Jahn, the word criminal sounded well enough.

A few words of Weitling will suffice to give us a notion why the police sent him to jail and why others hailed him with delight.

"Religion must not be destroyed, but must be turned to account for the liberation of mankind.

* Proudhon, *Qu'est-ce que la Propriété*. Paris ed., 1848. *Premier Mémoire*, p. 252, 12mo.

"Christianity is the religion of liberty, moderation, and enjoyment—not of subserviency, extravagance, and abstinence.

"Christ is a prophet of liberty! He teaches liberty and love, and He is therefore the symbol of liberty and love." (Page 17.)

"The abolition of property, advocated by the Christian religion—a measure without which there can be no real community of interest between capital and labor—this measure had much to do with the difficulty which Jesus at first encountered, because the important Romans, Jews, Levites, and Sadducees had all an interest in suppressing these ideas from the start.

"Christ was a Communist. He taught the doctrine of community, and the necessity of this doctrine. How this was to be put into practice He left for future generations." (Page 72.)

Weitling quoted verses of St. Matthew to prove that Monarchy and Christianity were incompatible—that no monarch could be a sincere follower of Jesus.

He calls upon his fellow-Communists to honor the Saviour as one who felt with them.

"Poor sinners, men and women! This gospel is for you—make it a gospel of liberty."

His notion of liberty he illustrates by adding that:

"If in the course of cleaning up the temple a few pennies from the overturned tables stick to your fingers, and on that account you are brought up for trial, hold up this gospel to them!"

The wedding at Cana caused Weitling to conclude that our Saviour, like ourselves, "enjoyed jovial company over a cup of wine. He could not abjure his human quality while seated at the wine-table."

"And thus we find that he had particular regard for Mary Magdalen, Martha, Lazarus, and John. Magdalen was known in town as a sinner, as one who was publicly condemned, with whom no one would have anything to do in public. Martha was her sister, Lazarus her brother.

"Our human nature is, moreover, still further reflected in

Jesus, for hunger, thirst, and weariness affected him as they do us. (Page 100.)

"Jesus and the apostles were accompanied in their tramps by many women, among whom were Mary Magdalen the sinner, and also the wife of Herod's steward (Luke, chap. viii., v. 3). It was from these women that Jesus and his disciples received their support. (Page 101.)

"Jesus Christ was no morose, hypocritical, goody-goody canting, ever-praying marjory, as others seek to have us believe; according to the black whining pack of priests. No, Jesus was a man of the world (*ein Lebemann*), who along the thorny path which He travelled plucked all the joyous flowers He could without missing the object of His journey.

"In spite of the social prejudice, he attended festive gatherings of sinners, and was not averse to the society of disreputable women.

"To sin much was by Him called to love much.

"When, at the Cana wedding, the guests were already merry with wine, He yet changed water into wine.

"It was at a feast that He bade farewell to His disciples and the world—and this festive supping together was commended by Him to those who should come after Him—in His memory.

"Who loves not woman, wine, and song,

Remains a fool his whole life long!" (Page 112.)

In reading such passages our amazement is excited, not so much by the fact that such a work should have been written in the Europe of 1845, as that the Prussian government, after centuries of absolutism, should have produced a people among whom such language should have received a welcome.

Such a book could have been printed in New York and London, but I venture to think that its author would have had to bear the cost of publication, and that the sale would have been so small as to have left him wiser for his literary venture, and poorer.

"Woman, He has forgiven you much," wrote Weitling, p. 115. "He has acquitted you of adultery in spite of the law

(made by barbarous and jealous men) condemning you to death. You tramped with him as a wife; as a penitent Magdalen did you kneel at His feet with dishevelled hair, escorting Him and His disciples about the country.

"As a Samaritan living with a man who was not your husband, He promised you living water that would quench your thirst.

"He has forgiven much—He too must have loved much. Let us take Him as our example (*unser Vorbild*).

"... The only natural limits to our love are set by the knowledge of our powers and our reciprocal sympathies."

"Young men and maidens . . . do not be ashamed of your illegitimate children. If ignorant and self-righteous hypocrites (Philister) despise and persecute you on this account, if the parson and the elders refuse their blessing, then turn to us. We poor sinners will not abandon you to the disgrace which prejudice has heaped upon you.

"For, after all, you have not, like them, purchased with sordid gold a young man or a pretty wife. That which they have had to buy you have given lovingly. What they sold, you surrendered with joy.

"They were forced to buy the cracked vase of love with money, office, or honors; whereas you ate the forbidden fruit in secret corners. . . ."

We must recall that these words were read by men and women who were not allowed to marry save by the consent of the police; where, consequently, secret, illegal marriages and incidental illegitimacy were not only common, but accepted by the community as the normal condition.

"As the illegitimate child of the poor girl Mary, He (Jesus) was despised according to the prejudices prevailing at that time. The carpenter Joseph, in marrying Mary, had not succeeded in washing away this stain from the brow of Jesus—at least in the eyes of the obstinate people.

"He must have heard many a bitter word on this subject in His youth.

"No wonder then that Jesus, the fatherless orphan, preferred to make Himself out the son of God, the father of all men.

"... Let us then love our family more than we do ourselves; but let us love Humanity, the great family, more than all individual families." (Page 119.)

Which illustrates the fact that slavery produces a social atmosphere in which lying, stealing, and many kindred failings take on a different color than in a community of men free enough to indulge in the luxury of truth.

"To be sure, Jesus did not say to the poor, 'Go and steal,' ... but He said to those who had property: 'Do not make an uproar if the poor man robs you, for he would not steal had he the necessities of life. ... Had you not possessed more than him, you could not have been robbed.'

"This, at least, is the meaning of Luke vi., v. 30. 'And of him that taketh away thy goods, ask them not again.'

"Consequently it is wrong for the Christian to punish the thief, for as long as there are thieves it is an evidence that our Christianity is not genuine.

"You must not, therefore, demand back that which another has stolen from you, but you can take from another, who has more than you, that which he has stolen from some one else, for we still live in a state which is not Christianity, but war, selfishness.

"Only when the poor shall have become more intelligent and the rich people wiser shall we be able to work our way out of the 'Labyrinth.'" (Page 129.)

Weitling's book is the product of a society in which liberty of discussion was unknown. Many of his propositions are Utopian, but the underlying demand for domestic virtues and economic co-operation would, if allowed scope for partial realization, have exploded many of his other demands and educated his followers in self-government. His importance as a popular leader

can be fairly measured by the pains which the police took to suppress his writings and seize his person.

His *Evangelium des armen Sünders* (Gospel of the Poor Sinners) passed through three editions (the first in 1845, while the author lay in prison on the mere charge of being about to publish such a work). It was preserved only through the zeal of his friends who managed to smuggle away the largest part of the manuscript. The third edition was published in New York (in 1847). The first of Weitling's works (*Die Menschheit, wie sie ist und wie sie sein sollte!*) was written in Paris (1838) at the request of the Communist Society, called *Bund der Gerechten* (league of the just). The first edition (2000 copies) was issued at the expense of the German Socialists in Paris, from a secret press.*

Weitling opens his *Menschheit* by a text from the Bible, and adopts the style of the preacher and prophet:

"Do you wish for universal happiness, then see to it that each has enough and no more than he needs.

"Through the unequal division of labor and products we get poverty and wealth, for there are no poor save amongst the rich and rich people only amongst the poor. (Page 11, ed. 1895.)

"You are perpetually seeking the cause of your poverty in your immediate neighborhood. You will find it in palaces, on the throne, on soft carpets. (*Ibid.*, p. 14.)

"Moderation is the preserver of good order and the prime condition of common ownership (*Gütergemeinschaft*).

"Extravagance is the destroyer of all earthly happiness and the bitterest enemy of Communism. (*Ibid.*, p. 16.)

"Each family shall have a roomy home with the most complete furniture, and a garden. (*Ibid.*, chap. vi.)

* "The Socialists made the greatest sacrifices in order to accomplish this task—the work of typesetting, printing, and binding was done by his fellows."—Cf. preface to the Munich (1895) edition of this work.

"Be wise as serpents and gentle as doves, and have no fear of those who kill the body.

"The love of our neighbor will raise us up armies with strong arms.

"By craftiness we will secure arms from the enemy and courage will seize every opportunity for using them against him." (*Ibid.*, p. 48.)

A few extracts will suffice to illustrate the trend of this gospel.

Weitling's influence was much impaired in Germany by the extremes to which he pushed the theories he entertained. It would have been impaired more still but for the manner in which the Prussian police magnified his importance. Stieber, with strange ignorance of American affairs, wrote (p. 28):

"Weitling was sent to Germany by the committee of the *Befreiungsbund* (league of emancipation) of New York, and in 1848 and 1849 established branches in Altona and Hamburg.

"This *Befreiungsbund* has existed for many years in the larger cities of the United States, New York, Philadelphia, etc. It is a strictly communistic league, having for its object the upsetting of every European government, particularly that of Germany, and the erecting in its place a communistic-democratic form of government."

Weitling makes entertaining reading, but he was obviously never dangerous to society, for his projects were hopelessly devoid of practical sense.

In Stieber's confidential report we find Weitling's plan of campaign for the "Liberty League" of 1848.

"§ 2. The revolutionary army, immediately after achieving the first victories, shall proclaim the principles of the League of Liberty as those of the Revolution. It shall call upon the rich to hand over immediately the necessary house-room, furniture, clothing, and food, and in exchange they will be furnished with work.

"§ 4. The revolutionary army will disarm the wicked rich people (*die böswilligen Reichen*) and their satellites and arm the *Proletariat*.

"§ 5. All prisoners without distinction will be set at liberty.

"But from now on, whoever shall deceive or rob the people in their collective capacity shall be shot.

"Whoever shall irritate others through his idleness or extravagance shall be locked up until he shall have learned to work and to eat.

"§ 6. Courts of justice and police are abolished. . . .

"§ 8. The Provisional Revolutionary Government shall emit paper money to the value of the collective capital represented by land, houses, ships, money, crops, and all other things falling under these heads. . . ."

(Weitling compels all to accept this as legal tender.)

"§ 9. All the rich people who make common cause with us, and who from the outset of the Revolution shall have placed their property at our disposal, shall receive pensions equivalent to the scale on which they have been living — either in revolutionary paper money, in coined silver and gold, or in democratic-communistic promissory notes (*Tauschanweisungen*).

"§ 11. All the hard cash that the government can scrape together (*aufreiben*) shall be spent abroad upon purchases of necessities for the community (presumably spices, tropical products, coffee, tea, etc.).

"It is forbidden to export anything that is useful to us at home.

"§ 13. All unused property shall belong to the government, likewise all legacies, all national domains, and church properties.

"§ 19. The priests and other learned humbugs (*Hokus-Pokusmacher*) shall no longer be paid by the state and community. Whoever wants that sort of thing can pay for it himself."*

Stieber cites another proclamation of Weitling (p. 192) for the year 1848, opening thus:

* Stieber gives this document in full. It is amazing how a police can have taken the trouble to persecute such puerile preachers—their words are their own condemnation.—Cf. p. 199.

"The true interest of the people lies in a democratic-communal family union (*demokratisch - Kommunistischen Familienbundes*). We say family union instead of republic because this word expressed our idea more distinctly . . . because humanity has been already frequently deceived by the word republic. We say 'communitistic' (*kommunistisch*) because in this union all have an interest to care for the individual. We say democratic because in this union each can enjoy individual liberty. . . ."

Secret societies were very popular in Germany before 1848. Stieber's book was written for the purpose of making his King believe that the body of the people was made up of conspirators seeking revolution. He saw in turner or gymnastic societies grave danger—

"Das Turnvereinwesen ist gleich nach dem März, 1848, stark angefacht worden. . . ." (P. 105, *et seq.*)

and cites in proof of this a tract printed in 1847:

"Question. Who are the tyrants?

"Answer. The German princes and their lackeys (*Gesinde!*), spies, and other bureaucratic hounds.

"Q. How are we to get the better of these tyrants?

"A. By refusing them the means by which they enslave the people.

"Q. How is this to be practically carried out?

"A. By working amongst the people at the public-houses (*Wirthshäuser*); fraternizing with the people; with apprentices, soldiers—whom we must win over by means of money and good-fellowship and whatever they need most. We must explain to them how they may become happier; how they may become masters themselves over those who are now their tyrants and blood-suckers."*

Stieber gave much attention to another underground

* After quoting this puerile catechism which Stieber alleges to have been widely circulated by gymnastic (turner) societies, the police chief adds, "What I have quoted suffices to indicate the dangerous tendencies of the turners."—Stieber, *Die Communisten Verschwörungen*, p. 167, ed. of 1853.

society whose constitution he published in full (p. 181, *et seq.*). One paragraph will satisfy us here:

"Art. 2. The object of the League of the Proscribed (*Bund der Geächteten*) is the liberation of Germany from the degrading yoke of slavery, and the establishment of conditions which may, so far as human foresight can, prevent us falling back into slavery. The securing of this is possible only through social and political equality, liberty, civic virtue, national unity—for the present the union of all territories speaking German and observing German customs, but eventually to be extended over the whole earth."

From the confession of Merle, a carpenter apprentice, taken down November 6, 1840, during his imprisonment, and quoted by Chief of Police Stieber in his *Communistenverschwörungen* (p. 19), we have a quaint little sidelight suggestive of college fraternities at home:

"The way we recognized one another (in the communistic secret society, *Bund der Geächteten*) was by a device brought from Paris by a travelling mechanic. The hand was drawn over one eye and down along the nose. Then when the person addressed had answered by doing the same thing to himself with the other hand, the question was asked, 'Have you seen her?' And to this the answer was, 'No, but I hope to!' And finally the following words were spoken syllable by syllable alternately by each speaker, 'Die Zukunft ist für uns!' The future is ours!"

Socialism is as old as the Garden of Eden. It is not my purpose to burden these pages with a history of German Socialism. I have quoted enough to give the reader a notion of the bitterness which animated the working-classes on the eve of the Revolution of 1848. Their bitterness was directed against the King and his police administration, because at that time these appeared to represent the only physical barriers in the way of improvement.* But the Socialist is not necessarily to-

* "March 14, 1848. Official incapacity, conceit, pig-headedness are common enough, and furnish sad results in matters of economic

day antimonarchical. He wants a share in the good things of this world, and if a king will help him to this share he is a monarchist. If a republic promises him a larger share he is willing to start a republic. The German Empire since 1871 has done more to justify the political teachings of Weitling and Marx than the American republic or the British monarchy. While the German government has ostentatiously proclaimed its disapproval of Socialism in general and socialistic leaders in particular, it has nevertheless favored more* Socialistic legislation than any other great power, and has hastened the day when the Socialist party may claim not only a majority in the popular house of representatives, but also the right to name the advisers of their emperor.

management, education, sanitary administration in almost every department—but nowhere more disastrously than on the throne. The high officials understand nothing of actual conditions. They let everything drag along of itself until things get into such a snarl that they cause the government to be upset and themselves chased to the devil.”—Diary of Varnhagen von Ense.

* “Es giebt meines Wissens, im ganzen Deutschen Reiche nicht einen einzigen konservativen Arbeiterverein!”—Adler, p. 314, writing in 1883.

VI

THE JESUITS AND POPULAR GOVERNMENT

Liguori the Jesuit—His teachings—Influence in Germany—The Pope and Liguori—Opinions of Catholic scholars—Doellinger—Biographical—Extracts from his teachings—Jesuit expulsion from different countries—Popular distrust of Jesuits in 1848.

"By the proclamation of Liguori as the unimpeachable teacher of the Roman Church, the Jesuit order celebrates its most brilliant and most effective triumph."—Doellinger, *Moralstreitigkeiten*, p. v., preface, ed. of 1889.

This is the famous Catholic priest and university professor (born 1799, died 1890), who was excommunicated in 1871 for questioning Papal infallibility. The Munich University thereupon elected him almost unanimously Rector Magnificus—although Munich is the capital of the most Roman of German Catholic states.

ON February 23, 1901, the Imperial Austrian Diet in Vienna went into secret session for the purpose of discussing the act of the censor who had suppressed in Austria a pamphlet (by Robert Grassmann*) on "Liguori and

* The title reads: "Auszüge aus der von den Pabsten Pius IX. und Leo XIII. ex cathedra als Norm für die Römisch-Katholische Kirche sanctionirten moral theologie des Heiligen Dr. Alphonsus de Liguori und die furchtbaren Gefahren dieser Moral-theologie für die Sittlichkeit der Völker." Originally printed in 1894. I have used the sixty-first edition, of 1901, the year of the author's death. This pamphlet (of only thirty-seven pages, octavo), produced an immense impression throughout Germany, and Ultramontane critics did what they could first to impeach the text and finally to discredit the author—but in neither were they even moderately successful.

Grassmann was an eminent author and publisher of Stettin, on

his morality." The discussion was violent, members shook their fists at one another, the language used in characterizing political opponents was so vile that the reporters declined to write it down. In the midst of the uproar the whole of the Grassmann text was read, while Poles, Bohemians, Slavs, Magyars, Italians, and Germans roared themselves hoarse with imprecations, the predominating ones being "*Los von Rom*" (separation from Rome). The many priests who were members shouted back that their enemies were sacrilegious heretics seeking to undermine the foundations of religion, and yet those who shouted loudest against the Papacy were Catholics born and bred.

Such was the language of Liguori, read before the assembled Reichsrath, that the authorities declared it unfit for the public. The priests present pretended that it was a bad Protestant translation (from the original Latin).

Yet it had been revised by no less an authority than Nippold, the eminent professor of theology in Jena; and had been accepted as officially correct by the Supreme Court of Stettin.

All this violence raged about extracts of a work that was published first in 1755, by a Jesuit who was beatified

the Baltic, brother of the illustrious professor whose dictionary and translation of the *Rigveda* are monuments to German industry and scholarship. Robert Grassmann had studied theology, philosophy, mathematics, and natural sciences. He was and had been an eminent school-teacher from 1841 to 1848—his thirty-third year. In the year of revolution he became an editor and publisher in Stettin, where he died, in 1901, at the age of seventy-five.

Brockhaus prints a long list of his published works, and pronounces him not merely a competent scholar, but an eminent citizen who may fairly be regarded as writing for higher reasons than to attract ephemeral notice, seeing that the pamphlet here referred to was written in the author's seventieth year.

in 1816, and declared to be a saint in 1839, the year that the Stephanists reached St. Louis. In 1871 he* was proclaimed a teacher of morals (doctor) for the whole Church, and Pius IX. emphasized his high opinion of this teacher by saying in his decree (March 11 and June 7, 1871):

"We wish and we command that all books, commentaries, works, and writings—in short, everything which emanated from him should be used, read, and quoted, not only privately, but publicly, in schools, lecture-rooms, debates, and in the pulpit, to the same extent as are now those of other Church teachers, Augustine, Chrysostom, etc."

After such an expression from an infallible Pope, good Catholics might be pardoned for presuming that the writings of such a saint might be read with impunity—at least by those of mature years.†

The average reader may wonder at the zeal with which Pius IX. labored to magnify the fame and the influence of this eminent Jesuit, for this was the same Pius whom we have noted driving out in the Roman streets of 1848, and blessing the crowds who hailed him with cries of "Down with the Jesuits!" Pius needed the Jesuits, for the shouting crowds soon frightened him. He drew instinctively towards a religious organization that represented wealth, political power, and the principle of passive obedience.

* "1867 Pius IX. was petitioned by 39 cardinals, 10 patriarchs, 135 archbishops, 544 bishops, 25 heads of orders, 4 theological faculties, etc., to add Liguori to the number of *Doctores Ecclesiæ*."—Doellinger, *Moralstreitigkeiten*, p. 367.

† "In the English and German translations, many of the most scandalous passages of Liguori's writings, notably 'Gloria di Maria' (*skandalösesten Stellen*) have been omitted."—Doellinger, *Geschichte d. Moralstreitigkeiten in der Römisch Katholischen Kirche*, etc., ed. of 1889.

In 1848 Pius IX. was head of the whole Catholic world. In 1849 he identified himself with the Jesuits—a disciple of Liguori.

It is not my purpose here to give a biography of Liguori or to enter into the merits or demerits of Jesuit* philosophy and practice. We are here only concerned with explaining in a few words why it was that a revolution which enlisted the lower classes of all Europe should have been marked by almost universal hatred of a religious order named after the teacher of “love thy neighbor as thyself.”

“ . . . The most monstrous event in the history of theological teaching has happened [wrote the illustrious Dr. Doellinger to a brother priest in Baden, October 18, 1874]. I refer to the solemn proclamation of Alphons Liguori as ‘Doctor Ecclesiæ’—a teacher to the Church—to be ranked with Augustine, Ambrosius, etc. . . . This man, by his false morality, his perverted worship of the Virgin Mary, and his persistent use of the grossest (*Krassesten*) fables and impositions, has made his writings a very arsenal of errors and lies.

“In the whole of clerical history I know nothing so disastrously confusing and pernicious as his teachings.

“And what is worse—no one utters a protest (*alles schweigt!*)—and the rising generation of priests is being poisoned by these books of Liguori in all our seminaries. . . . Our duty is to bear witness to the truth before God and the world.”

Yet outwardly Liguori was a man of good works and piety. His death (in 1787) was caused in part by the severe whippings he gave himself in the cause of holiness.

But whether rightly or wrongly, the people at large

* Liguori founded, in 1732, a religious order, the “Redemptorists” (or Ligorians), which, however, could not be distinguished from that of the Jesuits save by experts. They were expelled from the whole of the German Empire in 1873, on the ground that they were Jesuits in all but name. In 1894 they were, however, admitted again.

believed the Jesuits to be a political organization in league with absolute monarchy.

To canonize such a priest, in 1839, was notice to liberal Europe that the Papacy was not on the side of the people in the impending quarrel. Liguori, for instance, justified the most cruel act in the reign of a monarch famed for religious intolerance.

Here are his words:*

"I cannot omit to mention with special praise that which the most Christian King, the great Louis XIV., did in 1685 by revoking the Edict of Nantes, an edict that had tolerated the Godless sect of Calvin. . . . The great King preferred the glory of God to mere considerations of material advantage."

He also formulated the doctrine that almost any crime may be committed provided the cause of the Church is thereby benefited.

"It is no sin to perjure yourself (*jurare cum equivocatione*) if by doing so you aid a worthy cause."—Vol. ii., p. 255, *et seq.*†

This great teacher of morals endeared himself to Pope Pius IX. by the masterful manner in which he converted the confessional into an instrument for extracting the innermost thoughts of the people. He taught the priests how to confuse moral standards, and encouraged the idea that a priest can do no wrong.

Again the reader is warned that the volumes of Liguori are not reserved for an inner circle of medical or clerical experts, but are recommended by the Pope as the daily

* Liguori, 1777, paragraph five of his treatise on "Loyalty Towards God"—(ed. of Monza, 1832), cited by Doellinger.

† *Theologia Moralis*, by Dr. Alphonsus Maria Liguori, ed. Haringer, published by authority in Regensburg, in eight volumes, 4780 pages, anno. 1879-1881, second edition.

companion of boys growing up to priesthood as their constant guide in morality.

He gives minute instructions to the confessor regarding the extent to which the husband may demand the services of his wife—for instance:

“ . . . Non esse mortale post tertiam copulam in eadem nocte habitam negare quartam . . . non potest autem post copulam habitam in die negare in nocte.”*

St. Liguori instructs the young theological student as to what husbands may do in pursuit of conjugal recreation; they may, for instance, command the services of the wife:

“Tempore menstrui, tempore prægationis, tempore purgationis post partum, tempore morbi, si morbus non tendet proxime ad mortem—i.e., morbus non selet de brevi et facili mortem inferre, die communionis, in diebus festivis, vel jejunii, in *Ecclesia*, in loco publico, si copula conjugalıs manet occulta.”†

The curious may compare vol. vi. of Liguori's *Theologia Moralis*, pp. 149–496—i. e., 347 full pages relating to the physical features of matrimony—a picture of Italian depravity and priestly pruriency so vile as to draw even from such fervid Romanists as Cardinal Newman expressions of qualified approval.

In his discussion of matrimony he has no word for its spiritual side. He treats it purely as a “Sacramentum . . . quo vir et mulier sibi motuo legitime corpora sua tradunt ad perpetuam vitæ societatem, usum prolis suscipiendæ et remedium concupiscentiæ.”‡

The young priest is expected to answer the question:

* Liguori, *Theologia Moralis*, vol. vi., p. 305, et seq.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 269–289.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 223.

"... An semper sit mortale (a deadly sin) si vir immitat pudenda in os uxoris!"*

We are informed (*Theologia Moralis*, vol. viii., p. 62) that out of 100 boys who confess, there are barely two or three who are free from deadly or mortal sin (*immunes a mortalibus*) as regards the abuse of their sexual organs. The saint omits to mention which side of the Alps furnished him material for his anthropological inquiry.

On page 275 of vol. vi. he retails the different immoral practices possible between the sexes.

"Situs innaturalis est, si coitus aliter fiat nempe sedendo, stanto, de latere, vel præpostero more pecudum, vel si vir sit succubus et mulier incubæ."

In short, whatever the Italian taste may have been when Liguori was canonized, the recommending of such stuff to the clergy of England and the United States argues moral and physical debauchery, or else an ignorance of non-Latin public sentiment amazing in one pretending to "infallibility."†

The *Moral Theology* of Liguori, as might be expected, forbids women to denounce priests who have seduced them, and provides that such priests as have used the confessional for the purpose of making immoral assignments shall receive forgiveness after a few formalities.‡

* Liguori, *Theologia Moralis*, vol. vi., p. 298.

† "St. Liguori has been by the Pope proclaimed an oracle whose definitions may be accepted unreservedly—and practically applied. Nothing is more important than this solemn canonization of his teachings. There is hardly another such example in Church history."—Father Montrouzier, Jesuit, in the *Revue des Sciences Ecclesiastiques* for 1867, cited by Doellinger, p. 462.

‡ Napoleon I., in 1807, ordered an investigation to be made regarding the alleged immoral practices of the Roman Catholic priests in the Rhine country between Cologne and Aachen. This inquiry

He is not even required to confess the fact that he has seduced members of his own congregation.*

There are now about 15,000 Jesuits in various parts of the world. In 1889 there were 1250 in the United States alone, according to Bishop Keane of the Roman Catholic Church, who furnished a highly sympathetic article on the subject to *Appleton's Universal Encyclopedia* (edition of 1903). Why the figures of this interesting subject should be fourteen years old is not explained, for we must assume that the eminent publishers would have spared no pains to secure the latest available information.

Brockhaus gives the statistics as late as 1899, but does not say how many Jesuits were in the United States alone.

Ours is one of the few countries of the globe that has not yet officially condemned their teaching and practice.

In 1759 they were expelled from Portugal; in 1764 from France; in 1767 from Spain. The immediate cause of their troubles in France was the bankruptcy in 1755 of Father Lavalette, who had been carrying on a general trading concern in Martinique with money nominally raised for the cure of souls. The Jesuits in France declined to cash drafts drawn against their quasi-partners in the West Indies. The failure was for 2,000,000

was made by Councillor LeClerq and Professor Sall; but it compromised so many priests and so many women of social standing that the Emperor feared lest the result might lead to a massacre of the Catholic clergy such as had taken place in 1792 and 1793 for similar reasons. He suddenly dropped the matter, only sending to prison a few of the worst."—R. Grassmann, *Moraltheologie*. Stettin, 1894.

* "Item non denuntiari debeat confessarius qui convenit cum muliere, ut ad eludendos domesticos se fingat ægrotam, et ipsum accersat domum ad patrandum peccatum."—Liguori, *Theologia Moralis*, vol. vi., p. 767, *et seq.*

livres (about \$400,000), and it involved loss to a large circle of creditors who had "lent to the Lord" on a strictly business basis. The matter was brought to the attention of the Paris parliament, which decided that the Jesuit order was responsible for the debts of its members, and furthermore they appointed a commission to look into the statutes of a society that sought to combine piety and profit in a manner so discouraging to conservative investors.

The report of this commission condemned the Jesuits in very strong language, and they were called upon to alter their constitution or leave France. They refused to modify their rules, so in 1764 Louis XV. suspended them. This was but an advance whiff of the storm that was to blow down the Bastille and many other such buildings.

Since then they have led a checkered career—now tolerated, now suspended—supported by some popes, condemned by others.

Clement XIV. launched a bull against them in 1773, and oddly enough when Catholic Europe treated them as outlaws they found shelter under the Protestant Frederick the Great in Silesia, and Catherine II., the head of the Greek Church, in Russia.

As missionaries in the Far East they have done much to atone for the mischief they have done to the cause of religion in Europe.

So much of digression is here made in order that we may understand the hidden forces which played an important part in this great European epoch.

VII

FEBRUARY 24, 1848, IN PARIS

The throne of Louis Philippe tossed out of the Tuileries—Character of the King—His flight to England—Victor Hugo's version—Honesty of the Paris mob—De la Hodde the police spy—On secret societies—Ideals of the people—Louis Blanc—His labor bureau—Failure—Captains of industry.

"Si les Révolutions de Paris et de Vienne avaient éclaté peu de temps après la mort de Louis Philippe et de Metternich, il eut été établi, comme un fait hors de doute, que la vie de ces deux hommes était la garantie de la paix du monde."—Don Jaime Balmes, *Jugement sur la Révolution de 1848*.

PARIS and France slept soundly on the eve of February 24, 1848; the wisest men of Europe were deceived—they felt that Louis Philippe and Guizot, backed by a big army, represented domestic peace at least.

But in a few hours the throne of the King was tumbled out of the Tuileries window, the mob was once more playing leap-frog over the soft beds, and the crownless monarch was* hurrying in disguise to the protection of England.

And this was the second flight. His first took him to America, in regard to which Lewis Cass† (when minister in France) noted that:

* "Où allez-vous? lui dis-je?"

"Prendre les Tuileries!" répondit fièrement Flocon. "C'est fait: vous arrivez trop tard.

"Je viens de voir un chiffonier roulé dans les coussins du trône!"—De la Hodde, *La Révolution de 1848*, p. 88.

† "The King (Louis Philippe) became a close friend of the Amer-

"Louis Philippe paid thirty-five guineas for his passage from Hamburg to Philadelphia (1796). He passed for a Dane. The passage lasted twenty-seven days. His two brothers followed him on a Swedish ship from Marseilles—their passage lasted ninety-two days!

"In striving to conjecture what could be the true position of his passenger (the disguised Louis Philippe) the captain, Ewing, of the ship *American*, had come to the conclusion that he was a gambler who had committed himself in some gaming speculations and was seeking secrecy and refuge in the New World." *

Lewis Cass was flattered by royal attention. He repaid his friend by writing a book in which, after ejaculating:

"But God be praised, we have no Paris, with its powerful influence and its inflammable material!" †

he informs us that

"His (Louis Philippe's) countenance is expressive and displays great intellectual power. (P. 73.)

Lord Lonsdale wrote to Croker in 1848:

"I think he (Louis Philippe) frittered away his crown, and lost

ican Minister (Lewis Cass), so intimate, indeed, that the other ambassadors are reported to have been jealous of the undue influence of the republican representative."—McLaughlin, *Life of Cass*, p. 170, ed. of 1892.

* Lewis Cass, *Mémoires*, p. 109, published 1840. Without saying it, the author implies that his notes about Louis Philippe are from the mouth of the King himself—"I hold the information from one who cannot be deceived!" (P. 100, *France*.)

† Lewis Cass, *France, Its King and Government* (anonymous), 1840, New York. In 1840 at the court he presented as many as fifty Americans on a single night, and in his time "no application of an American for presentation has been refused." It was the son of this Cass who was in 1849 United States Minister to Rome; both illustrate the folly of selecting for diplomatic posts men who have neither insight into character nor courage of conviction.



LOUIS PHILIPPE

it at the last minute by cowardice; in fact, he thought of nothing else for the last three years but marrying his family.

"His attention was directed to his family—not to the state."

And Greville entered in his diary:

"March 18, 1848.—All those who have seen the King (Louis Philippe) are shocked by his want of dignity—in his manner of speaking of the late events."

Palmerston judged him thus:

"People have long gone on crying up Louis Philippe as the wisest of men. I always have thought him one of the most cunning (which in United States parlance would be crafty and sly), and therefore not one of the wisest . . . he must rank amongst the cunning who outwit themselves. . . ."*

Palmerston saw through the mask of Louis Philippe, but he was less acute in his diagnosis of the national character.† He had a deep-rooted aversion to so-called republics in general, including the American. Yet the French republic was peaceful. France became dangerous when she became the slave of an emperor, in 1851, no less than half a century before. Since 1871 France has kept the peace in spite of prophets.

Note now Louis Philippe, Frederick William IV., Ludwig I. of Bavaria, the Austrian Emperor Ferdinand, all rulers by divine right, all wearing the badges of military leadership, and each professing to be the source of *honor* for the aristocracy of their respective countries—

* Palmerston to Lord Minto, February 24, 1848, written therefore before the news of the Paris revolution could have reached London—an interesting testimony to Palmerston's good sense.—P. B.

† "I grieve at the prospect of a republic in France, for I fear that it must lead to war in Europe and fresh agitation in England. Large republics seem to be essentially . . . aggressive. . . ."—Palmerston to Lord Normanby, Ambassador in Paris, on February 28, 1848.

strip them of their titles and trappings; tumble them all into one bag along with average citizens selected by the roughest method of manhood suffrage—then let the impartial make a selection!

No wonder that absolute monarchy shudders when it hears a noise in the street!

The French Revolution of 1848 was a contemptible affair when viewed from the sidewalk, yet its effect in Munich, Vienna, and Berlin was immediate and immense. It was a terrible blow to the ruling classes. It showed the people how to upset thrones and how to organize for higher wages; how to secure political rights and how to use those rights for economic ends.*

The moneyed classes, the so-called *bourgeoisie* or employers of labor, felt instinctively that this Revolution was directed more against their pockets than against the mere monarch, and hence the bitterness with which the men of February 24th have been judged by the bulk of French writers.† And England, whose press was largely dominated by financial interests, felt with the *bourgeoisie* of France.

Let us look at King Louis Philippe in the moment when Europe expected him to vindicate outraged monarchy.

Victor Hugo has told the story how in a single night the mob ruled Paris as it later on ruled Munich, Vienna, and Berlin.

* *The Illustrated London News* published a double number at one shilling on March 4, 1848, full of pictures of the Paris revolution; good pictures, but suggesting too much the "Reign of Terror." As early as February 26th this enterprising periodical published some pictures suggested by "February 24th," portraits of Odilon Barrot, Guizot, scenes in Paris, etc. To matters in Vienna, Munich, and Berlin they were comparatively indifferent.—P. B.

† "The position of France is certainly a strange one, and it seems as if no government but that of the sword will be practicable, at least for the present."—Hallam, letter to Croker, August 20, 1848.

"The King (Louis Philippe) without saying a word, and without taking his eyes from Monsieur Cremieux (member of the Revolutionary Provisional Government who had told the King '*Sire, il faut partir!*'), doffed his general's hat, which he handed to the one nearest him; then he doffed his uniform with the heavy silver epaulettes, and, without rising from the sofa, where he had been seated for several hours in a state of collapse (*affaîsé*), said:

"Un chapeau rond! Une redingote!"

"They brought him a plain hat and coat. In a moment there was nothing there but an old bourgeois—a plain little shopkeeper.

"Then he demanded, in haste, 'My keys! my keys!'

"These could not be found immediately, and meanwhile the sound of musketry sounded closer and closer—there was a terrible growling outside.

"The King kept repeating, 'My keys! my keys!'

"Finally they arrived. He locked a portfolio which he carried himself, and a larger one which a valet carried. He was in a feverish state of excitement. . . . The Queen alone moved slowly and proudly. . . .*

"The retreat commenced — across the Tuileries. The King gave his arm to the Queen, or rather the Queen gave hers to the King. . . . The Place de la Révolution was reached (now Place de la Concorde). There the King turned pale. He looked eagerly for the four carriages ordered. They were not there.

"While leaving the stables the coachman of the first carriage had been shot dead; and at the moment that the King was waiting for the equipages . . . the mob was burning them up on the Place du Palais Royal.

"At the foot of the Egyptian obelisk was *un petit fiacre à un cheval*. (The 'brougham' subsequently referred to by the King.)

* March 5, 1848. "In the midst of all this tumult (at the Tuileries) the Queen alone seems to have preserved her presence of mind and dignity, and was heard to say, '*Mon ami, ne quittez jamais votre poste-mourez plutôt en Roi!*'"

"Montpensier (fifth son of Louis Philippe, then twenty-four years old), on the contrary, evidently in great alarm, kept exclaiming, '*Abdiquez, sire; abdiquez! c'est votre unique salut!*'"

"After a scene of indescribable confusion and tumult he signed the paper and hustled out of the palace in disgraceful haste."—Greville, quoting a conversation between Guizot and Lord Aberdeen in London.

"The King hurried to it, followed by the Queen. In that cab were four women, each with a child on her knee. . . .

"The four women were the Princesses de Nemours, de Joinville, and two ladies-in-waiting; the four children were his grandchildren.

"The King opened the door hastily and exclaimed: 'Descendez! Toutes, toutes!'—get out, all of you.

"'Il ne prononça que ces trois mots.'*

"The rattle of musketry became louder—the sound of the mob entering the Tuileries was heard.

"In a moment the four women were out on the pavement—the same on which had been reared the scaffold (*échaffaud*) of Louis XVI.

"The King entered, or rather plunged into, the empty cab; the Queen followed. Madame de Nemours occupied the little front bench. The King had his portfolio under his arm. . . . The other portfolio, the big one, was also taken in with some difficulty. Monsieur Cremieux squeezed it in by thumping it with his fist ('*l'y fit tomber d'un coup de poing*'). . . . Thuret, the valet de chambre, scrambled on behind, but he could not hold on—he tried to climb onto the horse ineffectually. Finally he trotted alongside, but the carriage outstripped him. . . . He ran as far as St. Cloud, thinking to join the King there, but the King had already left for Trianon. . . .

"A Versailles le roi s'était procuré une Berline et une espèce de voiture omnibus. Il prit la Berline avec la Reine sa suite prit l'omnibus. They procured post-horses and set out for Dreux.

"On the way the King took off his wig and put on a black silk cap (*bonnet*, a sort of Tam-o'-Shanter) which he drew down to his

* March 13, 1848. "Lady Granville (daughter of the Duc de Dalberg and widow of Sir Richard Acton) saw Louis Philippe on Saturday. She told me she was much struck by his want of dignity, and occasionally by his prolixity and incoherence. . . . He told her that as he left the palace by the terrace he heard firing in the court of the Tuileries, and that he had to wait 'des minutes bien longues, entouré d'une foule immense, pour la voiture; par la triste raison qu'on la brûlait dans la cour du Château,' and that he was in consequence obliged 'de se précipiter avec la Reine, dans un brougham,' already filled by the Nemours children.

"'Quand à la France,' he said, 'je m'en lave les mains!'"—Greville Diary.

eyes. He had not shaved since the day before, nor had he slept. Il était méconnaissable. He asked the Queen's opinion. 'Vous avez cent ans!' said she, reassuringly.

"At Dreux the subprefect, who had been notified in advance, met him with 12,000 francs. Here the population would have done him personal violence, so he turned off by a side road and passed in safety.

"They stopped at a house five miles this side of Evreux, whence a friend, Monsieur Renard, drove him to Honfleur in a two-horse gig, a distance of twenty-two 'lieux,' between seven that night and seven the following morning—they two alone—the rest of the family followed as best they might.

"That same day: 'Enfin le roi parvint à s'embarquer.* Le gouvernement provisoire s'y prêtait beaucoup. . . .

"Et le lendemain le roi et la reine étaient en Angleterre!"†

In England both the King and his minister Guizot were well received;‡ each blamed the other for the events of February 24th, and both had been equally unfit for the duties of that day.§

In parentheses let us recall, that when the mob was already howling under his windows the French King sought the aid of another scholar as learned as Guizot, and equally unfitted for leadership at such a time.||

* Victor Hugo, *Choses Vues*, p. 245, *et seq.*

† "He (Louis Philippe) sometimes thinks of going to America, sometimes to Germany, but until he knows something positive as to his finances, will determine nothing."—Greville Diary, March 13, 1848.

‡ March 5, 1848. "Palmerston sent a very kind message to Guizot, expressing his hope that although they had had political differences, they should meet on good terms, etc. . . . Guizot received this advance very cordially."—Greville Diary.

§ "Guizot told Lord Aberdeen that had the King (Louis Philippe) shown any firmness, instead of completely losing his head, the revolt might have been crushed with the greatest ease." Lord Brougham, in his *Autobiography* (iii., p. 519), gives instances of Louis Philippe acting in his presence, imitating Robespierre, Danton, Carnot, above all, the buffoon.—*Ibid.*, March 5, 1848.

|| "Bulwer said he had never met a man so bold in talk and so

However, the republic was proclaimed before Thiers could secure his portfolio of Guizot. Victor Hugo wrote in September, 1844:

"M. Guizot goes out every day after his *déjeuner* at noon and spends an hour with Princess Lieven, Rue Florentin. He goes to her again in the evening—spends all his evenings there, save when officially prevented. . . . M. Guizot is fifty-seven, the Princess fifty-eight. . . . The King said one evening to me: 'Has Guizot no adviser? Let him beware of those northern women (the Lieven was from Riga). He is no connoisseur in northern women. When a northern woman who is well along in years: "a affaire à un homme plus jeune qu'elle, elle le suce jusqu' à la moelle!"'" (P. 82.)

But the great poet was no less frank regarding the King himself. He records that Louis Philippe, when seventeen, fell in love with his governess (aged thirty-six), Madame de Genlis (as he told the story to Victor Hugo in September of 1844); but she gave him no encouragement:

"Elle me traita fort mal. C'était le temps où elle couchait avec Mirabeau. Elle me disait à chaque instant: 'Mais, monsieur de Chartres, grand dadais que vous êtes, qu'avez vous donc à vous fourrer toujours dans mes jupons!'"*

Let us now seek a little fresh air—turn from monarchs to mobs.

timid in action as Thiers. Guizot said that his (Thiers) great forte was his brilliant conversation and his talent for public speaking, but that as a statesman or historian he was below his reputation."—Greville Diary, March 10, 1849.

* *Choses Vues*, p. 80. This Genlis is the famous Marquise de Sillery, who (born 1746) was married at sixteen to the Conte de Genlis. The Citoyen Egalité, father of Louis Philippe, made her instructor to his children, and for their edification she wrote several works. In all she published more than one hundred novels, and died in 1830, at the age of eighty-four, living long enough to see her pupil on the throne.



GUIZOT
After a painting by Paul Delaroche

At the outbreak of the Revolution, M. de Lesseps was selected by Lamartine for the post of Minister to Madrid, and he desired to take with him the personal effects of the Duchesse de Montpensier (Infanta of Spain), who had run away along with Louis Philippe.

Lesseps went to the Tuileries, which was then in the hands of what had been described as a pillaging mob, was received, and had no difficulty in finding the objects sought, and returning with them.

"J'avais avec moi le valet de chambre du roi; il tenait la liste qui formait un gros cahier de tous les objets qui avaient été laissé par la famille royale. . . ."

All was recovered—jewelry and other valuables. The leader of the mob said to him:

"As you see us now, all in rags, we collected all the jewelry and precious things, piled them on carts, slept on them for fear something might happen to them, and thus we carried all the gold and silver stuff to the vaults of the Minister of Finance. . . ."

"On fit venir des tapisseries, et le déménagement eut lieu dans la nuit, sans aucun accident."*

The same honesty on the part of the people was noted by Greville in his diary on February 28, 1848.

"The mob took the gowns of the princesses [at the Tuileries], stuck them on their bayonets, and threw the jewels into the fire, but plundered nothing."

De la Hodde, on the other hand, says that the mob plundered on all sides; but Lesseps is the better witness.

De la Hodde was an agent of the police, who did much to place Louis Napoleon in power. A few of his statements, if not confessions, are worth citing.

* Lesseps, *Mémoires de 40 ans.*, vol. i., p. 725. Lesseps was not inclined to throw bouquets to the mob.—P. B.

He had seen but the bad side of man, and concluded his little book on the Revolution of 1848 with these words:

"A man who all his life has read as in an open book the heart and the forms of so-called democracy, which is but another name for Communism, declares here, coldly and without malice, 'There are in this movement only dupes and tricksters (*dupes et dupeurs*). . . .'

"Being in touch with conspirators, I wished to know what they amounted to. I discovered that those of my own age who were educated were agitators from the ebullition of youthful spirits. Mature men did so because they had failed in making a position for themselves." (Ed. of 1850, p. 6.)

What was his ambition. He has stated it thus:

"I determined to probe the secret societies to their very depths—to become a director in their committees, and then by a policy of delaying action and isolating them, little by little to paralyze their power and finally bring about their dissolution.

"To effect this I needed understanding with the police. This I accomplished.

"There, in a word, is the secret of my life.

"I do not glory in this rôle, but it has been one useful to 'society'!"

And in parentheses let us note that there are many De la Hoddes to-day working for the political police of Russia and Germany.

"France in general is deceived in regard to the Revolution of February (24th, 1848). She thinks that it was due to the numbers and the courage of the republicans. I shall seek to demonstrate that this is a double error, spread abroad by the fables of democratic writers. . . ."

"Aucun ne dominait la masse (February 24th) et n'imprimait la direction: c'est la force des choses seule, le manque complet

* De la Hodde, *Naissance de la Révolution*, p. 8. (1848.)

de résistance qui poussa un flot de peuple vers les Tuileries et mis en fuite une Royauté qui s'était désarmée." (P. 78.)

These various citations suggest parallels between the Revolution on the Seine and that of a few days later on the Spree.

"Le roi, Louis Philippe, croyant toujours à la fidélité de la garde nationale, confirma les ordres qui préservèrent la retraite des troupes. (Morning of February 24th.) Dès ce moment la catastrophe devint inévitable." (P. 78.)

In Paris, as in Berlin, the blindest were those who drew pay for keeping a sharp lookout.

"The method of procuring arms [continues he] dates from 1830, and has been used in all subsequent insurrections. The houses of the National Guard are invaded and their guns taken away. . . . The mob arrives in force, there is much threatening, blustering, swearing, and ferocious behavior, and the frightened family of the National Guardsman soon prevails upon him to surrender his piece. This is the way in which the insurgents get their first supply of arms. Let the government see to it that measures are taken against this in future.*

"L'Hôtel de ville et toutes les positions capitales étaient occupées de la même façon—c'est à dire, sans un coup de fusil. Partout il avait été ordonné de ne pas faire de résistance. . . .

"Qu'avait fait la petite fraction républicaine dans ces événements? Rien—si ce n'est de persuader qu'elle était partout lorsqu'elle n'était nulle part, hormis dans quelques groupes infimes.†

"La masse de la population était plutôt agitée qu'hostile; la plupart des barricades n'étaient pas défendues. . . ."‡

He had only contempt for the alleged "Clubs of Republicans" and other revolutionary bodies which were used to frighten monarchs in those days.

* De la Hodde, p. 61.

† *Ibid.*, p. 84.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 75, referring to the morning of February 24, 1848.

"There were, on a liberal allowance, 1500 men all told in the secret societies (revolutionary) in Paris (prior to the outbreak of February 24th).*

"C'étaient des groupes de vieux conspirateurs continuant leur métier par habitude et ne contant plus que très médiocrement sur la République.

"Their leaders united them from time to time in wine-rooms for the sake of talking republic, singing and drinking. Some of these leaders were rogues (*de mauvais garnements*) seeking an excuse for disturbance; others made light of their functions; some of them were policemen in plain clothes. (P. 15.)

"Une contradiction impudente révoltait surtout parmi les Chefs Révolutionnaires—leur dehors n'était que générosité, franchise et grandeur; leurs dedans que personnalité, mauvaise foi et bassesse.†

"Je ne permets d'apprendre à cet homme illustre (Proudhomme), qui paraît l'ignorer, que d'un Club transformé en Société secrète, il ne restera pas le quart au bout de six mois; et que dans ce quart il y aura un tiers d'agents de police."‡

These admissions of a police agent are interesting, for they once more call attention to the broad fact that in the various revolutions which upset Europe during these days there was very little if any premeditation or co-operation among the popular leaders in different countries, or even between the reformers of any one country.

It is important to bear this in mind, because it was then loudly proclaimed, as it still is to-day, in official circles, that there is a vast underground international conspiracy seeking the destruction of "society," which, translated into the language of common-sense, means that those who dread a disturbance of their interests think it well to be perpetually waving the red flag of anarchy in the faces of the simple stay-at-home tax-payers.§

* De la Hodde, p. 23.

† *Ibid.*, *Naissance de la République*, Preface. (Ed. of 1850.)

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 22.

§ "L'Idéal vers lequel la société doit se mettre en marche est donc

When discussing the Revolution in Berlin, of March 18th, we shall be frequently reminded of Louis Philippe and the Tuileries — more still of ideals which the people of Paris sought then to realize through legislation. These ideals have not yet been attained; but they are still cherished, and will be found mixed with nearly every great “labor” demonstration of our time.

Germany and the rest of Europe were profoundly impressed by the practical manner in which the new French Republic sought to grapple at once with problems of a social and economic nature.*

Already on February 28, 1848, the provisional government issued a proclamation (among the signers are Ledru Rolin and Lamartine) stating that a *Commission de Gouvernement pour les travailleurs* (Labor Commission), is to be convened “for the purpose of devoting itself exclusively to the interests of working-men.”

Of this commission the president was to be Louis Blanc;† the vice-president, “Monsieur Albert, ouvrier.” “Des ouvriers seront appelés à faire partie de la commission.”

celui ci: produire selon ses forces; consommer selon ses besoins.”—Louis Blanc.

* “Le Socialisme restera le caractère essentiel . . . de la Révolution de Fevrier.

“La République n’y apparaîtra de loin que comme un moyen, mais non un but.”—Tocqueville, *Mémoires*, 1848, p. 109.

† Louis Blanc was accorded a public funeral in Paris in 1882 at Père la Chaise. He died at the age of seventy-one (born 1811). His life was consistently devoted to schemes for benefiting the laboring-classes, and he wrote several books of considerable merit—all on political or historic subjects. His *Révolution de Fevrier 1848 au Luxembourg*, published in 1849, is a little pamphlet of 156 pages 12mo., mainly setting forth his share in organizing what we would call a labor bureau as a part of the French government. He was by no means an anarchist, although many of his propositions were impossible to realize owing to the ignorance of the working-men themselves.

In his opening address on March 1, 1848, speaking in the Luxembourg Palace to an audience mainly of "labor" delegates* and employers, Louis Blanc used language that was eagerly translated and quoted in the workshops of Berlin and Leipzig:

"Spread yourselves throughout Paris and tell your fellow-working-men what you have seen here. Tell them that for the first time in the history of the world they (the government) have talked to you about your own real interests; tell them that for the first time in history you have been told that laws concerning the people should be made by the people."

The first session closed amicably, thanks to unbounded enthusiasm for anything new—immense tact on the part of Louis Blanc, and a certain timidity in the captains of industry,† which made them, at the very first session, agree to reduce the working-day from eleven to ten hours in Paris (twelve to ten in the country).

This famous "Labor Commission" raised the sneers of those like La Hodde, who treat enthusiasm as a silly emotion save when inspired officially—as in the case of war.

On March 9th, Louis Blanc exclaimed, triumphantly:

"Il s'est trouvé que ceux qu'on appelait des Réveurs ont maintenant en mains le maniement de la Société. Les hommes impossibles sont devenus tout à coup les hommes nécessaires."

And at the close of his address the official reporter noted:

"Toute la salle est debout; des ouvriers versent des larmes, en proie à une émotion inexprimable."

* ". . . Au Palais du Luxembourg, la première séance de la Commission de Gouvernement pour les travailleurs." March 1, 1848.

"Between one and two hundred working-men, delegates of various trades, at nine o'clock occupy the seats formerly occupied by the Peers!"—Minutes officially published.

† The words "captains of industry" (*chefs d'industries*) occur in the official minutes of the first session of the Labor Commission in the Luxembourg, March 1, 1848.

Already on March 4th he had made the proposition:

"To establish in the four most populous districts of Paris four buildings (*établissements*), each intended to receive four hundred families of working-men. Each family shall have a distinct apartment (flat). The object of this is to secure greater economy in the matter of heat, lighting, purchase of supplies, etc., through co-operation. The result of this economy would be equal to an increase of salary on the part of the employed, without any harm to the employer.

"There will be in each establishment a reading-room, a day nursery (*crèche*), a sick-room, a school, gardens, baths, etc."

We are still working at the same problem—a few great philanthropists have lent their aid. Practical men of our time have unconsciously adopted part of the revolution-ary programme of 1848—co-operation or *Fraternité*.

"La Fraternité, c'est la science de la richesse. Soyez frères, vous serez riches; soyez frères, vous serez heureux par le devoir."*

Louis Blanc was soon to be driven from Paris—to exile in London, his Labor Commission denounced and scattered. In these words he announced the failure of his political dream:

"Mes Amis! Je viens ici le cœur plein de tristesse, et cependant plein d'ardeur, de courage et d'espérance. Non, quoi qu'on en puisse penser, j'en jure par le génie de la France, le génie de la Revolution ne perira pas. Non! Non!"†

And who was the wiser—Louis Blanc, who failed, or La Hodde, who triumphed?

The man of ideals lived long enough to see his country once more a republic.

* Louis Blanc, April 2, 1848, session of the Labor Commission at the Luxembourg.

† Official report of the Labor Commission, session of April 28, 1848. "Discours du citoyen Louis Blanc aux délégués des travailleurs."

VIII

LUDWIG I. OF BAVARIA

Birth and early years of Ludwig—Served in the French army—
Interest in art—Sends Stieler to paint Goethe—Makes Munich
centre of pleasure—Becomes an advanced Liberal—Hates
Metternich—Visits Greece.

“Again was it made manifest (in 1848) that the most important
movements of a nation are not always prepared by the greatest
characters in the greatest times.”—Gustav Freytag, *Neuer Zeit*, p. 489.

LUDWIG was born in Strasburg, French soil which has
since (1871) become German. He died at Nice, Italian
soil which (in 1859) became French. He was brought
up simply and with but remote notion of ever sitting on
a throne; for at the time of his birth (1786) Bavaria was
but a duchy; it was Napoleon the Great who made a
kingdom of it in return for specific services political and
military. No wonder then that Bavarians are still
grateful to Napoleon.*

One of the most interesting monuments in Munich is
an obelisk raised to the 30,000 Bavarian soldiers who
followed the great emperor to Russia and died there
(1812).

Ludwig fought against Prussia at the battle of Jena
and entered Berlin as aide-de-camp to a French field-

* “The bitter fact cannot be suppressed that in the long years
of humiliation for Germany, at the hands of France, from Louis
XIV. to Napoleon, it was ever Bavaria which proved to be the chief
instrument of France.”—Otto Abel, *Das neue deutsche Reich*, 1848.

marshal, while his royal kinsman, the King of Prussia, was flying like a hunted hare until he found refuge in the tents of a Russian emperor at Tilsit.

Ludwig of Bavaria had for godfather Ludwig XVI. of France, who placed in the royal baby's cradle a warrant as commander of a French regiment. The two Ludwigs were destined each to surrender his throne; and the Bavarian, by a strange freak of fate, was to serve indeed in a French army, but one whose leader was a creature of the mob that had howled around the guillotine in the days of terror.

And in those same days the parents of the Bavarian Prince had to pack up and fly from Strasburg before the advancing tide of democratic invasion, when the armies of the French republic overran the Rhine and South Germany.

To Napoleon, the hero of this democracy, Ludwig's father owed his throne and the glory of being the first King of Bavaria, and yet through his Protestant mother the young Crown-Prince imbibed so deep a hatred of France that he early became a centre of patriotic German hopes.*

He took part in suppressing the Tyrolean insurrection under Andreas Hofer (1809), but showed at times so much kindness towards the people of his own blood, that Napoleon broke out into violent complaints and even talked of having him shot for disobedience.†

His education had been good, both at school and university, and after the close of the great war he floated readily with the prevailing popular tide of Romanticism,

* "The mother of Ludwig I. had great influence over him. She was a Protestant!" — Vehse, *Deutsche Höfe*, vol. xxv., pp. i., 3. "Ludwig's hatred for Napoleon came through his mother."—*Ibid.*, p. 5.

† Cf. Heigel, *Life of Ludwig*.

which in his case meant a revival of the beautiful and picturesque Germany of early days, before it had been corrupted by French example.*

Indeed, Ludwig's hatred of France, when Crown-Prince, suggests a diligent reading of the Turnvater Jahn.†

He took more interest in art than in affairs of state, and a visit to Italy in 1818 brought him into practical touch with the life which he sought to develop on his less sunny Bavarian soil. He drew about him a group of able and enthusiastic artists, archæologists, and scholars, and from that time till his death cultivated art as a purpose of his life.

A glance through the modern picture-gallery of Munich (*Pinakothek*) illustrates what Dr. Vecchioni meant when he said that Ludwig's love of art was nine-tenths love of himself. The visitor is there called upon to admire a large number of canvases (painted by order of the monarch) representing him doing things which most men would pass over as matters of commonplace. The illustrious Wilhelm von Kaulbach appears to have spent most of his early years in painting the doings of Ludwig—

* Nous n'avons pas eu d'ennemi plus décidé que le roi Louis I. (of Bavaria) . . . Nos grands hommes, notre glorieuse histoire, tout ce qui nous marque d'un signe sacré aux yeux du monde—tout cela était supprimé d'un trait de plume par ce redoutable Teuton."—Taillandier, *Etudes sur la Révolution en Allemagne*, ed. of 1853.

† "Unsere Affenliebe für fremde Sprachen hat lange schon Windbeutel, Aufblasefrösche und Landläufer wichtig gemacht; in den fremden Sprachlehrern gefährliche Kundschafter ins Land gezogen; durch die Immerzüngler und Näseler unser biederherziges Volk verdorben, unsere sinnigen Weiber verpuppt. Fremde Sprachen sind für den, der sie nur aus Liebhaberei und Plappermäuligkeit treibt, ein heimliches Gift. Cato's Ausjagen der griechischen Sprachmeister aus Rom ist selten richtig verstanden. In einer fremden Sprache wird man vor einer Anstössigkeit schon weniger roth, und in manchen klingen die Lügen sogar schön"—Jahn, *Deutsches Volksthum*, 1810, p. 187, Leipzig, ed. of 1813.



GOETHE

From an oil-painting by Kolbe in the Goethe National Museum, 1822

commemorating him under every conceivable form as patron of art, science, and letters. This Kaulbach under other auspices would have been the greatest of political cartoonists, for he rarely fails to let us have a bit of satirical humor, even in paintings meant for royalty. For instance (No. 377), there is a canvas glorifying Ludwig as the incentive to painting in all branches. The artist shows us various Munich celebrities painting diligently, while from the right hand there stalks in a pompous courtier bearing on a cushion some sort of royal decoration or diploma—the symbol of royal encouragement to art.

The royal “protection” of art is apt to defeat its own purpose—to breed a school in which artists work for royal favor rather than for what they know to be good.

In 1828 Ludwig sent the illustrious Stieler to Weimar in order to bring back a portrait of Goethe. This picture now hangs in the Munich gallery of modern paintings (*Pinakothek*); but even here Ludwig offends good taste, for in the hands of this master-poet Stieler has painted a sheet of paper on which appear seven lines of verse composed, not by the author of “Faust,” but by King Ludwig, in 1818. The painter has made the poet look as though the verses did not please him—indeed, he has turned the verses away from him, but that may have been accident. Ludwig was a shockingly bad versifier. In this portrait Goethe seems saying to himself the lines which Lessing gives to Nathan:

“Stolz, und nichts als Stolz! Der Topf
Von Eisen will mit einer silbernen Zange
Gern aus der Glut gehoben sein, um selbst
Ein Topf von Silber sich zu dücken. . . .”

Ludwig made the first years of his reign memorable to the pleasure-loving citizens of Munich. His father

died in 1825, and twelve months of mourning had followed. So he added to his popularity by reforming this royal nuisance. Henceforth, the time of mourning for a king was to be cut down from twelve months to three months. Public music and dramatic performances might be resumed immediately after the funeral, although the court theatre was to remain closed for a fortnight. For other sovereigns, and even for a crown-prince of the Wittelsbach house, the mourning period was cut down—the limit was six weeks, and it might be even as short as eight days. Other orders were given regulating the period of mourning for members of the nobility, all intended to facilitate an early return to amusements at court.

Soon after his accession the King launched out upon a series of festive entertainments which made money circulate easily among the shopkeepers of his capital. There were balls given at the palace on a scale of splendor hitherto unknown.

His historiographer, Franz von Ritter, tells us of one in 1827 in which the King had 1500 guests, all of whom assisted in reproducing the joyousness of a Roman carnival, at which his Majesty appeared as Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*. He had also gay parties out at his Bavarian Versailles, Nymphenburg, from which the company returned in sleighs by torch-light, to the delight of the towns-people, who regarded these processions as part of their amusement.

He patronized public balls in the royal theatre; he gave himself heart and soul to making Munich in every way a city to his own taste—the centre of art, science, literature, music, and pleasure.* The traditions of Ludwig are

* Cf. Ritter, vol. ii., p. 41, *et seq.*

well cherished, for nowhere are the delights of the carnival season enjoyed with more relish than here.

In 1826 he removed the university from Landshut to Munich, and built in its honor the magnificent pile near the triumphal arch.

From 1815 until his abdication in 1848 Bavaria enjoyed years of peace and prosperity, and the taxes which a Hohenzollern would have spent on uniforms, cannons, swords, and muskets were by the Bavarian diverted to Raphaels, Murillos, libraries, and laboratories. The Prussians thought Ludwig spent too much money for art; the Bavarian thought the Prussians spent too much on barracks.*

In those early years he was an advanced Liberal—at least in his own opinion. He mingled with painters, poets, and professors as a fellow-craftsman, and was the first to sign the Constitution (of 1818), which virtually repudiated the doctrines of the Holy Alliance.†

The late Ernst II., Duke of Saxe-Coburg, wrote in his *Mémoires* (vol. i., p. 106), that in 1840, while at Nuremberg attending the Bavarian military manœuvres, he went with King Ludwig to a little country circus where some trained monkeys were performing.

* "The Crown-Prince of Bavaria is not good-looking—a bleached-out head of hair, a mouth without teeth, a figure without distinction. He loves to talk about German sentiment; he talks clumsily, is hard of hearing; his manner is kindly and gracious. . . ."—Note of the Russian General von Nostiz at the Congress of Vienna, 1814, when Ludwig was twenty-eight years old. This Nostiz was a Saxon by birth—not to be confused with the Nostiz who saved Blücher's life at the battle of Ligny.—P. B.

† "Auch die neuesten Reformen in Bayern konnten dem voraus eilenden Geiste des königlichen Gastes für dereinstige Besteigung des Preussischen Thrones nicht unbeachtet vorüber gehen."—Ritter (vol. ii., p. 147), referring to the visit of Frederick William IV. [as Crown-Prince] to Ludwig I. This sounds like sarcasm, but it was written by a Bavarian court functionary.

"The King seized upon my proposition with childish delight, and in a short time we were seated in the tent along with peasants, vivandières, and non-commissioned officers.

"The monkeys received immense applause at the close of the performance, in the midst of which, however, considerable stir was made by the entrance of the Burgomaster, in full civic magnificence, who at once made an ornate speech referring to the presence of the King at the performance. When he had finished the applause broke out anew, and in the midst of it King Ludwig leaped upon a bench, and in his massive voice shouted to the audience, 'Who is this applause for—ME or the MONKEYS?'"

Ludwig hated Metternich and the so-called Carlsbad Decrees, and as Crown-Prince he supported liberty of the press, if only to spite Austria. His first act on ascending the throne (1825) was to abolish the censor.

Metternich took him sharply to task for his democratic tendencies, and received this answer:

"I have sworn to support God and the Constitution—Kaiser Franz is not God, and Metternich is anything but the Constitution—and so you may draw your own conclusions!"

These words, spoken to the Austrian ambassador, caused the new King to be regarded in Vienna as a royal firebrand.

Ludwig I. would have none of Metternich's circular of March 7, 1848, which the Duke of Saxe-Coburg called "*recht eigentlich den Schwanengesang Metternichs*," for it proposed more police, more repression. The reply of Ludwig was that the conferences proposed by Metternich (in Dresden) "were calculated to remind too much of Carlsbad, Verona, and Vienna."*

According to Ritter (vol. ii., p. 51), the King gave 300,000 gulden to the cause of liberty in Greece.†

* Cf. *Mémoires*, Ernst II., vol. i., p. 256.

† Ritter, *Beiträge zur Regierungsgeschichte König Ludwig's I. von Bayern*, 1827-1828. Munich, 1855, 2 vols.

This cautious writer adds, however, that

"The Holy Alliance did not at that time regard the Greek movement as '*Revolution*,' but rather as a Christian war of liberation from the Turkish yoke!"

This is rather fine casuistry, which his liberal subjects later on used against him. They, too, gave money freely for the liberty of Greece, but they saw no good reason why citizens of Munich should be treated as less worthy of political freedom than the skin-clad shepherds of Attica and the Peloponnesus. Ludwig made a pilgrimage to the classic soil of Hellas in 1835; he was less romantic in his references to liberty after that. He had seen the alleged descendants of Epaminondas and Ulysses, and the reality made him wish that he had seen the Acropolis only in pictures.

Ludwig was not made for real life, but for a stage-land.* He was noble, mainly in his dreams. These lines of Lessing seem intended for him:

"Begreifst du aber
Wieviel andächtig schwärmen leichter als
Guthandeln ist! Wie gern der schlaffste Mensch
Andächtig schwärmt, um nur—ist er zu Zeiten
Sich schon der Absicht deutlich nicht bewusst—
Um nur gut handeln nicht zu dürfen."

* Vehse (*Deutsche Höfe*, vol. xxv., p. 4) says that his marriage in 1810 was "one which was to cost her so many tears"—he had married a Protestant German princess, whose portrait, by Stieler, suggests a woman of beauty and intelligence. History, however, gives us little interesting information about her. In Munich tradition she was good-looking, gentle, but bordered upon insipidity.—P. B.

IX

LUDWIG AND BAVARIA UNTIL 1846

Debt of Munich to Ludwig—His monuments—Madness of Ludwig II. a comparison — View of Bavaria — Priest-ridden — Minister Schenk — Feuerbach and Eliza von der Recke — Ludwig's intolerance—The censor—Opinion of Bavaria and Munich by contemporaries—Minister Abel—His clericalism—Anecdotes of Ludwig.

“La Société a mangé du fruit de l'arbre de la science du bien et du mal, presque toujours présenté par les femmes, cause ou occasion de tous les changements qui arrivent dans les mœurs et quelquefois dans les lois.”—Vicomte de Bonald.

ONE can no more imagine Munich without Ludwig than Paris without Napoleon. Wherever the stranger lingers in the Bavarian capital* it is pretty sure to be before a creation of this monarch; the university, the picture-galleries, the triumphal arch at the opening of Leopold Avenue, the splendid loggia opposite the royal palace, the so-called Propylæa and antique temples fronting Lenbach's studio, the immense bronze “Bavaria,” the massive yet graceful library—these are but a few of the works which spring to mind in recalling his name.

When Ludwig I. ascended the throne (1825) Munich was a provincial town with perhaps 50,000 people. The monuments he reared looked very lonely then—out in

* “In 1812 Munich had a population less than 41,000. In 1850 it had reached 96,398.”—Brockhaus, ed. of 1853, vol. x., p. 730. To-day, 1905, it is over 500,000.

the fields, where land was cheap, where the streets had barely been laid out.* The citizens pointed out these monstrous buildings with a smile. If Ludwig had founded breweries instead of art-schools their smiles would have been more encouraging.

Ludwig lived until 1868, long enough to see Munich not only the art centre of Germany, but one of the most beautiful and important cities of Europe. The majestic monument to him which adorns the open space before the palace worthily indicates the esteem in which he is held to-day.

But aside from these universally known monuments, the resident of Munich finds himself constantly face to face with minor evidences of this monarch's madness for the beautiful—an ornamental bench, a memorial tablet—mere trifles in their way, but pleasant reminders of a king whose eighty years on earth was made up of success and failure, liberality and despotism, piety and immorality, courage and cowardice.

Talleyrand said that he was a crank, but a clever one.†

* "Whatever he had seen abroad and admired he wanted to have reproduced at Munich. He built churches and palaces and temples in which to house the art treasures of his kingdom—magnificent halls and triumphal arches; but they were all put up in dreary waste places . . . they were like gems without any setting—like pictures without frames. In dry weather clouds of dust encircled them; when it rained they stood in a morass and were nearly unapproachable.

"There were no paved streets or sidewalks leading to them. The great boon of having wholesome water for the town he never thought of. . . ."—Consular reminiscences by G. Henry Horstmann. Philadelphia, 1886. The author was sixteen years consul in Bavaria—eleven of those years in Munich.

† An excellent portrait of Ludwig I., drawn by Baugnet, appeared April 3, 1847, in the *Illustrated London News*, and in a notice of him these words:

"The general impression of him is that he is a man of more taste than talent; more sensibility and feeling for the beautiful in art than true knowledge of its principles."

He was, at any rate, a great fact in the history of Germany—a delightfully refreshing personality in a world of diplomatic dummies.

One of his grandsons, Ludwig II., died a madman; another grandson, the present King of Bavaria, peels potatoes in a secluded villa. Yet Ludwig II. is still idolized by the Bavarian peasantry, and it is to him that the world is indebted not only for the grandest palaces of Germany, but for popularizing Richard Wagner.

Ludwig II. was pronounced mad partly because, through his love of architecture, he had contracted debts amounting to about \$3,000,000 (13,500,000 marks), no more than what was spent in three or four days of the African or Spanish wars. And yet this money was not wasted; it has attracted from every corner of the world tourists by the thousands who spend among the Bavarians infinitely more money than the cost of Hohenschwangau and Herrenchiemsee put together.

When his grandfather, Ludwig I., commenced cultivating on German soil a love of art which had been weak and scattered north of the Alps, his people merely tolerated what they could not prevent, and they shook their heads as they gossiped among the beer-mugs about the large sums that went for buildings, statues, paintings, and salaries. It is fortunate for Bavaria that Ludwig I. indulged his extravagant eccentricities prior to 1848, for under the scrutiny of a democratic parliament he would have fared little better than the royal grandson whose corpse was fished out of the Starnberg lake on the Whit Monday of 1886.

Frederick William IV. of Prussia also shared Ludwig's love for art and mediæval arrangements; both cultivated absolutist theories of government, both were full of gen-

erous impulse mixed up with acts of petty tyranny; both helped along the ultimate unity of Germany by fostering the great customs union. Many features of these two contemporaries suggest comparison, but Ludwig was the more original and entertaining.

With the French revolution of 1830 Ludwig received a shock somewhat akin to what had affected Alexander I. on the eve of the Congress at Aachen. He noticed that the people commenced to talk more vigorously than was agreeable to royal ears. They were not content to express gratitude for what a divine monarch was pleased to grant. They were commencing to demand a practical application of the principles laid down in the Constitution of 1818. In 1832 was held a grand international love feast at the Hambach castle in Rhenish Bavaria. Some French and Poles were present and the talk was, at times, unfit for courtly ears. But in general the gathering was orderly and amounted to little more than a grand reunion of singing societies who met to drink beer and have a good time generally.

The news from Paris made Ludwig feel that his previous liberality had been unwise. He thought he saw ingratitude in the popular demonstrations; his priests and courtiers retailed stories prejudicial to the popular cause, and he now permitted in Bavaria a persecution of Liberals quite as severe as that in Prussia. The laws remained as before—on paper. The Constitution was not formally abrogated, but through the habitual veneration for the monarchy, and official timidity, Ludwig was allowed to rule practically alone. He appointed all officials and dismissed them at will. He sent out orders without any one's noting whether such order was legal, or was even countersigned by a responsible official. He became a tyrant while professing liberality.

"Never was there a more eccentric government than that of Ludwig in the years immediately following his accession (1825). Political makeshifts alternated with poetical outbursts from the throne. To-day the Liberty of Nations was the royal theme and next day the reverse of liberty was enacted.

"Bavaria is honeycombed with falsehood and treason, for the priests are watching us at all times, and what they do not learn by duplicity, that they worm out of us on our bed of illness, from women in childbirth or in the confessional. It is the official who suffers most, however, for only through hypocrisy can he get on; he must affect piety, whether Catholic or Protestant. It is the only way in which he can escape the claws of the priest, for only those who pretend to profound piety are regarded as loyal to the King and his government."*

Feuerbach, the eminent philosopher, wrote:

"Were it not for our Constitution there wouldn't be a penny left in the pocket of a beggar; and for that matter, even without a penny in his pocket, the tax-collector would draw his skin over the beggar's ears and sell it in the leather market in order to build palaces, Walhallas, etc."

This was in a very confidential letter to Eliza von der Recke, dated May 30, 1831.†

* Dr. Gustav Bacherer, *Stellungen und Verhältnisse*. Carlsruhe, 1840. The author herein relates his experiences in Bavaria; he depicts a state of society and government suggesting Russia rather than anything of western Europe.—P. B.

† Feuerbach was forced to retire from his professorial chair in 1832 because of a work he had published anonymously in Nuremberg on the subject of immortality. The lady to whom this letter was addressed is described by Brockhaus (ed. of 1851) as "one of the noblest women of her time"—a native of the Russian Baltic provinces, who died in Dresden in 1833, at the age of seventy-seven. When a child of seventeen she had been married off to a man for whom she had no taste, and the result was a divorce after six years. Her life after this was dedicated to study and travel and social refreshment. For a time she fell under the spell of the spiritualistic swindler Cagliostro, about whom she afterwards published a highly interesting book confessing her own weakness while exposing his rascality. Her last years were spent in Germany, the centre of a brilliant circle.—P. B.

"Who attends to your government when you are making verses and your minister is writing plays?" said Kaiser Franz of Austria one day to the Bavarian King.

This refers to Ludwig's favorite minister of state, a man named Schenk—a very barometer of royal whims. He was a poet and dramatist of mediocre talent, a consummate flatterer, who consequently rose rapidly from one profitable post to another. It was he who edited and published the King's verses, and who saw that they received press notices fit for royal perusal.

Schenk is now forgotten; no one could read his plays or poems without nausea, yet he was selected by his monarch for a niche in his Walhalla, to rank with the demi-gods of German achievement—with Goethe and Schiller. The *Dictionary of German National Biography* squanders eight precious pages on him. This man, a Protestant, married a Catholic, and, as one might suspect, he soon became more Catholic than the Pope.

From 1825 until 1831 (when the King was compelled to accept his resignation), he was an important factor in the Bavarian government—in the only part of the government which interested the King, art and religion. Under Schenk the schools, the whole educational system of Bavaria, passed into the hands of the Pope. Monasteries were opened and the law courts became once more influenced by priests.

The King did his best to retain his poet-minister in* office. He was heart and soul in sympathy with his efforts to convert Bavaria into a mediæval community wherein all should be free to be pious, free to worship

* "Don't be discouraged by the hostility of the chambers—don't give in—go ahead with manly firmness."—King Ludwig to Schenk, May 6, 1831, three weeks before his fall in consequence of the popular indignation against him.

the King, free to admire the wisdom of government—where nothing should be forbidden save to think.

“Coarseness and stupidity are essentially conservative and narrow in political matters.

“The politicians of the Wittelsbach family have understood how to play upon these qualities in order to erect upon them an unlimited absolutism. The popularity of the Bavarian princes sprang from the fact that in coarseness and stupidity they were not a whit behind the average of the peasants!”*

“The censorship is bad enough in Prussia, but it is at least conducted according to certain known rules. In Bavaria, however (1840), the nearest police official is clothed with power as censor, and if he is crowded for time he may turn over the work to one of his clerks!†

“Bavaria is full of corrupt contradictions; for instance, most of the Jesuit journals are freed from censorship, and this applies to one or two papers of general literary character!‡

“Such a thing as a *salon* is unknown in Munich. I know of no aristocrat, of no scholar or artist, of whom it can be said, ‘He entertains.’ This makes Munich a difficult place for the stranger. In winter people meet one another at the public halls; in summer you are presented in a beer-garden. You cannot escape the smell of beer; it is everywhere. It is all pleasant enough for a time, but to have to live my life in such a social atmosphere would be intolerable—it is devoid of social dignity.”§

“In the days of Ludwig, if we went to spend the evening with friends, at their invitation, we carried our own food, and, after we were assembled, we each gave the maid the money with which she went to the nearest public-house for beer. No one thought of offering food to guests. In more recent years, when occasionally invited to a meal, I would always take leave of my hosts with the formula that ‘I regretted the expense to which they had gone on my account.’”||

“If Munich were in truth a modern Athens, it would be a centre of liberty in all fields of science and thought; but this is

* Gustav Diezel, *Bayern und die Revolution*. Zurich, 1849.

† Bacherer, *Stellungen und Verhältnisse*, vol. i., p. 134.

‡ *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 138. § *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 177. 1840.

|| Communicated by a Munich friend, December, 1903.—P. B.

not the case. Woe to the craft that does not trim its sail to the royal wind.*

"When Ultramontanismus (Jesuitism) dies out in Bavaria, when moral and political thought shall have been permitted to develop, then and not until then will Munich be a centre of art in the true sense!†

"On the way from Munich through Freising to Landshut, I saw nothing but coarse fat men and pigs—no sign of enlightenment. This is the soil favorable to priests (*Pfaffenthum*). Nowhere else have the priests so much influence, and nowhere else did I meet so many fiery-eyed maidens (*glutäugige Mädchen*), who afford the devil every opportunity for undermining virtue in the pious. This is the stuff that gives so much charm to Roman Catholicism in this part of Bavaria. You can here go mad with rapture over the poetry of nature—the nature that is moulded in such seductive forms.‡

"The Bavarian of Munich is a man in the animal sense only. He has but a glimmering notion of what the human intellect means. He has no taste for anything that cannot be settled over a beer-mug. It is torture to him to have to sit out any long performance where consecutive thinking is involved. He cares only for that which makes an immediate impression on his coarser senses. I shall never forget a Munich play in which the Goddess of Virtue was impersonated by a young lady on the eve of childbirth; the public was delighted with this concession to their love of the sensual, and the pregnant Goddess of Chastity played her part to the end with evident satisfaction.

"That is typical of the Bavarian! Anything higher than this leaves him cold. Remember this when you have to do with the history of civilization in Bavaria.

"If you ever hear of any one in the high society of Munich reading a book, be sure that it is something obscene put together for the purpose of exciting sensual appetites."

Indeed, Dr. Bacherer treats our beautiful Munich as a wicked city—so wicked, indeed, that nothing could wash it clean save a second FLOOD.§

I should not have quoted him at all did he not rank

* Bacherer, vol. i., p. 213.

† *Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 214.

‡ Bacherer, *Mémoires*. 1840.

§ Cf. Bacherer, vol. i., p. 218.

high in German esteem as an observer in this field. Had an Englishman said these things I should have put it down to national jealousy.

The eminent Dr. Vecchioni (now seventy-six years old), who drew up the last platform of the Liberal party in Munich, said to me in 1903:

“Ludwig I. was a tyrant. He hated popular liberty, and stretched his powers to the utmost to aggravate the sufferings of the political prisoners that came into his hands. Even when his judges assured him that there was no evidence against this or that prisoner, he would say to them, ‘Never mind the evidence; at least keep them locked up a long time pending investigation.’”

Dr. Vecchioni,* to be sure, was rather a politician than a painter. He had spent many uncomfortable days in prison by order of this King, and was therefore less inclined to praise him than Professor Sepp.

The King found in his war against popular liberties a willing ally in the Roman Catholic hierarchy, whose most active and intelligent director was the “Society of Jesus.”

In 1837 the King called to his cabinet, and clothed with almost plenary power, a man named Abel, whose conduct gave reason for thinking that he was either himself a Jesuit or at least a tool of that order—albeit a Protestant by birth and bringing up. (Cf. Vehse.)

* “Vecchioni, Napoleon, Literat aus München . . . member of the ‘Upset party’ (*Umsturz Partei*), one of the most dangerous of demagogues and republicans; latterly in America, whence he will probably return as a revolutionary agent!”

This entry I found in the confidential inventory published for the political police of Germany. (*Anzeiger für die Politische Polizei*. Ed. of 1854.)

Dr. Vecchioni told me (November, 1903) that he dropped the name “Napoleon,” using only “August,” because he was a Republican and both of the Napoleons had betrayed the cause of the people. Vecchioni also was born in Corsica.—P. B.

He was a type of the many reared under a highly developed bureaucratic system, who moved smoothly on to promotion, titles, and decorations so long as he was permitted to work after a routine formula.

Abel had the misfortune to marry, in 1836 (at the age of forty-eight), a bigoted Romanist, who exercised commanding influence over him, and he, like most converts, was more Catholic than the Catholics. He had, as bachelor, been a conspicuous champion of liberal measures, but as a married man he acted under the inspiration of his wife and her father-confessor. In the year of his wedding he came forward in support of royal absolutism, and as a reward for this he was (in 1837) made virtual prime-minister.

His fall did not occur until 1847, and these intervening ten years were marked by a series of acts which pleased the King at the moment, but were in the long run injurious to him and his government. He used his influence to enlarge the power of the Roman Catholic clergy, to discourage Protestantism. Under him an order was issued commanding Protestant soldiers to bow the knee at Catholic Church service—a measure which naturally incensed the many subjects who were not Catholic.*

* *Antwort an den Verfasser der Schrift Offenes Sendschreiben von einem Katholiken an den Verfasser der Schrift, etc.*, by Count Giech. Nuremberg, 1845. In this pamphlet the indignation of Bavarian Protestants is forcibly expressed. The author says, "This compulsory kneeling of Protestant soldiers before the Sanctissimum, abolished in the Bavarian army in 1803, and revived in 1838 (by Abel), had therefore been abolished for thirty-five years, and yet during that time we have failed to hear that Catholics in general made any complaints on that score." (P. 50.)

Strodl, the Ultramontane writer, thought it unwise in Abel to have persisted in making Protestant soldiers bend the knee in Roman Catholic rituals, at the same time he thought the Protestants very childish in attaching any importance to such things! (P. 199.)

His narrow and dangerous Ultramontane policy made him odious among Liberals, and indeed among all but the most blind of Romanists. But the King tolerated him for a while.

Abel would not, for instance, permit the words "Ministry of State" to be used, because it sounded as though the King might be represented by constitutional organs. The King had servants called ministers, but not a ministry in the constitutional sense, thought Abel.

His twelve colorless years between his fall in 1847 and his death in 1859 confirm the opinion that he was merely an average public servant — the professional apologist for his King—a flunky disguised as a statesman. Of course, when the Jesuits found that he could no longer serve their purpose they dropped him, and he fell at once to where he had been before he married.

"King Ludwig knew the gossip of the town earlier than any of his ministers. He was up and among the market people at six o'clock. He knew every one by sight, if not by name, and of course they all knew him. He delighted in stopping to gossip and exchange chaff with the people. He always wore very shabby old hats and coats. The people simply worshipped him. He was just like a father to them. I have never heard of such relation between people and an absolute monarch. He discovered many of the beauties (for his famous gallery) among the peasantry—one was a girl who sold fish in the market, and of course this made him still more popular.*

"The King deemed his royal duties to be somewhat like those of a parish priest. He went about the streets nodding and chatting as he pleased; he dropped into shops and bargained at the counters; scolded and joked in truly patriarchal, if not Oriental, fashion.

"I have known him to have altercations with shop attendants

* Communicated by Kirschner, the Munich painter, whose father-in-law was adjutant to the King.—P. B.

—disputes carried on in the manner of a fish-wife. It is hardly credible to-day; the people were accustomed to it, however.”*

The King was fond of dropping in at a certain tavern frequented by artists and actors. One night he entered unexpectedly while the company were convulsed with laughter. He inquired the occasion of this hilarity. No one answered. The eminent comedian Ferdinand Lange was seen slinking out of the room. The King again wanted to know what the mighty laughter had been about, and finally one of them confessed that this same Lange had been giving an imitation of his Majesty.

“Capital!” roared his Majesty. “Come back, Lange; let’s hear it again. I want to see myself as I really am!”

The King’s secretary had been ordered to wait in the antechamber. Lange knew this.

So after a few moments’ protestation and hesitation he stood up, and in a voice which mimicked the voice of his royal master shouted out to the attendant in the hall:

“Hey, there, Secretary, you are to pay Lange’s debts; do you hear?”

“Yes, your Majesty!” came the immediate answer.

The King was delighted, but alarmed as well. So after a hearty laugh with the others he shouted out to the attendant secretary outside:

“But mind, only for this once!”

And again the voice of the attendant replied:

“Yes, your Majesty!”

On a memorable occasion he had invited an actress to the palace to sing at a court concert, and when she was called upon her music could nowhere be found.

* Personal communication of Dr. Vecchioni, Munich, 1903.—P. B.

Now it so happened that a very fat, pompous, correct, haughty, and high-born lady-in-waiting was seated upon it, and this the quick eye of Ludwig detected.

He approached her, and with exaggerated deference begged to take the notes from under her, remarking with modest apology, "Diese Noten sind nicht für Blasinstrumente!" *

There are many more stories current regarding this picturesque King, but they are not fit to print here.

* Communicated by Herr Kirschner, Munich, 1903.—P. B.

X

LUDWIG MEETS LOLA AND DISMISSES THE JESUIT MINISTRY

Ludwig's feminine tastes—His relations with Lola Montez believed to be Platonic—Lola arrives in Munich—Baron Frapps refuses to let her appear at the royal theatre—Her indignation—She storms the place and demands to see the king—The King is pleased and grants her request—Munich full of unverified coarse stories about Lola—"Contemporary testimony"—Her advance in power and in the King's favor—"Was she an adventuress?"—Royal verses to Lola—She is made a countess—Abel and his colleagues in the ministry protest—Ludwig is wroth—Dismisses Abel and Jesuit rule in Bavaria—Gratitude to Lola.

"La Tâche que tu prends est belle autant qu'ardue,
Mais à moitié remplie, elle est tout perdue.
Si tu n'arrives pas au bout de tes efforts,
Songe qu'il faut r'entrer au niveau dont tu sors;
Que, maîtresse d'un roi, tu dois faire le compte
De couvrir tes erreurs sous le lustre ou le honte—
De mériter un nom glorieux ou flétri,
Celui d'Agnès Sorel ou de la Dubarry."

—1847, "La Gynécocratie," Épître de Barthélemy à Lola Montez.

LUDWIG I. was more than sixty years old, and had been twenty years on the throne, when Lola Montez arrived in his capital (1846), with the object of securing an engagement at the royal opera.

We have no evidence that the venerable monarch and the twenty-two-year-old ballerina violated the first of social laws. The illustrious Bavarian professor of history and biographer of the Wittelsbachs (Heigel) assures us that their relations were innocent, and I, for

one, should like to accept the version of so well-informed a critic.*

It so happened that at the moment when Lola appeared in Munich the romantic King was planning a maiden trip to Spain, and as the young lady had a Spanish stage name, and was credited with being an Andalusian, what more natural than that this royal artist should have taken a lively interest in a person so eminently equipped to gratify his thirst for knowledge?

In Munich, society was accustomed to the spectacle of princes practising virtual polygamy, albeit not professing the theological creeds of Salt Lake City or the Bosphorus. This same Ludwig is credited with having had various mistresses in his time.† Society thought none the less of him on that account; indeed, he would have sunk in public estimation had he failed to show his inclination for sovereign woman.

In the Munich gallery of modern pictures hangs a portrait of the beautiful Marquise Florenzi (née Bacinetti) of Ravenna,‡ done by one Heinrich Maria Hess, a Munich

* Cf. Heigel's *Ludwig I.* Ed. of 1872.

† "Die Ultramontanen hatten den zahlreichen galanten Abenteuern des König's mit der Lizius, der Dahn, der Vespermann, der Spaeth mit Seelenruhe zugeschaut und niemals die Stimme sittlicher Entrüstung erhoben."—Hans Blum, *Die Deutsche Révolution* (ed. of 1897), p. 110.

In the royal collection we have seen the portraits of Mademoiselle Lizius, also Florenzi, but not those of Dahn, Vespermann, or Spaeth.—P. B.

"... c'est par le nombre, par l'accumulation, si je puis ainsi parler; c'est par l'interminable liste de ses amours que le Roi de Bavière a voulu intéresser ses admirateurs."—Taillandier, *Révolution en Allemagne*, vol. i., p. 460.

‡ "The King had paid an indemnity to the lady's husband and settled her in a villa at Ischia, near Naples."—Vehse, *Ludwig*.

"Marquise Florenzi subsequently married an Englishman named Waddington, famed for his eccentricities and considerably younger than the lady."—Ferdinand Lange, MSS.

painter who died in 1863. The lady is represented in the garden of the villa which Ludwig I. had arranged for her near the Eternal City. There is a beautiful view of St. Peter's and Rome in the background. In the royal palace is another portrait of this lady, done by the eminent Stieler. It represents her in dark velvet ball-dress. Both pictures indicate a woman of pleasing features but little character.

This lady bore him two children, both of whom were educated at Munich, the boy in the cadet school for pages and the daughter (Carlotta Florenzi) in a fashionable seminary. When Ludwig visited the school with his wife, his illegitimate daughter would run to meet them, and he would call to his wife, "See, Theresa, here comes Carlotta!"* This daughter was born in 1820, ten years after his legal marriage. When Carlotta was eighteen years old, in 1839, he married her off to a Bavarian count.

Ludwig wished to have this Marquise Florenzi presented at court, but his wife would not allow it, and there were high words on the subject, the King laid violent hands on the Queen, and the Crown-Prince drew his sword in defence of his mother.†

This gifted King would have made but an indifferent church-deacon in Scotland or Connecticut, but he had colleagues on German thrones who would have fared even worse before a committee of inquiry—William I. of Hesse-Cassel, for instance, who acknowledged several dozen of illegitimate children, and increased the taxes for each cradle.

Ludwig made no secret of his tastes to Queen Theresa, his Protestant wife, and she amiably smiled upon what

* Cf. Vehse, vol. xxv.

† Vehse, *Geschichte der Deutsche Höfe*, vol. xxv., p. 14.

she tried to regard as eccentricities of genius. Here is one of his confessions:

“Du verkennst mich nicht, obgleich mich die Menge verkennet
 Unerreichbares Weib, trefflichstes, welches gelebt;
 Wird der Wipfel der Eiche vom Winde auch zuweilen bewegt,
 Wurzelt sie dennoch fest, ewig die Liebe für dich!”

And in honor of their silver wedding, in 1835, he sent her these—no one but Ludwig could have so mangled his language:

“Lieb dich mehr als ich dich damals liebte
 Reizender erscheinst du mir heut;
 Ob ich gleich dich öfters selbst betrubte
 Hätt’ ich keine lieber doch gefreit.

“Dichter es so schlimm nicht wirklich meinen;
 Leicht erregt wie ein poet’scher Sinn;
 Mocht ich Andre liebend auch erscheinen,
 Bist du dennoch tief im Herzen drinn.”

Lola Montez arrived in Munich in the autumn of 1846, fresh from her triumphs in the great capitals. She at once demanded an opportunity of appearing in the royal theatre, and was refused. The then director, Baron Frapps, had reasons of his own for not desiring Lola to remain, and those who have had elementary experience with greenroom intrigue can imagine the jealousy that was raised against this British intruder in a field where she easily overshadowed those about her. So she was informed that there was no opening for her in this temple of the Muses.

Any other artist would have packed up and started for a more sympathetic centre—say Stuttgart or Carlsruhe. But Lola felt herself treated unjustly. She rushed to the palace, which is virtually a wing of the theatre, and demanded to see the King immediately.



LOLA MONTEZ
After a painting by Joseph Stieler

The horrified attendants thought she must be mad to make such a demand. The suddenness of her onslaught upon them took away their presence of mind. She raised her voice and demanded that the King be informed of her presence, and, as fortune would have it, the King heard her voice.

At the sight of her, Ludwig forgot his rules of etiquette and at once listened.*

Munich is full of very coarse stories on the subject of Lola Montez—they are not verified. I have sought to trace them in many cases, but even when I obtain speech with the person who was present I find that he has forgotten or got it second-hand.

I have heard from many serious men in Munich the tale that when she appeared before the King for the first time he touched one of her breasts and jestingly asked if it were genuine. Whereupon she seized a dagger and with one slash ripped open the whole front of her dress. The King was satisfied.

This version is that of the venerable Count Seyssel, of Munich, also of the learned Dr. George Hirth and of Dr. Vecchioni. Professor Schäuffelen of the university gave me this one:

"When Lola Montez importuned for an audience the chamberlain refused her request. She insisted, and finally the chamberlain went in to the King and told him that a woman was outside making much trouble and wanting an audience.

"Is she good-looking?" said Ludwig.

"She is," was the answer.

"Then show her in!" †

* ". . . und der bezaubernde Anblick der in ihres Zornes Leidenschaft unwiderstehlichen doppelt schönen Dame entschied über ihn und sein Schicksal."—Manuscript notes of Ferdinand Lange, furnished by my friend Konrad Dreher, of the Munich court theatre.—P. B.

† Communicated January 19, 1904.—P. B.

Here is yet another version:

"King Ludwig was a decidedly—ay, a strikingly—ugly man; his appearance was still further marred by a monstrous protrusion on his forehead akin to a boil in appearance. It was his custom to go from the Chapel Royal to his apartments in the palace on foot after Sunday mass, and on these occasions the public crowded the palace yards. Lola mingled with the crowd, and as the monarch passed she exclaimed to her lady companion, 'Quelle physionomie intéressante!'"

"Her first request for an audience had been refused, but after this it was granted, and from that moment on the old gentleman was in her toils—at her feet."*

And each of these versions is by one who was a resident of Munich at the time and in the court society. So much for "contemporary testimony."

At any rate she conquered, and at once excited jealousy throughout dramatic and court circles of the Bavarian capital. In regard to her professional work on the Munich stage, the late director of the Munich royal theatres, Von Possart, has sent me the following:

"The dancer, Lola Montez, was never under engagement at the Royal Munich Theatre, but she appeared here as *Gast* (star) on two occasions—first, October 10, 1846, when she danced 'national dances' in costume, between the acts of 'Der verwunschene Prinz'; and again on October 14th, between the two comedies, 'Der Weiberfeind' and 'Müller and Miller,' when she danced the cachuca and a fandango with Herr Opfermann."

There is no official record finding fault with her dancing—no official evidence to sustain the version that she danced "abominably," as her many feminine enemies would have us believe.†

* Kobell, *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*, p. 920.

† "There is an intangibility about all the charges that are made

"October 18, 1846. Lola is dancing at the theatre. I have not yet seen her—am told it is wretched.* Stieler is painting her for the *Schönheitsgalerie* (collection of beauties)."

These few words, written four days after Lola's final appearance, indicate that she was expected to continue her dancing in public, that she had already won the royal favor, and that already jealousy and uncharitable comment were rolling up in Munich.†

The court painter Stieler had his house next door to the one which the King gave to her. On the other side of her was the house now used as the British Legation.

By preference I shall quote the letters of Fräulein Kobell about Lola Montez during the following days, not because they are the truth, but rather because they reflect what a cultivated German lady in the best Munich society believed to be true regarding things which she either saw personally or was in a position to hear about from good sources. She, moreover, shows the malice entertained by her acquaintance towards a stranger who threatened to dominate them in more ways than one.‡

against her (in Munich) which renders it difficult to disprove them."—*Fraser's Magazine*, article on "Ludwig and Lola," January, 1848.

"We repeat that, in the main, and in all respects that would ascribe to Lola Montez low and unwomanly conduct, these stories are untrue."—*Ibid.*, p. 100.

* "On October 14th Mademoiselle Lola Montez danced here (Munich). She showed a grace and sureness in all her movements and extraordinary ease in the most difficult parts. . . . No wonder, then, that she achieved fame throughout North Germany and the rest of Europe. . . . She has the reputation of being an excellent actress (*Mimikerin*) in pantomime, and therefore it is to be hoped that we shall see her as Fenella in the 'Muette de Portici' (the famous opera in which the leading character is a mute)."—Munich *Morgenblatt*, October, 1846.

† Letter of Fräulein Kobell to her sister.

‡ "Unter den vier ersten Königen Bayerns," von Luise von Kobell. This authoress was the wife of Herr von Eisenbart, who was for a while secretary to Ludwig II.

In the *Neue Deutsche Rundschau* for September, 1901, appeared

Thus she wrote in November, 1846:

"Dofia Lola Montez is the talk of the day. The *sweet creature* is to settle down here in a house next to Stieler (the court painter) Her house is being done over—it is to be fairy-like. It is to be the first house in Munich to have windows made of a single pane of glass! She has an opera box in the court row; it is upholstered in red velvet. She spends thousands! Every day she goes to the most fashionable shops (Dietz and Schultze), and buys velvet and silk mantles in great masses. . . . I met her recently wearing a cloak of blue velvet, elaborately trimmed (*Soutache gestickt*), and also a velvet dress.

"She ordered a complete silver service through Mr. Mayrhofer, and smashed a plate at his feet because it had not been engraved with a coronet. She was recently at a concert in a pea-green satin dress covered with most magnificent black lace, and when the King spoke to her she remained seated.

"The King presented her with a splendid tiara of diamonds, and at her express desire this was constructed just a trifle higher than that of the Queen."*

Ludwig, indeed, fitted up a house for her (in the Barerstrasse, 19) in exquisite taste. The painter Stieler lent his aid, and the popular imagination soon had it filled with all the luxuries of fairyland.† It is an unpretentious

an anonymous article on this subject which leads me to think that it is from the pen of the same authoress and is drawn from the same sources. I shall cite them indifferently as Kobell. In the Kobell contribution of 1901 are some errors borrowed from the current histories. For instance, we are told that Lola was born in Montrose, Scotland, and later she is referred to as an "Irish Creole." She is spoken of as marrying a "captain" instead of a lieutenant. We are told that the police drove her out of Paris as well as St. Petersburg. She accepts the current scandals regarding her.—P. B.

* Kobell, *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*, p. 921.

† "January 4, 1847. Her (Lola's) house is said to be fairy-like—there is a carpet of ermine for her bedroom, the stairs are to be of crystal, in the dining-room will be an enormous crystal basin with a fountain. . . . I fear the people here will do her bodily harm—she is much hated. She said, latterly, in Schultze's shop, 'I am of more importance than the Queen.'"—Kobell, *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*, p. 924.

home, however, half-way between the royal palace and the picture-galleries. During the days of trouble iron shutters were made for the lower windows, and these are still there. At the back of the house are gardens and groves, which in 1846 gave her residence the appearance of a suburban villa.*

Here the venerable Ludwig was a frequent guest, and here she held a little court of her own—more exclusive than the King's, for to his palace people went by right of office, but from her the bores were excluded.†

Ludwig found in this lively, well-educated Irishwoman a wit and a breadth of experience sadly wanting in the human beer-barrels who made up the most of orthodox Munich. Lola had no favors to ask of him; she treated him as an equal. She was of gentle blood on her mother's side no less than on that of her father; she was an independent artiste.

"She loves an active life," wrote Erdmann. "Her rooms are full of flowers, also many birds. Cats and dogs are made welcome

* "The house of the Countess of Landsfeld was, in her day, free on all sides. It has since been added to so that it joins with the others on the Barerstrasse. It has also had another story added. No one would have lived in the house after her had it not been built over.

"It was a small house, but done up in the most exquisite taste. There were but the two reception-rooms down-stairs, and up-stairs only her boudoir and bedroom, the ceiling of which was a tessalation of mirrors. She received her ordinary guests in a little house in the gardens at the rear, in order that the main house might be ready for the King at any hour he might call, and, moreover, I think it plausible that her relations with the King were wholly Platonic."—Communicated by Frau Dr. Schäuffelen, who lived in this house for some time after the departure of its famous occupant. December 6, 1903.—P. B.

† "She knows Andalusia and England, France and Scotland, Russia and Poland, Prussia and Bavaria; converses with you by turns of Paris, of Berlin, of Cracow and Seringapatam, of Sevilla and of St. Petersburg."—Papon, *Mémoires*.

in her house. She dresses in exquisite taste. . . . She is witty—her talk is* always stimulating, lively, fresh. No lady of the court can compete with her intellectually.

“Count X—, who has only been married two years with the beautiful Y—, has been playing whist with her (Lola) every evening. One night a pianist was playing there, and Count X— asked him to stop, that it interfered with his play. Lola promptly ordered the count (not the pianist) out of the house. Nobody minds this, for why did he go there, anyway!” †

There is abundant reason for thinking that, had she been an adventuress, she could have made her fortune in Munich, not merely through the gifts of Ludwig, but through the money offered to her as the price of quitting him. ‡

Kings thought Ludwig a great poet—poets called him a glorious King. His subjects grew very weary of his verses, though they were sorry when he abdicated the throne. He was an incorrigible poetaster—whenever he had an emotion it was promptly succeeded by a few more feet of rhyme, and by the time of his death his indiscretions filled many folios.

In the time of Ludwig I. there came to Munich a rival poet—a man famous in his day and still holding a large space in German literature—a prolific poet as well. His works have been published in twenty-six volumes.

* Dr. Erdmann, *Lola Montez and the Jesuits*. Hamburg, ed. of 1847. This author writes as one well informed, and very likely using a *nom de plume*.

† Kobell, *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*, p. 924.

‡ “Her Majesty, the Empress of Austria, sister of the King of Bavaria, has offered a million of money provided she, Lola, consent to leave the Kingdom, but Mademoiselle Montez refused, expressing indignation and surprise that such interested motives should be attributed to her.

“We conclude these details, which are derived from an undoubted source, by referring to the permission which her Majesty of Bavaria has given that Lola Montez be admitted twice a week to the apartments of her royal husband, who is confined by indisposition.”—Correspondence to the *Courier des États Unis*, of New York.

Saphir was his name, a Hungarian Jew, dreaded by reason of his merciless and witty tongue. His sayings are still current, as with us are those of Sidney Smith.

"Why are there no crabs in Siberia?" asked he of a Russian official. His own answer was:

"Because no one dreams of getting back from there (*weil an ein Zurückgehen von dort gar nicht zu denken ist*)."

Also this theological exegesis:

"The fall of man occurred immediately after his birth. He fell—into a deep sleep!"

His biographer (Schlossar) suggests that he was expelled from Vienna because of his biting words.* He arrived in Berlin in 1826, but that city soon became too hot for him for cognate reasons. In 1829 he flashed upon Munich in the fourth year of Ludwig, and here again he fell foul of sensitive fellow-poets, among whom the chief perpetrator was the King himself. According to Saphir he was expelled from Munich by Ludwig.

The functionary whose duty it was to carry this message and see to its fulfilment came in fear and trembling. He announced the King's command, that Saphir pack up and quit Bavaria that very day.

"Had I as many feet as the superfluous ones in his Majesty's verses, I could do it with ease!"

This it was, according to tradition, which caused Saphir's arrest. Nor was he released until he had begged humble forgiveness before the King's picture in the presence of police witnesses.

* Cf. *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*, vol. xx., p. 365.

Here is a sample of the royal verse, addressed to Lola. It is untranslatable.

“Deine Liebe ist mir die Sonne,
Würde ich um dieselbe gebracht,
Wäre mir dahin des Lebens Wonne,
Mich umgeben würde finstere Nacht.

“Deine Liebe hat mich neu geboren,
Deine Liebe meines Lebens Lust,
Ging dieselbe mir einmal verloren,
Liesse dann mich senken in die Gruft.

“Auf Vertrauen stehet nun begründet
Uns'rer Seelen heilig schöner Bund,
Welchen uns're Zungen laut verkündet,
Den besiegelt haben Hand und Mund.

“Dass ich diesen Tag noch erlebe!
Liebe und Vertrauen inniglich
Sind ein unzertrennbares Gewebe,
Nur in deiner Liebe lebe ich.

“Ausgeliebet ist dann ausgelitten.
Ohne Liebe keine Phantasie,
Ihre Flügel waren abgeschnitten,
Sterben musste dann die. . .”

Early in 1847 King Ludwig ordered that Lola Montez should be made a countess,* a proceeding quite usual under the circumstances, and peculiarly personal to the occupant of the throne.

But on this occasion Abel and his colleagues organized a ministerial strike, in the belief that they could frighten

* “September 19, 1847, Lola celebrated her promotion to the rank of countess by a dinner of twenty-four. Her patent of nobility was exhibited at a side-table. That night there was illumination and fireworks in her gardens; the band of the Royal Artillery played.”—Kobell, p. 930.



LUDWIG I
After a painting by Joseph Stieler

their King into withdrawing the order. On February 11, 1847, they handed him a document in which they solemnly protested against this step.

They united in representing to his Majesty that if he persisted in his devotion to this lady they would not answer for the consequences, that even the army was becoming disaffected,* and that they, the ministers, would resign in a body. The language of this memorandum was calculated to wound deeply the feelings of a monarch who possessed so firm a belief in his rectitude, his piety, and his devotion to the public welfare as Ludwig I. He regarded the memorandum as a piece of impertinence. There was no charge against the lady—it was a matter personal to him. If any one had occasion to complain, it was his wife or his immediate family circle; it was no concern of the public, much less his hired servants.

In his royal rage he had, after a hasty glance at it, flung the memorandum of Abel violently from him, accompanying it with expressions far from complimentary to those who had sought to teach him.

The Munich biographer of Ludwig wrote that the document was subsequently found on the floor,† was secured by “a chamberlain, and was immediately afterwards passed about at a tea-party in Augsburg at the house of a Baroness Kerstorff. . . .”

This added fuel to the fire already raging in the monarch's breast, for he had given Abel strict orders that the matter should remain a profound secret.

* “We cannot guarantee that this may not have a disastrous effect upon the loyalty of the army.”—Memorandum of Abel and his colleagues, 1847.

† “The proposition to grant this sefiora the rights of Bavarian citizenship raised the opposition of the *Staatsrath* (Council of State, February 8, 1847), and the ministers regarded her expulsion a condition of their remaining in office.”—Sepp, p. 483.

From the tea-party in Augsburg, thanks to Jesuit activity, the paper was lithographed and passed about so assiduously that within a day or two it was the common talk of Munich.

According to Sepp:

"The publication of this manifesto wounded deeply the feelings of Ludwig. He felt himself exposed by those who were servants of the crown—the matter affected his most sacred personal prerogative. . . ."*

The royal biographer agrees with Professor Heigel in stating that the King's relations with Lola Montez had been purely Platonic, and if this be the case, then all the more must such a man have resented the impertinent insinuations of his ministers. His devotion to Lola Montez became to him now more than a matter of private amusement. It represented the vindication of a high principle—was he to submit his social relations to the scrutiny of his servants?

Ludwig is such a complex creature that it is easy, by observing him from one side alone, to form an utterly false picture of him. He was a supporter of constitutional government at one time, at another a despot. He was a devout Catholic, yet he denounced the Jesuits as enemies of the state. He was the patron of science, literature, and art, yet under him the press censorship was at times as bad as in Prussia or Austria. He legislated in favor of public morality, yet acted as though its laws could not touch him.†

* "Diese unglückliche Sache (Lola) hatte den Frieden seines Hauses und seiner Familie vielmehr untergraben, als man nach dem sanguinischen Naturell des geist und gemüthvollen König's äusserlich annehmen mochte."—Ernst II., *Mémoires*, vol. i., p. 256.

† "Bordelle sind allerdings nicht geduldet," writes Brockhaus of München, ed. of 1853. "But the proportion of illegitimate births is so enormous that we can say little for the state of public morals."

The Bavarian court and aristocracy hated Lola because she was a Protestant, a foreigner, and a person who snapped her fingers at etiquette. She had repeatedly shown her contempt for many a great lady, and great ladies do not always forgive. Nor was she able to make friends among the lower classes, who in Bavaria were very ignorant, very devout Romanists, who therefore accepted the verdict of the parish priest to the effect that Lola was the devil. She was further handicapped by ignorance of the language.

The few intelligent Liberals who were grateful to her for having caused the dismissal of Abel could not be expected to help, for they disapproved of her socially quite as much as they rejoiced over what she had done politically.

Ludwig had never liked nor trusted the Jesuits. Now, however, that he recognized in Abel an agent of that order, now that he discovered an Ultramontane conspiracy seeking to thwart his royal pleasure, he promptly sat down and paid his compliments to them in these lines, which were published shortly after the dismissal of Abel:

"Ihr die Ihr knechten mich gewollt, erzittert! ich preis es, das entscheidende Ereigniss,

"Das Euere Macht auf ewig hat zernichtet."

On February 13, 1847, he published the joyful news in the Countess of Landsfeld's drawing-room:

"I have kicked out all my ministers—Jesuit rule is done for in Bavaria."*

* "Die eigentliche Art aber, unter welcher der Münchener Liberalismus das alte particularistische Baiern aus dem Felde schlug, gab viel zu denken."—Ernst II. of Saxe-Coburg, *Mémoires*, vol. i., p. 140. In the three large volumes of these memoirs this is as near as the cautious royal author ventures upon the part which Lola Montez

For the moment Ludwig I. was the hero of liberal Germany;* it was enough that he had dismissed a Jesuit ministry. Abel was made the scape-goat for all the wicked things by which Ludwig had profited.

Lola had done this for him,† and for this she deserves a handsome monument in Munich.

played in the upsetting of the Bavarian cabinet. These memoirs, by-the-way, are very carefully expurgated.—P. B.

* "I should prefer Lola to Loyola, and 'Montez' rather than '*ultra Montes*.' I am delighted to hear that the Bavarians have so much breeding and delicacy of feeling. Let us hope that the King of Bavaria will not take any backward steps—never again fall under Jesuit influence." — Letter of v. Bunsen, the friend of Frederick William IV., to Herr Sieveking, dated March 16, 1847, immediately after the dismissal of Abel.

† "It is reported that the King . . . worked most of the morning alone, seeing hardly any one excepting Lola, to whom he gave a key to his private entrance. She visited him daily and spent hours with him at a time. Here was the source of those edicts which rid the country of the Abel ministry. . . . This was the source of the King's awakening in matters political; from her he drew the courage to attack the old abuses—the whole ultramontane fabric of mediævalism."—Dr. Erdmann, *Lola Montez and the Jesuits*. 1847.

XI

THE MUNICH REVOLUTION

Troubles at the university—Lasaulx episode—Student demonstrations—Insults to Lola—Anger of the King—Jesuit intrigue—Letters of Louise Kobell—Lola's reception of the mob under her windows—Her courage—Letter in the *Times* by Lola—Summer at Brueckenau—King in debt—His illegal measures—Changes ministers—Berks or Lola ministry—Allemania corps created—Devoted to Lola—Envy of the other students—Funeral of Goerres—More demonstrations—Lola takes refuge in the church of the Theatines—Uproar in town—King closes the university—More demonstrations—The King weakens—Finally orders Lola to leave town and the university to be reopened—Lola's house attacked—She escapes—King grants a Constitution.

“O Ludwig, edler Fürst,
Du Fürst und Deutscher Dichter,
Dir brennt mein ganzes Herz,
Dir brennen meine Lichter!”

—Transparency in the Weinstrasse, Munich, March 13, 1848. Illumination in honor of the King's liberal Constitution.

ABEL had been dismissed on February 16, 1847; he was succeeded by a Protestant (Maurer), something that had never before happened in Wittelsbach history. This ministry was a horror to good Romanists, and still more so to “society,” for it confirmed the Countess of Landsfeld in her legal rights as a Bavarian subject.

Immediately after the dismissal of Abel a highly orthodox Roman Catholic professor (Lasaulx) had felt impelled to cast a reflection upon the King's conduct by moving a faculty vote in favor of those whom their

royal master had dismissed. The motion produced an uproar in the faculty, and before it came to a vote the learned proposer was dismissed and along with him eight other colleagues (including Sepp).

The students now commenced to demonstrate, by marching out and cheering the professor who had introduced the anti-Ludwig—or rather anti-Lola motion—and after this they crowded into the Barerstrasse and hooted at the Countess of Landsfeld, whom they regarded as the author of their loss.

The favorite cry was, "Pereas, du Hure! Pereas, du Hure!" and, according to one chronicle, she came out upon her balcony, accompanied by several officers of the Bavarian army, and laughed at the silly demonstration.

Her street had to be protected by the military guards, but the people hung about curious to see what would happen. The King came to call towards evening, but was not cheered. When he walked home at nightfall he heard cries of "Hure Majestät!" which for the moment was a popular rendering of the conventional "Eure Majestät!"

This confirmed him in his belief that the Jesuits were at the bottom of the trouble and that the Countess of Landsfeld was merely a target.*

But now for Fräulein Kobell's letter to her parents in the country:

"January 24, 1847. She can scarcely show herself on the streets. Recently she drove to a carriage-maker's; a crowd collected, and a voice called out to the street boys, 'Now, then, do

* "Gallantries of all kinds have been treated with indulgence by the Roman Catholic Church; . . . but there is one mortal sin which it never forgives, and that is the sin of Lola Montez—the sin of defying the Jesuits."—Dr. Erdmann, *Lola Montez and the Jesuits*, p. 9. Hamburg, 1847.

your duty!' And at once the boys commenced to shout at her and throw stones at her carriage. She had to retreat through a rear passage."*

"Munich, March 2, 1847. Don't be alarmed, my dear father, at receiving a special letter. Thank God, we are all safe. I write you only in order to tell you what has happened that you may not be frightened by the newspaper exaggerations, for you know that we live opposite Lola Montez."†

After referring to the student demonstrations in sympathy with Abel, she wrote:

"Nothing further happened that morning, but there was much excitement in the Ludwig and Theresien streets, because it had been reported that the students had intended to have a cat concert under Lola's windows; for she is regarded as having been at the bottom of all that has happened.

"We watched the crowds grow hour by hour, but they were only spectators.

"She (Lola) stood at her open window with four gentlemen, and looked down laughing at the crowd. A gendarme paced up and down, here and there.

"At four o'clock we heard a hoarse noise. It was the crowd of students coming in a black mass down the Theresien Street, and many had joined them who did not belong to the university.

"There was a lot of whistling and cat-calling, and the street was soon blocked with people. We trembled in every limb.

"What do you think Lola did?

"She had a plate in her hand and a knife. When the noise rose to its highest she brandished it in the face of the people with demonstrations of rage. She clinched her hands, and her

* Kobell, *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*, p. 924.

† This was before her house in the Barerstrasse was ready for her. She had occupied quarters in the Hotel Hirsch (in the Theaterstrasse) before moving into the Theresienstrasse. This was a famous inn, notable not merely for its excellent kitchen, but for having an elevator, or lift, a convenience which was then unknown even in royal palaces. It did not become a general institution even in America until 1850. This hotel failed, possibly because there were not then enough people of means capable of appreciating or paying for its luxuries.—P. B.

face was distorted by anger. . . . I have heard of furies, but until yesterday I have not seen one.

"But she was beautiful in spite of her rage. I cannot forget that picture.

"Then she called for a glass of champagne, and drank mockingly to the health of the mob!

"Suddenly a stone flew up from the midst of the crowd, and this was greeted by a thundering cheer. Two of the gentlemen (one of them Lieutenant Nussbauer) attempted to draw her away from the window, for they, of course, anticipated the worst consequences from the popular indignation, but she struck furiously about her, and knocked the lieutenant over backward.

"Then arrived some infantry patrols who made successful attempts to drive the mob back.

"The students retired after they had given vent to their cat concert (*Pereal*); but the rest of the crowd remained and kept constantly swelling.

"Then—who would have believed it?—along came none other than the King, in mufti, elbowing his way through the crowd to her house.

"No one saluted him.

"I heard that some of them pushed their hats forward defiantly, and that the King knocked one of these hats off with his walking-stick.

"Finally the soldiers succeeded in clearing the street. Then I heard a peal of contemptuous laughter from Lola. It went through my bones like ice.

"It was real laughter from hell!

"A space was cleared before her house, but behind the soldiers the people were crowded together who kept cat-calling and whistling.

"Lola remained triumphant at the open window and made fun of the people by her voice and her gestures. . . .

"This state of things persisted until six o'clock.

"Nothing happened further except that here and there some street-lamps and windows of innocent people are said to have been smashed.

"By ten o'clock the street was quiet again—the people and soldiers had dispersed—only a gendarme here and there. . . . I had taken the precaution to move the children's bed to the back

part of the house, but the precaution was unnecessary—the night passed quietly.

"P.S.—11.30 A.M.—The street is once more occupied by troops. God grant that there may be no excesses committed! . . . Would that she had made her escape in the night!"

The reader will note that most of the alarm was imaginary, and that one of the few persons in Munich who had appeared to fear nothing was the lady against whom the mob was described as being deadly hostile.

Another witness wrote:

"Lola Montez behaved superbly during this storm (1847).

"She treated the mob with the weapons of sarcasm and high breeding. She raised a glass of champagne to their good health. She tossed down bonbons among them. She set an example of coolness and splendid courage. Anything that may have been written to the contrary on the subject is invention."*

The London *Times* of March 2d, 8th, 9th, 12th, 18th, and 24th occupied itself with Bavarian affairs, treating Lola Montez contemptuously, and the King, if possible, still more so. In a leader it points out that if British ministers had felt compelled, as those of Bavaria, to shed tears at the amorous peccadillos of their monarchs many of them would never have had a dry handkerchief in latter days.

In the London *Times* of March 18, 1847, is a letter signed Lola Montez, occupying one-third of a column, dated March 11th, a dignified rebuke to the *Times* for having taken up the slanderous rumors charging her with running the country politically for her own benefit. She states that the Jesuit party offered her 50,000 francs yearly if she would quit Munich, but she spurned the offer and proclaimed her intention of making the Bavarian

* Erdmann, p. 122.

capital her permanent home. For that reason she desired that the truth about her should be known.

The summer of 1847 she spent at Brueckenau, on the western edges of Bavaria, to-day a favorite resort. King Ludwig had a palace there, and the time passed agreeably, . . . unmindful of the political storm that was rising.

The King did not find the ministry of the Protestant Maurer satisfactory, so he changed again (November 30, 1847), but not for the better; for, in composition, the church still detected the fingers of her enemy, and it became known as the "Lola ministry." Its chief was Prince Wallerstein, but one of its members was a Herr von Berks, who was known to be on good terms with the Countess of Landsfeld.*

The King was deeply in debt, and to conceal his financial irregularities he had been guilty of many harsh and unconstitutional acts through which an infinite number of poor people had suffered. He had encouraged his officials to go to almost any extreme in raising money for him; and the people little by little suspected the King of grinding them down in order to squander their money upon a woman who was not a Bavarian—not even a Catholic! The papers of Bavaria dared not print such things, but those of other states were full of wild tales depicting alleged orgies of the King and Lola Montez. One caricature of the time represented Lola with the King's crown on her head, while he was twanging the

* "This parvenu (Herr von Berks, a member of the King's new cabinet) became the valet (*Hundeträger*) of the new Pompadour in the park of the Nymphenburg palace (the Versailles of Munich). This lady might be seen looking down from his office (which she has degraded to the rank of a brothel) with a cigar in her mouth—looking down with contempt upon the people."—Sepp, p. 492.

lyre and dancing before her. She is seated on the edge of a bed.*

Strodl, in his anonymously published work, *Kirche und Staat in Bayern unter dem Minister Abel*, says that the King was in the habit of dismissing officials immediately before they attained their fiftieth anniversary of service, when they would be entitled to a pension equal to full salary, and that he frequently discontinued works that had been authorized by his ministers and applied the money thus saved to his own purposes.†

"Every independent expression was looked upon suspiciously, and to mention a government measure in other terms than praise invited the suppression of the work by the police."‡

To-day it is the fashion in Germany to believe that all Munich and the whole of the university was ranged against the Countess of Landsfeld. This was not the case. At the outset she appeared as a deliverer from the Jesuits, and even later, when even the Liberals failed to note any great reforms emanating from the palace, the movement against the Countess of Landsfeld was largely due to the Ultramontanes, who were alarmed for the supremacy of their cloth.§

* "Und die getreuen Kapläne des Ministerium's Abel hätten eine allenfalls auftauchende sittliche Entrüstung sehr schnell gedämpft, wenn . . . ja wenn Lola ihren schönen Busen und ihre runden Hüften in den Dienst des Klerikalismus gestellt hätte."—E. Fuchs, "1848," in *Den Karikaturen*, p. 20. † Cf. p. 195.

‡ *Ibid.*, 196. Strodl did not find a publisher for his book in Bavaria. It bears the imprint Schaffhausen, 1849. In the preface he apologizes for concealing his identity on the ground that he fears personal violence. The work is an apology for the Ultramontane tendencies of Abel, while at the same time it condemns the King for nearly all that he ever did, save as a friend of Romanism.—P. B.

§ The priests in Munich enjoined in the confessional prayers for the King—that the Virgin Mary might turn away his mind from the

A corps of university students who wore red caps and called themselves the Allemania had been created by royal patent. These had their headquarters in the Barerstrasse near her house. Of course they excited the jealousy and anger of the other corps by openly championing the Countess of Landsfeld. After the dismissal of the professors who had protested against the dismissal of Abel there commenced a period of friction among the students, and as the Countess of Landsfeld was held largely responsible for what the King had done, the members of the Allemania found their gallant behavior calculated to bring them into trouble. It sometimes happened that if * one of them entered a lecture-room the others would get up and leave in a body.† However, all this contributed to make daily life exciting, and matters jogged along fairly well until the funeral of Professor Goerres, who was a devout Romanist, and who had been expelled from Prussia because of his articles against the government of the Protestant Frederick William III. He had found a welcome in Munich, where his theology had taken on a more and more Jesuitical color.

His funeral (January 29, 1848), was made the occasion of a political demonstration intended to glorify the arch-enemy of Protestants in general and the Countess of Landsfeld in particular. This demonstration divided the town still more, and the situation was becoming

Unbeliever — Lola. — Dr. Erdmann, *Lola Montez and the Jesuits*. Hamburg, 1847.

* "The residence of this Irish-Creole [*sic*] in Munich has certainly more significance than that of a mere episode or a scandal!" — Kobell, *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*, p. 944.

† "Einige Mitglieder des Corps Palatia huldigten ihr, und wurden dafür schimpflich aus dem Verbande der Corps gestossen." — *Ibid.*, p. 932.

critical. On February 9th a crowd of students and townspeople gathered about the university with the avowed purpose of mobbing the members of the Allemania corps. This could not have happened in a sporting community, or in one where the standards of chivalry had penetrated through all classes, for this corps had but a dozen or more against an overwhelming majority.*

One of them, however, Count Hirschberg, in self-defence, drew a knife, and though he injured no one, yet the mob, with fine contempt for logic, loudly demanded the arrest of this student on the ground that he had endangered the lives of the people.

When the Countess of Landsfeld heard of the danger in which these students had been on her account, she hastened to their assistance, but had got no farther than the so-called royal gardens (*Hofgarten*), in front of the palace, when the mob attacked her with stones and clods of mud, compelling her to find refuge in the baroque church of the Theatines, opposite the palace, a church breathing the atmosphere of unrest and gaudy sensuality, in whose vaults are the coffins of Wittelsbach rulers.

Here she found sanctuary among priests who would cheerfully have seen her roasting at the stake; but the Theatine fraternity were immediately under the windows of the palace, and Ludwig was not long appearing upon the scene.†

This time he decided to make an example, so he ordered

* The Munich University had, in 1848, a faculty of seventy-two professors and more than 1500 students.—Cf. Brockhaus, ed. of 1853, vol. x., p. 734. To-day (1903) there are 200 professors and about 4500 students.—*Ibid.*, ed. of 1903.

† "My friend Captain V—— was on duty at the guard-house, and was present when Lola Montez came from the Theatiner church over to the palace. He hates her, but said he was completely fascinated by her beauty."—Letter of Kobell, February 27th.

the university closed, and all the students who were not residents in Munich to go home.*

* On Wednesday, February 16th (in his diary) Greville recorded the distorted news that reached London anent the student row in Munich: "On two occasions they (the students of the Allemania) were forced to leave the lecture-hall and take refuge in the house of a restaurateur, from whence one of the students wrote to Lola Montez to come to their assistance.

"On receiving this letter she immediately rushed out of her house, and, endeavoring to force her way through the crowd to join them, was recognized and menaced by the mob; and on trying to get refuge in different houses, was denied admittance at all of them.

"The King, on being informed of what was passing, left a party at the palace and rushed into the street, where, amid the tumult and disorder, offering Lola his arm, he conducted her to the church of the Theatines, where he left her in safety. Presently, however, she emerged from the church armed with a pistol, but was soon followed by a mob shouting imprecations at her.

"And one of the mob, snatching the pistol from her hand, seized her by the throat, and would probably have killed her had she not been rescued by one of the police and conveyed to the military post at the palace, and from thence to one of the royal apartments.

". . . Such a scandal in these days really appears incredible, and the King must be MAD!"

This eminent chronicler nowhere offers an explanation for the extraordinary political influence which Lola exerted. Germany was to him, as to most Englishmen of his day, unexplored territory.

Henry Greville, like Boswell, Pepys, Evelyn, and Varnhagen von Ense, kept a diary. This diary records the opinions of a man who, while often wrong in his surmises, is still of importance to us for having recorded the opinion current in so-called society. He reflects well the view of the English governing classes of the day.

His niece, Lady Enfield, who edited the two volumes (*Leaves from the Diary of Henry Greville*), finds nothing to say of him biographically save that at the age of fourteen he was taken to the ball in Brussels on the eve of Waterloo by none other than the Duke of Wellington himself; that he was ten years in the diplomatic service; that he also held a post at court, called "gentleman usher," the duties of which were mainly drawing a small salary and standing about in a handsome harness when royal functions were held. Henry Greville had travelled widely in Europe, had the social instinct highly developed, maintained a wide correspondence with notable people in different

"The Allemania are constantly hooted at by the other students (*Ausgepiffen*)," wrote Kobell on February 6, 1848.

"Latterly three of them came to a lecture, and hung up their magenta-colored (*amaranthfarbenen*) caps on the same hooks as those of their fellow-students. Hereupon all the other students arose and took their caps away, so that the three of the Allemania hung alone there like lost spirits.

"Then, a couple of days ago, Professor Baier arrived at the door of the lecture-room and found a crowd of students outside who said they would not go inside because there were some of the Allemania corps already there.

"If you won't go in,' answered the professor, 'then neither shall I,' and went home.*

"February 6, 1848. The president (senior) of the Allemania is a special favorite of hers (Lola); his father is mayor of Dillingen (a little Bavarian town on the Danube). When she goes out for a sleigh-ride, she is preceded by sleighs full of Allemania students, and two more, similarly freighted, follow hers. Her behavior with the students outrages the people more than anything else! †

"Tuesday, February 9, 1848. Yesterday two of the Allemania corps came into a lecture-room, and at once there was loud hooting (*pfeifen und grosser Spectakel*). The president of the university was called, he addressed them, but the row would not cease. . . . Then came the popular curator, but his voice could not bring about peace. The Prime-Minister, Wallerstein, then came and addressed them, but to no purpose.

"At eleven o'clock the two of the Allemania walked down the Ludwig Street followed by 500 students cat-calling and yelling at them. . . . These student demonstrations annoy the King very much. . . . He yesterday met a student who did not salute him with proper respect, and he took him severely to task." ‡

European countries, and consequently, in a time when communication was comparatively difficult and the newspapers imperfectly organized, he was able to receive and circulate news in a manner which made his conversation important to men interested in the political events of the day. He was connected with the most important families of England.

He died in 1872 and his memoirs were published in 1884 (2 vols., 8vo, London).—P. B.

† *Ibid.*, p. 933.

* Kobell, p. 932.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 934.

The order closing the university affected more people than those whom it was intended to punish; for then, as now, students were apt to be in debt, and for them to regulate their little accounts within a few hours' notice was hardly possible.

The Jesuits had, moreover, spread the report abroad that the King meant to remove the university altogether from his capital back to Landshut, where it had been prior to 1826.*

So that same night the town was in an uproar, and on the 10th the *Rathhaus*, or city hall, was besieged by a mass of citizens who insisted that the common council should petition the King to rescind his order.

The common council did so, and then the crowd hurried away to the palace through the picturesque alleyways which serve for streets in this part of old Munich. The town-hall is but a short ten minutes from the palace, and the citizens were promptly informed that the King would not withdraw his order.

But the storm had assumed noisy proportions, and before the afternoon had passed, so threatening did the masses sound who crowded under the palace windows, that the King was finally persuaded to say that he would close the university only until Easter.

But this first triumph acted as fuel on the popular blaze. The students declared they would not leave town excepting under pressure of violence. The townspeople loudly protested that they would stand by their students—that is to say, their lodgers and clients. Priests and publicans were for once heart and soul on the side of the university, and — mark the irony! — the poet-King was made to appear as the enemy of science and letters.

* Landshut is on the Isar, near its confluence with the Danube.

Of this ferment the Countess of Landsfeld became more and more the tangible cause. She was made responsible not only for the crime of being a foreigner and a Protestant, but for all the administrative mischief of which she knew nothing. The people wanted a scapegoat, and they soon pitched upon her, for the Jesuits believed that her removal would bring the government once more under their influence.

In the course of the day Munich received messages from neighboring towns to the effect that thousands were ready to march to their assistance; the aristocracy loudly advertised their willingness to join with the citizens in driving Lola from Munich. Some officers of the garrison gave assurances that the troops were with the citizens so long as nothing was attempted against their royal master—in short, on February 11th, the King found himself apparently alone in opposition to his people, all clamoring for the expulsion of the lady whom he had sworn in prose and verse to protect.

At ten o'clock in the forenoon a civic deputation called at the palace supported by such a demonstration out-of-doors as recalled to Ludwig the year 1793, when he and his family had to fly before the French Revolution. If we may believe German historians, he was thoroughly alarmed for his safety, and promptly yielded to the demands of the noisy mob.

He promised that the university should be reopened within a week; that the offensive corps named *Allemania* should be dissolved. And finally he threw as a sop to the mob an order expelling the Countess of Landsfeld from Munich—from Bavaria.

She was ordered to leave town that very day.

And now let us hear the Kobell gossip:

"February 11, 1848. Lola Montez has just been expelled in disgrace (*mit Schimpf und Schande*). . . . Day before yesterday (9th) the scenes of the day before were repeated, the Allemans were escorted down the Ludwig Street by a hooting crowd of students. At the Odeon's Platz (opposite the palace) one of the Allemania, Count H——, drew a dirk and brandished it at another student.

"There was a great uproar in consequence of this, and the Allemans had to take refuge in a neighboring restaurant, which was immediately protected by gendarmes.

"The students and public generally now demanded the arrest of Count H——, but the police declined to do this, and naturally this created much dissatisfaction.

"There happened to be a *déjeuner dansante* going on at the palace, while outside the noise was constantly increasing.

"Lola had gone to the police headquarters and given orders that none of her followers should be arrested. While she was leaving the office the crowd pressed so threateningly about her that she drew a pistol and threatened to shoot.

"Thus she arrived at the church of the Theatines. (These places are all a few minutes walk one from the other.)

"Here she was so overwhelmed with violent language that she again drew her pistol.

"One of her escort sought to prevent her from using it, but she struggled with him, he trod on her train, and both fell to the pavement. There she lay at the mercy of 300 furious Munich citizens, but not one had the pluck to lay hands on her.

"She sprang up and rushed into the church, and from there a detail of gendarmes led her across to the guard-house of the royal palace (immediately across the street)." *

This was what determined the King to close the university, and he ordered the students to leave town within twenty-four hours.

"Now there was consternation among both students and townspeople. The city would lose an income of between six and seven hundred thousand guildens a year (about \$300,000) if the students went away.

* Kobell, p. 935.

"... Yesterday all the students gathered at the university and started at ten o'clock from there down the avenue (Ludwig Street) singing 'Gaudeamus Igitur.' At their head rode the president, Professor Thiersch, mounted on a gray horse. The venerable and illustrious scholar did not feel at home on the animal, and his dress was anything but chevaleresque; and under ordinary circumstances his appearance would have struck the crowd as highly comical, but at this moment the popular indignation smothered such feelings.

"I wept with emotion, the scene was so touching; and just think of it, even R—— shed tears. The crowd marched to the president's house, where he addressed them in warm language. Then they marched off to the Ministry of Education for the purpose of cheering. But here they were met by a captain of police with a posse of twenty-five men (Captain Bauer, a creature of Lola's), and he at once dispersed them—several were wounded, some lightly, one of them dangerously.*

"This now called out the loudest protests from the townspeople as well as students, and a crowd gathered at the town-hall (*Rathhaus*) insisting on sending to the King a petition in favor of the students being allowed to remain.

"After violent debating . . . the deputation went to the palace, but twice the King declined to receive it. . . . Then they addressed themselves to Prince Luitpold (the present Prince-Regent of Bavaria, third son of King Ludwig, born 1821, and consequently then twenty-seven years old).

"They begged him (Prince Luitpold) to arrange for their admission to the King, but he, while professing willingness to have them admitted, advised them first to send away the crowd from about the palace, for otherwise the King might feel that he was being made to act under compulsion.

"But the townspeople refused to budge.

"Then came Princess Luitpold with her children, shedding bitter tears, and promised to do all she could to further the wishes of the deputation.

"Then the Prince and Princess went into the King's room.

"The deputation in the outer room could hear the Prince and Princess beseeching the King. The Princess fell upon her

* No confirmation of this.—P. B.

knees before the King and shuffled along thus after him as he sought to draw away from her.

"He said no.

"The Prince brought this message. The deputation then declined to leave the palace until they had spoken with the King.

"Then Prince Luitpold tried again to move the King, and finally the King permitted the deputation to enter. He turned violently against them, and barely allowed them to get a word out; but he satisfied them with the promise that they should have an answer in writing. . . . All this R—— heard from an eye-witness.

"The citizens then returned to the city hall with the deputation, and there it was resolved that if they did not receive a favorable answer they would go in a body, in the uniform of the municipal guard and with arms, and tear down the house of Lola Montez.

". . . Students, citizens, . . . all have behaved splendidly. . . . Finally word was brought from the palace that they should have the answer at eight o'clock the following morning.

"But yesterday evening at seven a crowd gathered before police headquarters and demanded Captain Bauer. They then smashed all the office furniture in order to vent their righteous wrath.

"Then a crowd marched to the house of Lola. It was headed by a friend of the student who had been wounded. The soldiers allowed the crowd to pass through, obeying the letter but not the spirit of their instructions, for the crowd broke into her gardens by side approaches. Not only did the military not prevent this, on the contrary, they assisted the people in the matter.

"Only the faithful gendarmes, thirty in number, undertook to drive the people away—the soldiers were on the side of the townspeople.

"The Montez acted with great impudence. She called down to the gendarmes, who were striking the people, 'Très bien, très bien!' clapping her hands at the same time.

"The evening passed without further excesses—all were expectant for the King's answer.

"This morning I went out for an early walk (February 11th) with E——, when I heard, 'She is to leave town in an hour!' I hurried home to bring the news to R——, and together we hurried to her house (19 Barer Street). We heard much shout-

ing and saw dense crowds. Suddenly the crowd parted and she drove past us at a furious rate.

"The St——s (Stieler?), who can look into Lola's garden from their windows, told me that she fought up to the last against abandoning her house. Finally, however, at the very last moment, when the mob had already swarmed into her grounds and were threatening to tear her to pieces, in spite of the gendarmes, her friends who were present managed to draw her away, and down to her carriage that was ready in the court below; but she resisted, and bit and scratched and fought up to the last moment.

"B——, who was on the street close to her doors, said that suddenly the gates flew open from within, and out sprang her black carriage drawn by her well-known black horses *en pleine carrière*, . . . turning off, fortunately, to the side where the crowd was least dense.

"B—— said it was most uncanny and ghostly (*unheimlich und gespenstisch*). The people tell one another seriously that flames issued from the nostrils of the horses.

"The sudden action of the King was determined by that of the people, who, early this morning, sent a deputation to Herr von Berks, Minister of State, announcing, in the most positive manner, that if 'Die Montez' did not leave Munich they would march out with their artillery (belonging to the municipal guard), close all the workshops, turn the working-men and apprentices out onto the streets, and call in the peasants to their aid.

"The general in command of the garrison gave the final touch by assuring the King that his forces were so exhausted by extra guard duty that he doubted if they could hold their own against the municipal forces.

"Then the King ordered that she leave town in an hour.

"She drove at full speed to the palace, but the doors were closed against her, . . . and wherever she was recognized the people attempted to seize her. . . . She finally got out of town by way of the Sendlingerstrasse. . . .

"The raging mob commenced to tear down her house, when the King appeared in the midst and made them a speech, said something of this sort:

"That he had ordered the university to be opened—that he had done this freely from his own gracious impulse—that now, if

they really loved him, they would go back home and let the house alone.

"And that is just what they did; but eye-witnesses said that his voice trembled (*habe gebebt*), that he was beside himself." *

Before this moment the Countess of Landsfeld might have had illusions about the courage and the chivalry of her royal admirer, but after this hardly so. †

"Away with Lola!" was now the cry. The mob crowded before her house in the Barerstrasse, and made as though they would break into it.

According to Lange, she had shown her contempt for the howling mob by brandishing a dagger, extending her tongue, and tossing a little dog down at them. Lange does not say that he saw all this, and therefore I doubt it. At any rate, while the mob was raging most violently, the King came on foot with only one attendant to see what was going on. He was received respectfully and entered the house. ‡

* Letter of February 11th, in *Neue Deutsche Rundschau*, p. 935, *et seq.*

† "He alone whom she (the Countess of Landsfeld) hates . . . is you, sire!"—Cf. letter of Marquis Papon to Ludwig I., dated December 1, 1848. Nyon, Switzerland.

"Lola Montez, or a reply to the 'Private History and Memoirs' of that celebrated lady, recently published by the Marquis Papon, formerly secretary to the King of Bavaria, and for a period the professed friend and attendant of Landsfeld." New York, 1851. Sold by all booksellers. This is a scarce little pamphlet of 72 pp., 12mo, proving satisfactorily that the Marquis Papon sought to raise money by blackmail.

"Your Majesty will deign to confer on me the title of chamberlain . . . in order that all may know that I have obtained from your Majesty the recompense of an honorable conduct. Secondly, money. . . . I have placed at your service my pen. . . . Your Majesty will consider whether 10,000 francs is too large an amount. I have conducted myself as a gentleman; I will be treated as such. . . ."—From a blackmailing letter of the Marquis Papon to Ludwig I., December 1, 1848.

‡ "Next morning, February 11, 1848, the news was published from the town-hall that the Spaniard (Lola) had been ordered to

What passed we have not learned, and in spite of the fact that many alleged eye-witnesses have recorded their impressions of that day, they are so violently conflicting as to cause much perplexity. Lange, with strange disregard of probabilities, says that immediately after the King had left her house the front gates opened, and that she drove through the crowd brandishing a pistol. This is dramatic but absurd.

Dr. Auguste (Napoleon) Vecchioni, an eye-witness, told me (June 9, 1903):

"I was in the crowd that stormed the house of Lola Montez. The troops were drawn up for her protection, but the King could not depend on them—they were in sympathy with the people who wished to drive Lola out of Munich.

"The King came running through the crowd, calling out: 'It's my house. Don't hurt my house. Leave my house alone. *Lasst mir doch mein Haus!*'"

"A court favorite (Mayerhofer) followed close on his heels—a man much disliked by the people. As they passed, the people picked up horse-droppings from the street and threw them at the King and his minion.

"The troops could not secure Lola a free exit from Munich, but she managed to escape in safety through the gardens belonging to different houses of the nobility adjoining hers. The officers in charge of the troops stood by laughing while she was making her escape from house to house."

Another witness has told me this:

leave within an hour. On this day then it was that she was surrounded by the mob in her house, that troops had to be called out to make way for her, and that the coachman lashed his horses and took advantage of his opportunity to get her away.

"When, shortly afterwards, her royal friend made his appearance, pacing up and down, and complaining of those who were throwing stones at her windows, the crowd suddenly ceased from their destruction and joined in lustily, singing, 'Heil unserem König, Heil!' (God save the King), and many eyes were filled with tears!" — Professor Sepp, *Life of Ludwig*, p. 494.

"I was on duty as sentry at the palace, when a great crowd came shouting along, and in the midst of it was the King (Ludwig) holding by the arm Herr Mayerhofer, the unpopular chocolate manufacturer. The King handed him over to us in the guard-room for protection, otherwise he would have been killed.

"This shows why we all loved the King—he went out among the people in his ordinary every-day civilian clothes; never bothered with a body-guard of any kind.

"There are more guards about the palace now than there were in those days. We have borrowed that from Prussia."*

While the Countess was making her escape from the howling mob in the Barerstrasse, another mob was surging up from the town-hall, where a mass-meeting had been convened for the purpose of impressing upon the monarch the imperative necessity of altering his political and domestic methods. They crowded through the narrow Residenzstrasse and clamored under the palace windows — a noisy crowd — playing at revolution as children play at red Indians.

The perplexed Ludwig came out upon the balcony, and at once he was cheered uproariously. He nodded in his usual sociable manner, and the cheering redoubled. München meant to show her love for throne and altar, but was equally desirous of showing none for the young lady from Ireland. A section of the people cheered for Ludwig, the other threw stones at the police, who came to restore order.†

"Munich, February 17, 1848. The King boils with anger. He regards the aristocracy as his enemy. He constantly says to one or the other nobleman, 'Don't triumph!' He is constantly protesting that he is a good Catholic, but not a hypocrite; and in

* Words of Herr Och (æt. 83), Munich, January 19, 1904, to P. B.

† Manuscript of Ferdinand Lange, "Lola Montez in Bayern." 1847-1848. The authenticity of this manuscript has been guaranteed to me by the son of the author.—P. B.

this way he gives us to understand that he regards these late troubles as brought about by the wiles of the Jesuits."*

"February 25, 1848. Dearest sister, I assure you it is simply delicious here (Munich); every day, every hour something new, something sensational. It is delightful to have seen the heroine of the day so often and so close up—to see the celebrity of which all Europe is talking. Isn't it most interesting! She was at times beautiful to distraction (*zum Excess*); not so much in the theatre, but on the street she looked just splendidly.

"Two days before her fall she appeared in the theatre with a marvellous tiara of diamonds a hand high, diamond rings, bracelets, brooches, etc. She had, moreover, the impudence to make signs to the King, which meant that she was delighted at the extent to which the people were jealously angry at her.

"I suppose you were horribly frightened on my account, and wondered how I could go near the house, but in those days I was running about all the time—I couldn't stay at home. And, besides, it was no mob revolution—it was a revolution of the better classes, even though some of the mob did take a hand in it. It kept getting more respectable all the time—I mean the revolution. At last we lost all sense of danger.

"Every now and then D—— would come running up-stairs saying, 'Come along, there's another revolution,' and then I hurried into my things and put on my 'revolutions mantle' (presumably rough waterproof or Lodenmantel). The streets were full of students, at least three times as many as are matriculated here.

"The chocolate manufacturer Mayerhofer (the same who had the steam-engine in his shop-window) is a horribly contemptible wretch. On the morning of the expulsion he was sent by the King to Lola with a purse of 1000 gulden by way of travelling pocket-money. He arrived just after she had escaped, and as he issued from the door was much alarmed at the mob outside, for he feared the popular indignation, and so in order to insinuate himself with the mob he called out, 'Now, then, that canaille is gone—smash everything!' But the effect was contrary to what he had expected. These words sounded very ungrateful in the mouth of one who had received endless favors at her hands, and the mob therefore fell upon him and was rolling

* Kobell, p. 940.

him in the mud just as the King came along for the purpose of paying Lola a farewell call. He was on foot, and took the miserable chocolate man under his protection. The wretch who had been rolled a dozen times in the mud held fast to the hem of the King's skirt, and in this wise was brought safe to the palace.

"I should not have believed this had it not been witnessed by several of my friends. And yet even so, he was constantly pelted with mud and stones—one struck the King on the arm. And ever since the scoundrelly fellow (*der scheussliche Schokolat*) is in bed with his wounds.

"The Jesuits have spread the rumor that the Crown-Prince was furious at his father for his leniency in yielding to the popular demands—that he stamped his feet in rage—and that his wife, the gentle, soft, retiring, and obedient Princess Marie, had urged him to shoot the people down. . . . There is not a word of truth in this. It is only invented in order to turn suspicion away from the Jesuits and to discredit the royal couple, who are not friendly to Ultramontanes. This party of darkness (*finstere Partei*) is very active among the people, but it avails them little; they will not triumph."*

But meanwhile, on March 6th, came the news from Paris, and King Ludwig signed the following proclamation:

"I have decided to call my estates about me. They will assemble on March 16th, in Munich.

"The wishes of my people have found in my heart a warm echo at all times.

"To my estates will be immediately submitted laws regarding the constitutional responsibility of the cabinet ministers.

"Complete liberty of the press.

"Improvement in electoral methods.

"Public and oral trials, and jury system.

"Better provision for public servants and their widows.

"Furthermore, I do order a speedy revision of the police instructions, and that the army shall take oath on the Constitution, and from this day on censorship shall cease for matters both domestic and foreign.

* Kobell letter of February 25, 1848.

"In this manner does Bavaria recognize the traditional attitude of the Wittelsbachers.

"A great moment has come in the development of the nations. Germany is in a critical position.

"What my feelings are for Germany is attested by my whole life. The thought that is dear to me, and the objects of my efforts, will be to secure German unity through effective measures—to give new powers and national significance to the capital of our United Fatherland (Frankfort!)—by encouraging national representation in the German Federal Council, and to that end a speedy revision of the Federal Constitution in accordance with the just expectations of Germany.

"Bavaria's King is proud to be called *ein deutscher Mann*, a genuine German.

"Bavarians, your trust in me is reciprocated and will be justified. Rally round the throne! One with your ruler, represented by your constitutional organs, let us together take counsel on the needs of our common country.

"Everything for my people! All for Germany!

"(Signed) Maximilian, the Crown-Prince; Luitpold (the present Prince-Regent, 1904); two more princes, and the members of the cabinet."

This was two weeks before Berlin secured a liberal Constitution, but then Berlin secured no Lola Montez.

XII

THE BERLIN "POTATO REVOLUTION" OF 1847

Short crops owing to bad seasons—High prices—Suffering in Berlin—Anger of the mob—Attacks on the market people—Berlin plundered by the starving people—Riots—An embryo revolution.

"Auf die Ereignisse des Jahres 1848 konnte recht eigentlich der Erfahrungssatz angewandt werden, dass man gerade von den Dingen am meisten überrascht wird, die man am sichersten erwartet."—Ernst II., Grand-Duke of Saxe-Coburg, *Mémoires*, vol. i., p. 189.

THE year 1847 witnessed a persistent increase in the cost of potatoes, an increase of four times their normal value (from one groschen to four for the *Metze*).

Up to April 21st there had been much disturbance in the market caused by the ever-increasing demands of the peasants and the consequent dissatisfaction of those who came to buy, and as both were mainly women there was considerable noise.

On April 21, 1847, the climax was reached, and the Berlin potato revolution was in full swing.

It was a woman who gave the impulse. She had been selling her potatoes in the morning at three grotes the basket (*Metze*), when suddenly her price went up to four, and her neighbors followed suit.

Potatoes being in Berlin, as in Ireland, the most important item of the family meal, this price, which was prohibitive to the many, was the signal for such a storm as had not shaken the markets of Berlin since the wars

against Napoleon. It was a woman once more who vindicated the popular notion of justice. With her sharp knife she rushed at a potato-sack and slit it open. Other women followed her example, and soon there was a general scramble for potatoes, some rather rough handling of peasants who had dared to ask more than normal rates for their wares, and a total helplessness of the few policemen present.

Moreover, for two days Berlin was completely in the hands of a mob, which rushed about plundering wherever food was to be found—from butchers, bakers, or vegetable dealers.

For two whole days did the potato revolution dominate the Prussian capital and make thoughtful people speculate on possibilities.

This potato disturbance had in it nothing premeditated — no trace of understanding between different groups of people. It was simply a spontaneous outburst of popular passion caused in several places at the same moment through hunger and the absence of money.

Of political significance there was scant trace; neither the woman who slit the first bag of potatoes, nor her fellows who shrieked about the streets afterwards, felt any political emotions. Their rage was concentrated upon the few whom they regarded as guilty of asking exorbitant prices — namely, the middle-men or shopkeepers. They knew very little of the great laws which regulate supply and demand. They had grown up to believe that the King of Prussia could do anything for them—that he could regulate the cost of potatoes no less than the rations of his grenadiers.*

* "1. It is the duty of the state to see that no citizen desirous of work and capable of work shall be prevented from working.

"2. It is the duty of the state to see to it that the wages of labor

It was only after this little sample revolution that people commenced to note matters political. They were surprised to learn that their King could not regulate the price of food, and that speculators grew rich while the people starved. They noted also that when the people rose in their anger they could do pretty much anything they chose.

This they noted of a movement which had been made almost exclusively by the poorest classes. What would be the result in the case of a movement in which citizens of all classes should take a hand? The next year was to answer this.

bear a proper relation to the work performed and the cost of living."—Placard on the walls of Berlin, April 8, 1848, signed by Held, editor of the *Locomotive*, and entitled, "To the Men who Work!" (*An die Maenner der Arbeit !*)

XIII

THE PARIS REVOLUTION IN THE EYES OF FREDERICK WILLIAM IV.

Prussian King does not believe revolution possible in Paris—When undeceived, still believes Berlin proof against disturbance—Berlin commences to petition—Popular demands—King's answer—Town in ferment—Police functions suspended—Minutoli—His career.

"What is liberty?"

"Liberty is what we all want!"

"What is a censor?"

"A censor is an animal with red, cold blood, two lynx eyes, a ferret's nose, two very long ears, no brain, no heart, but many medals, titles, and red tape!"—From the *Constitutional Catechism*. Berlin, 1848.

ON February 26, 1848, it was reported in Berlin that there had been riots in Paris, but such was the reputation of Louis Philippe for strength and wisdom that no one seriously questioned his ability to suppress the disturbance. On the day following, however, came the news not only that he had been driven out of the Tuileries, but that a new French government contained a working-man.

This was, indeed, revolution, and the loyal Berliners shivered at the possibility of their councils being addressed by one who was not a noble, not even a professor at the university.*

* "Deux choses me frappèrent surtout—le caractère . . . uniquement populaire de la Revolution (February 24, 1848); la toute puis-

The King was no friend of Louis Philippe, and pretended to regard his present disgrace as merely just punishment for the usurpation of 1830. At the same time he loudly proclaimed his contempt for the new French republic, and took ostentatious steps to defend his fellow-Germans from any political contamination. Bonds with Russia and Austria were drawn more closely, and it looked for a time as though Prussia was about to repeat the part she played when she set forth to punish the government which had guillotined Louis XVI.*

On March 6th Frederick William IV. dissolved his parliament (*Vereinigte Landtag*) with a very windy rhetorical burst almost pathetic in its naïve disclosures. He referred to the French movement, and warned them that in the hour of danger they must all cling close to their King for protection. He pretended to be working hard to maintain peace, but should war be forced upon him he professed to "prefer the dangers of war to a dishonorable peace."

In this speech the King failed to indicate that so far as Prussia was concerned there had been no menace from any quarter; it was he alone who was fulminating a challenge. He closed his speech by referring to the glories of 1814 and 1815, the virtues of his illustrious "resting-in-God" father, Frederick William III., and finally that

sance qu'elle avait donné au peuple proprement dit—c'est-à-dire aux classes qui travaillent de leurs mains, sur toutes les autres.

"La seconde, ce fut le peu de passion haineuse . . . que faisait voir . . . le bas peuple devenu tout à coup seul maître de Paris."—Tocqueville, *Souvenirs*, p. 102. Reflections after a walk through Paris the morning after the February revolution.

* "The German people do not fear the French nation, but recognize her as a surer guarantee of future liberties than the promises of her perjured princes. . . .

"Long live France! Long live United Germany!" — Placard of January 1, 1848.

he proposed to show to the world that his "source of greatest strength is the confidence of the people, and that in Prussia, at least, the King, the people, and the army are all one and the same thing from generation to generation!" But to this there was no Amen!

On the contrary, on the following evening, after the good citizens had had ample time to read, discuss, and digest their King's words, they gathered outside of the Brandenburg Gate, and there proceeded to make speeches and pass resolutions of a highly novel character, albeit couched in deferential words.

They commenced their petitions:

"Most serenely transparent and most mighty of Kings! Most gracious Lord and Master!"

But after the opening phrases they demanded, with startling distinctness:

- "1. Unconditional liberty of the press.
- "2. Complete liberty of speech.
- "3. Pardon for political prisoners.
- "4. Right to assemble in public.
- "5. Political equality without regard to religion or property qualification.
- "6. Trial by jury and an independent judiciary.
- "7. A diminution of the standing army and election of military leaders.
- "8. Universal franchise.
- "9. Immediate convoking of the *Vereinigte Landtag*, or Prussian parliament."

Each one of those demands was at the time deemed dangerous to the security of society—with the possible exception of the one convoking the *Landtag*. This of itself shows how mild the German of 1848 was in matters political.

Yet this petition was, from the stand-point of the palace, looked upon as the work of radicals, not to say anarchists.*

The people of Berlin, in conjunction with those of all Germany, were demanding only their rights by the light of torches which were burning brightly on the banks of the Seine. But where the French people took what they wanted, the citizens of Germany came humbly to the foot of the throne hoping that their gracious King would grant peacefully things which he had more than once denounced as inventions of the devil.

This petition is a sample of hundreds of others; it is the work of political children. They approach their absolute monarch and say to him, "We want you to play at revolution with us!" To this he has but one answer, "C'est mon métier d'être Roi!" It was, indeed, a poor evidence of popular spirit that a people proposing revolution should first come to ask permission of their King.

However, for the moment this great mass-meeting was useful, for it gave rise to many more, and in that way the people secured some practice in public discussion if not in parliamentary usage.

From now on Berlin spent its time in talking or being talked to. In every café or restaurant papers were read out loud and discussed at length. Any one with a gift for public oratory found willing hearers, and though the

* "A legal fight is impossible!

"This is not a conspiracy like that of Poland, where the whole organization was scattered by the arrest of the leaders. This is a conspiracy of the whole people, to which even the most moderate are forced because we are deprived of conditional remedies. . . . Wherever two people meet the talk is of revolution."—Popular sheet published January 1, 1848, addressed: "To our Brethren the German Proletariat." No signature except "Deutschland, printed by *Hil him and help yourself*, 1848." (*Schlagdrauf und Hilfdirselbst*).

demands of the average German rarely went beyond what a conservative American or Englishman would have deemed commonplace, nevertheless he felt happy in the thought that he was doing just as the advanced thinkers were doing in Paris. It was the fashion to "revolute," and Berliners felt happy for being in the fashion.

All this while the press and police laws generally remained the same. There were spies in all public meetings, and the police headquarters were kept busy tabulating the treason that was being openly discussed; but such was the popular excitement resulting from the upset in Paris that no one in the government dared take the responsibility of making arrests among the momentary leaders of Berlin. It was hoped and believed that the excitement would subside as rapidly as it had arisen, and that when the city had resumed its normal drowsy appearance the police machinery would once more do its work of stimulating loyalty.*

At least so thought the King, who from day to day declared more and more loudly his confidence in divine right and contempt for anything of popular initiative.

The meeting outside the city gates had voted that a committee from their midst should meet in town on the

* Hoffmann von Fallersleben has left us this picture of orthodox loyal journalism in Germany:

"Für unser liebes Vaterland!
Was ist uns nicht alles berichtet worden!
Ein Portepeefähnrich ist Lieutenant geworden,
Ein Oberhofprediger erhielt einen Orden,
Die Lakeien erhielten silberne Borden,
Die höchsten Herrschaften gehen nach Norden
Und zeitig ist es Frühling geworden—
Wie interessant, wie interessant,
Gott segne das liebe Vaterland!"

morning following, in order to discuss the means of presenting this petition to their sovereign.

They met, and with them the chief of police (Minutoli), who spoke in very conciliatory language, assured them that he knew of all that was going on, that he was not disposed to interfere with their meetings or petitions, nor was there any objection to their sending these petitions to the King; but that for this purpose they must not make a public demonstration in the streets, must not attempt to approach the royal person, that they might send their demands through the post-office. He, moreover, gave them his word that their letter should come to the King's hands.

This action of the chief of police was accepted by the people at large as a recognition of their belligerent rights. We must bear in mind that every Prussian was then, as now, drilled in the doctrine that the King alone is responsible for everything within his dominions, and that it is treason for any subject to propose any reforms incompatible with this doctrine. It was the duty of the police to lock up anybody publicly suggesting disapproval of the existing government, and yet on this 8th of March this highest mouthpiece of monarchical stability formally approached the chiefs of the Reform party and negotiated with them after a fashion undreamed of before in the history of Prussia.*

We need not be surprised to learn that the career of this particular chief of police did not long survive such humane behavior.

He was suspected of sympathy with the people, and

* "Tief betrübend bleibt schliesslich, dass so viele Beamte und Staatsdienstaspiranten an demokratischen Bewegungen Theil nahmen. . . ."—Preface to the confidential *Anzeiger für die politische Polizei Deutschlands*, etc. Dresden, 1854.

therefore retired so soon as the court party discovered that they had nothing more to fear from mob violence.

Minutoli deserves to be remembered, if only for having first recommended the reorganization of the Prussian police on English "Peeler" lines.

This in itself would make him appear "unpatriotic" in the eyes of the aristocracy.

He was one of the many noble characters who sought to serve their King honestly, and who for that crime alone incurred royal displeasure. Minutoli's grave is on the shores of the Persian Gulf. He was only fifty-five years old when he died.

It is not the fashion to speak well of him to-day, nor will it be until German virtues shall be gauged by other standards than the medals on a uniform.

IV.—11

XIV

BLOOD IN BERLIN

March 13th—Crowds gather—Dispersed by troops—Bloodshed—Adolf Streckfuss—Barricades commence—Deputations received by the King—attitude of Prussian officers towards the people—Petitions become more and more pressing—Monster demonstration proposed—Absence of foreign element.

“Wir rücken an in kalter Ruh,
Wir beissen die Patrone,
Wir sagen kurz: ‘Wir oder Du!’
Volk heisst es oder Krone!

“Dass Deutschland stark und einig sei,
Das ist auch unser Dürsten!
Doch einig wird es nur wenn frei,
Und frei *nur* ohne Fürsten!”

—From Freiligrath's *Berlin*, London, March 26, 1848.

MARCH 13th was a beautiful day in Berlin. No one dreamed of revolution. There were gatherings of respectable people outside the Brandenburg Gate eager to talk about reforms and ready to applaud any orator who talked of political liberty. The chief of police (Minutoli) mingled affably with the crowd, warned them to assist in maintaining order, and was cordially cheered.

So far we have nothing to record save the most child-like and loyal efforts of a law-abiding population to secure from their King rights already promised. The Berliners did not dream of disobedience save by permission.

The news of Louis Philippe's abdication and the tri-

umph of Republicanism in France had made a strong impression in more places than Paris.

"It is impossible to exaggerate the dominating influence of France upon the political life of Germany before 1848. . . . I recall vividly as a boy in my travels meeting constantly in most out-of-the-way cottages books that I knew to be forbidden by the police."

So wrote Ernst of Saxe-Coburg, brother to the Prince-Consort.

"They (at the Berlin court) are beside themselves with fury, and at the same time much depressed by the news from Paris. . . .

"The shame is on them that they have done nothing for the people save under the pressure of fear,"

wrote Varnhagen, March 4, 1848; and three days later:

"The government and the people as well are straining to learn what is happening in France. Everything waits upon this news. It is obviously Paris that is our capital."

And this prophetic note he wrote on March 9, 1848:

"The princes of Germany now are doing everything that the people ask of them—things which had but recently been declared illegal! But if a sovereign should suddenly get back upon the French throne, don't you suppose that the German princes would at once cancel all promises and punish all those who are now the popular leaders?

"We live by the good-fortunes of those *beyond our border*. It is the foreign influence that sustains us." (Diary.)

On the evening of this March 13th the crowds that had been listening to political speeches outside the city gates, at the so-called *Zelten*, were irritated by the presence of many military pickets stationed at short intervals along the Linden Avenue, and notably by a great increase in the guard at the Brandenburg Gate itself.

In 1848 the Brandenburg Gate separated town from country, and the quarter which is now adorned by the parliament building, the general staff, and many handsome private houses, was then practically open country, where the citizens were wont to picnic with a barrel of beer and a lunch-basket.

As they marched back into town on this memorable 13th, their feelings somewhat exalted by the oratory to which they had been listening, feeling considerable civic pride, owing to the gracious manner in which the King had promised to meet the popular wishes, and particularly encouraged by the chief of police, who under normal conditions would have dispersed them, all these considerations together united in turning popular resentment against the soldiers who had been offensively placed along their path.

The crowd contained plenty of youngsters with sharp tongues, for Berlin is famous for the wit of the street boy, and the troops heard much which was far from complimentary. But there was nothing serious in all this; no one dreamed that this teasing of the troops by a handful of gamins could result in anything worthy of military notice.

"Unter den Linden" leads directly to the monster palace to-day inhabited by William II. The crowd naturally traversed it because it was the shortest way to the homes of the majority.

Suddenly a troop of cavalry made its appearance upon the open space in front of the palace to the southeast, where now we see the beautiful Forckenbeck fountain.

Who gave the order for this raid we do not know. The cavalry was not needed, for the crowd was a peaceful one, merely dallying about this central point before dispersing for home.

Without notice, however, the troopers dashed in among

the helpless people, cut at them with their sabres, and wounded several, among them some women.*

It is hard to state anything in connection with these revolutionary days which does not evoke angry controversy. Much of this contradiction arises from the heated state of the public mind, and also from the fact that what was true of one portion of a street or a body of troops was not true of another. I shall quote freely in this section from a very respectable Berlin citizen, whose work, however, is regarded as highly unorthodox by the Berlin court. I refer to Adolf Streckfuss.† Officially nothing is known in Prussia of such a historian save what is entered in a secret book called *Anzeiger für die politische Polizei Deutschlands auf die Zeit vom 1 Januar, 1848, bis zur Gegenwart* (Dresden, 1854). It is published anonymously, though the Munich Library thinks the author's name is Rang. It was for confidential use among the police, and of course magnifies the danger to society of the various Liberals whose names figure in the list. . . . There are about 6400 names in the register—a few foreigners—but it is as incomplete and unsatisfactory as must be a list prepared by such bungling officials as the German police of that time. (400 pp., 8vo).

* "Mehrere Flüchtende wurden verwundet, selbst Frauen erhielten Säbelhiebe."—Adolf Streckfuss, p. 964.

† Adolf Streckfuss took an active part in the revolutionary movement of 1848. In 1851 he published vol. i. of his work, *The Great French Revolution and the Reign of Terror*. He was on this account arraigned by the Prussian government as a traitor, but acquitted at the trial. In the judgment, however, he was forbidden to proceed with the work. He wrote a massive and yet entertaining history of Berlin from the earliest times to the close of the Franco-German War, and also, under an assumed name, a history of the Berlin Revolution of 1848 (*Das freie Preussen*). This work, however, is not mentioned in Brockhaus, nor does the name of Adolf Streckfuss appear in the *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie*.

In this book are named Carl Schurz and his friends, and here we read:

“Adolf Streckfuss, man of letters and cigar merchant, author of the treasonable, criminal, and notorious book, *Geschichte der französischen Revolution* (*History of the French Revolution*), in which the heroes Marat, St. Just, Egalité, Henriot, Cloutz, etc., are deified. In September he was accused of high-treason for publishing this book, but the jury in Berlin pronounced him not guilty!” (The ! is by the hand of the police authority.)*

There was an amateur barricade reared that night in one of the streets near the palace, but it was soon destroyed by the troops. By ten o'clock all Berlin was in bed as though nothing had happened.

It takes a long while for the Berlin blood to boil, but the government was doing more and more to secure this result.

On the day following, March 14th, angry groups discussed the military excesses of the day before and commenced to formulate the demand that soldiers should be kept for soldier work and not for attacking respectable and peaceful women and children.

Nothing happened throughout the day except that the King received a deputation of city fathers, who made the usual petition for reforms and received the usual assurance that the King was taking a fatherly interest in the matter and would soon give them all they wanted. In this speech Frederick William IV. remarked that his notion of a perfect Constitution for Germany was one guaranteeing “free princes and free people.” This was ambiguous enough, to be sure, yet it pleased many in Berlin. It would have pleased more if the action of the troops had been in harmony with the generous language from the palace.

* This book is not in the Munich Library.

The King, unfortunately, did nothing completely; he talked about constitutional liberty and absolute monarchy in the same breath; he wished his people to be free, and at the same time he wished to reserve to himself the power to rule them as he pleased.

Each day, therefore, found the people more discontented, for they slowly commenced to suspect their monarch of merely making promises in order to gain time. Elaborate military precautions had been taken, and the King had been over and over assured by his military advisers that the scenes of Paris could never repeat themselves in Berlin. He believed this, and therefore hugged the delusion that he could take his time.

And he might have done so had Berlin been cut off from the rest of the world; but each day brought news from other parts of the kingdom, from the big cities like Breslau and Cologne, that the discontent of Berlin was mild compared with that in other portions of Germany; that, indeed, the capital of Prussia was lagging behind the provinces in political energy at this critical moment.

That night crowds again assembled about the palace, again the soldiers made their appearance, and again they were hissed by the people. They, too, were commencing to lose their good-humor.

In Varnhagen's *Diary* the first reference to the King's forebodings anent revolution is under date of March 11, 1848:

"The king looks pale and unwell: worry and perturbation are written on his features. At times he stamps with his foot—at others he sits in deep melancholy."

Ever since the news of the Paris Revolution the troops had been limited in their liberty, and latterly they had been doing much extra guard duty. For several days

the men had been confined to barracks, sleeping with their guns by their side, and subject to alarm at all hours of the day and night. It was wrong to employ these men for such work; there should have been an effort made to police the streets by means of special constables. However, faults of this kind are too common in military states like Russia and Germany—even to-day.*

That night again troopers charged the unarmed citizens, and again the pavements were stained with blood. Next day (15th) angry groups gathered early about the palace, saw the blood on the stones, and vented their indignation. So bitter had the feeling by this time become that some officers seen on the street were pelted with mud.

This second bloody conflict had been witnessed by many notable citizens, and they drew up a protest for the government. A deputation from their midst called upon Minutoli and the Minister of the Interior, and received assurances that the behavior of the military should be investigated.

Yet to this day it is not known who ordered the charge; nor is it known whether any one was subsequently made responsible for the outrage.

On this day blood again was spilled—troops charged the people with drawn sabres and again men were wounded who were innocent of any crime. Three days in succession had this happened, and each time the people improved somewhat in the art of building barricades, and each time their blood came nearer and nearer to the fighting-point.† Now for the first time were heard

* "March 7, 1848. Last night a number of soldiers were detailed to watch for such as might attempt to post up proclamations or notices. . . . There is much uneasiness."—Varnhagen, *Diary*.

† "March 15, 1848. The King is said to be in Potsdam. Troops

among the people cries of, "Arms! Let us have weapons!" But the crowd dispersed through the König, the Breite, and Brüder streets towards the southeastern section of the town.

During this day the news had arrived from Vienna that there too the people had raised their heads, and this gave new impulse to the wavering. It now appeared to be a point of honor not to be outdone by the people of the Danube.

Angry groups discussed the events of the past night; it was reported that two companies of infantry had followed the dispersing crowds and fired at them as they fled—even the citizens of property and conservative habits felt that they must do something to show their manliness and resent the brutal behavior of the soldiery.

It was also felt that behind the soldiers was a body of officers who took considerable pleasure in shooting at civilians. The military was then, as now, a separate social caste, and this class apprehended, with correct instinct, that the triumph of the popular cause would mean a curtailment of their privileges. They were, therefore, fighting not merely for an abstraction, but for a very material interest which they believed to be in danger. This may help to explain why during those days the behavior of the troops suggested a desire to provoke rather than avoid a conflict with the people on the streets.

The 16th was again a day of bloodshed—the fourth conflict.

By this time the people had commenced to regard the Prince of Prussia (brother of the King and subsequently had to escort him to the station. The people say he was afraid—that he looked haggard."—Varnhagen, *Diary*.

Emperor William I.) as their chief enemy. He was believed to be cordially in favor of taking bloody vengeance upon them for their presumption.

There was some truth in this.

On the evening of March 16th the troops again charged the people, again drove them away from the neighborhood of the palace, again shot and wounded several, and again caused increased bitterness among the respectable section of the Prussian capital.

The cries for "Arms!" became louder; but even as late as this the disposition to embark on a revolution was far from universal.*

Now we are at March 17th. By this time nearly every section of the city has come to feel that something must happen, that life has become intolerable under the present condition of daily conflict with soldiers, and yet on the morning of that day there was no clear idea as to what would happen within twenty-four hours.

We look in vain for evidence of political conspiracy or of any general plan of operations. The catastrophe occurred when it did because the people were all thinking about the same thing at the same time, and the provocation or signal was furnished by the government.

On this morning mass-meetings were held pretty generally for the purpose of discussing the ways and means of restoring order in the city, and, of course, the obvious and most pressing need was to have the soldiers kept in the background, and to organize citizen guards of what

* "March 16, 1848. We hear of no leaders, no favored names. Strange, too, their perseverance, the persistence with which each day these mass-meetings happen anew—no weapons, no houses burned down. Little by little the movement will assume a more political complexion. The influence of foreign events is making itself felt—for instance, the popular triumph in Vienna."—Varnhagen.

in London are called special constables as auxiliary to the regular police force.

This general sentiment soon crystallized in a petition which was to be drawn up in the usual fulsome and loyal form and presented to the King on the day following, the 18th.

This petition was a long step in advance of any previous one. It was something that had never before ventured into the presence of a Hohenzollern monarch. It was nothing less than a demand that the King withdraw his soldiers and accept in their place the guarantee of the citizens "for the true peace of the capital."

Before the sun set that day every laboring man, as well as every man of affairs, understood that this at last meant revolution.

The meeting which decided to present this petition to the monarch was composed of municipal officials, for the most part an eminently conservative and respectable body. They called upon the people to come together at two o'clock on the following afternoon and make a demonstration before the palace of the King—a peaceful demonstration, of course, but such a one as would convince the government that in this movement were not merely a handful of laborers out of work, but the whole body of the people.

Many writers on this period have sought to give currency to the tale that this German Revolution was organized and carried out by professional agitators—"Poles, Jews, and Frenchmen." There is no satisfactory evidence for this statement. The chief of police at the time, Minutoli, in a memoir published after he had retired from the service, denies this allegation. For my part, I can find no ground for it save in the desire of the

aristocracy to cast a slur upon what the plain people achieved during the days of 1848.

The news of the monster petition that was to be presented on the 18th flew rapidly throughout Berlin, for the committee took pains that it should be known authoritatively and thoroughly.

Adolf Streckfuss says that he heard it not once, but "*hundert Mal*" (a hundred times), in small and large assemblies on the evening of March 17th: "To-morrow it 'll start; to-morrow matters will be settled (*Morgen geht's los; Morgen wird es sich entscheiden*)."*

That day and evening passed without bloodshed. It was the lull before the storm. The people felt that to-morrow was the day appointed, and they therefore spent most of the 17th within doors, making preparations.

The chief of police knew what was going on; all knew that the people had at last worked themselves up to the fighting mood; but in the palace there reigned the usual ignorance characteristic of palaces—in that year at least.

"Die ihr so vielerlei doch wisst,
Was in der Welt geschrieben ist!
In jedem Land, in jeder Zeit
Recht gern und gut zu Hause seid!

"Wenn ihr auch Erd' und Himmel kennt
Und jedes Buch und Pergament,
Ihr wisst nicht viel, weil ihr nicht wisst
Und wissen wollt, was Deutschland ist."†

* A. Streckfuss, *Berliner Geschichte*, p. 971 (ed. of 1886).

† Hoffmann von Fallersleben.

XV

THE TWO SHOTS ON MARCH 18, 1848

March 18th—Berlin—King receives more deputations—Effort to suppress the monster demonstration—Too late—Crowds assemble—Efforts to disperse them—Cavalry charge into the people—Fury of the mob—Two shots go off by accident—People think they are betrayed—The Revolution inaugurated.

“Revolution is justified on historical as well as moral grounds . . . when it proceeds from the innermost necessities of the people.”—Otto Abel, *Das Deutsche Reich*, 1848.

At ten o'clock in the forenoon King Frederick William IV. received a deputation from the Rhine Province. This deputation was received in the presence of the “Prince of Prussia,” and gave news that unless the King immediately made the concessions universally demanded it was to be feared that this valuable section of his kingdom would “secede.” The King at once made an eloquent speech in reply, told them that he was delighted to note that the desires of his dear people of the Rhine were identical with his own; that he was about to place himself at the head of the new Germany, and that he intended to grant all the liberties that were being universally demanded! The deputation ventured to suggest that they could not return to their constituencies unless they could carry something more concrete than rhetorical phrases, whereupon the King told them that if they would wait a few hours they would have the matter in print.

After this a deputation of city fathers came before their King. To them also in flowery language he gave the assurance that all their wishes had been granted—liberty of the press and the rest. This news was so unexpected and delightful that many shed tears and indulged in hugging and kissing in the presence of their King.

Immediately the news was sent forth in order, if possible, to head off the monster demonstration. Out rushed the *Bürgermeister* and aldermen, and at once signed a proclamation which was hurried into print. In this the good people of Berlin were assured that their King had granted them liberty of the press, and that a parliament was to be convened immediately. Moreover, fearful lest the people should not believe the words of their royal master, they added that the "city council guarantee the truth of this," a guarantee which illustrates how little faith remained for royal promises.

From the stand-point of the monarch there was no further need of a demonstration, but the demonstration appeared, nevertheless. Many came because they had not yet heard that the King had acceded to the popular demands, still more crowded about the palace in order to cheer their monarch for what he had granted. To this was added, of course, the large body of curious, for in those days all work was laid aside; the public mind was too much excited by events to remember business hours.

About two o'clock the space in front of the palace was densely crowded by a loyal and cheering crowd of respectably dressed citizens. The King showed himself on the balcony, and the cheering became more hearty than ever.

His voice could not be heard, but some one spoke for

him in tones loud enough to reach a considerable section of the crowd. He informed them that the King had granted liberty of the press, had called a parliament together, that he desired a Constitution of the most liberal character for all Germany, that he wanted one flag on the high seas, one customs union, and that, in accord with the popular desire, he, the King of Prussia, meant to place himself at the head of united Germany.

The cheering that followed this programme indicated enthusiasm and loyalty.

After a while he retired, but came out again and tried to say something. The cheering drowned every other sound. He waved his handkerchief, and that only caused more cheering. The King evidently wanted to make another speech. But the devoted people insisted on cheering until the King once more bowed his thanks for the loyal demonstration and retired a second time from the balcony.

Soon the copies of the bulletin containing the royal concessions were hawked about the city and read aloud and cheered. The people were now in high good-humor, and the crowd commenced to break up, for the day's work was done; and it was time to go home and prepare the afternoon coffee or seek the favorite beer-garden and talk things over comfortably.

But those familiar with crowds know that there is much pushing and confusion when several thousand people try to separate in several directions at once.

In this case there was much pushing, and no doubt there must have been many in the great crowd who were rather disappointed at having to go home without receiving any satisfaction for the military excesses of the past four days.

However, such was the overwhelming sentiment of

gratitude among the more respectable section of the public that the demonstration would have melted away then and there but for the fact that some of the crowd were pushed into the court-yards of the palace, and in these courts they were met by a strong body of soldiers.

At once there was a revulsion of feeling. All the pent-up hatred flashed out, and there were shouts, "Away with the troops!" This shouting was taken up by the great crowd and swelled to an angry roar.

Nothing was heard now but "*Militär zurück! Militär zurück!*" and this roar reached the royal apartments, and there too caused a revulsion of feeling.

The King, in his turn, felt indignant that his people should not have immediately dispersed when they learned that their wishes had been granted. He began to suspect that his people had come to make trouble, that possibly his palace was to be attacked, his very person be in danger. There were plenty about him ready to encourage this notion, and but too eager for a conflict with the citizens.

It is impossible to puzzle out the many motives actuating a mind like that of Frederick William IV.; it is impossible now to record the many forms of pressure which were brought to bear upon his waxlike nature.

All that history can note, and it is noted with sadness, is that in this crisis the King dismissed from the command of the Berlin garrison a general noted for his liberal view in political matters and filled the post with one noted for his disposition to deal sharply with the people—General Prittwitz. Order was now given to clear the neighborhood of the palace.*

* Varnhagen recorded, March 18th: "Major ——— told me to-day that the order to keep the crowd within proper limits on the Schloss-platz, where the people were cheering, had been twisted intentionally

General Prittwitz called upon Captain Borstell to march out of Gate No. 4 of the palace, swing around the corner where now stands the new monument to William I., and clear away the southeast side of the palace where the Forkenbeck fountain stands.

This was a sad mistake, for the sudden appearance of the mounted men in the midst of a crowd created exactly the opposite effect of what was intended. There was now a renewal of angry calls to withdraw the troops and a growing feeling that a trap had been laid for them by the King and his officials. A company of infantry was now marched out of the palace to support the cavalry, and the angry crowd was driven back towards the Breitestrasse and the bridge over the Spree leading to the Königstrasse.

It was a scene of confusion, as such scenes are apt to be when soldiers attempt policemen's work in the midst of a turbulent crowd. The presence of the troops and their driving the people away from under the royal windows was in itself sufficient to provoke angry words and brandishing of sticks, but suddenly from the midst there rang out a shot, and then another.

The people did not wait to inquire how this had happened. They shouted: "Treason! The troops are firing at the people! They are shooting us down!"

Those two shots were the signal for the Berlin Revolution.

into an order to disperse the mob, whereupon the cavalry charged at a gallop with sabres drawn. . . . The suspicion that this was the work of the Prince of Prussia has never been allayed.

"The cavalry charge made upon the people, at a gallop and with drawn sabres (and not, as stated by the King, at a walk and with swords in scabbard), is confirmed by the testimony of innumerable witnesses, even by members of the court party—it is admitted as a statement beyond doubt. I have discussed the matter with certainly fifty different people."—Varnhagen, *Diary*, vol. iv., p. 308.

XVI

THE NIGHT OF THE 18TH

Barricade fighting in the night of March 18th—Laboring men join with students and professional men—Economic and political forces—The dead—Prisoners.

“La Révolution, idyllique et beate à Carlsruhe et à Stuttgart; veule et flasque à Vienne; fut ici (Berlin) farouche, souvent féroce, toujours fière et brave.”—Dennis, *L'Allemagne*, p. 253.

“WAR is hell,” remarked an experienced soldier, and he spoke of a war between brothers. The fighting in Berlin was also of that nature: men of the same speech, creed, custom, most of them even from the same neighborhood.

The fighting was furious on both sides. The people built barricades and manned them; they climbed to the roofs with paving-stones and hurled them down on the troops; they gathered together such arms as they could, mainly bars of iron, hammers, and agricultural implements, and fought as men fight when maddened by a sense of injustice.

The first to cheer for the Revolution were the impulsive youngsters of no particular profession or class—the same who are always ready to risk their lives for an ideal. But such young blood alone would never have driven a populace so materialistic as that of Berlin into revolt. Soon the burghers, the shopkeepers, the capitalists of the community joined in demonstrations of hostility, and

at this point the government commenced to hesitate and discuss measures of reform.

But students, professors, and burghers had scant outlook for a successful fight against a government which leaned for support upon a garrison of 14,000 well-drilled soldiers with reinforcements only a few days' march away, to say nothing of many more scattered anywhere between the Russian frontier and the Rhine.

It needed more than stump oratory and bill-posting to make a revolution real, and was to be found only in the strong arms of the men who worked at the forge and the factory bench.

These men cared little for the vaporing of incipient lawyers and physicians; they cared even less for the claims of capitalists who paid small wages but asked high prices for their wares.

The laboring men of Berlin were the last to take part in the Revolution, and it was their participation which turned the scales in favor of the people and against the soldiery.

“So wahr die Stern’ am Himmel rollen,
Wir ziehen den Stahl zur Bürgerschlacht.
Nur das zu thun, was alle wollen,
Ist das Geheimniss jeder Macht.”*

The laboring man of Berlin was now for the first time to make his appearance in German political life, and his presence on the barricades marks the fact that Berlin had become a great industrial centre, and that the men whose arms and heads were building up the industries of the country had claims which they were disposed to press with a vigor highly inconvenient to those who looked upon wage-earners as animals, who ought to be

* Gottfried Kinkel, 1842. Poem addressed to Frederick William IV.

grateful for anything which their masters chose to give them. Already, among the speakers in the days preceding the catastrophe of March 18th, there had been some who preached in favor of a ministry of labor and commerce, a bureau that should regulate the hours of work, and see that the factories were humanely administered. But these voices were few and soon drowned in the universal clamor for a free press, a Constitution, etc.

In America the difference between a day-laborer and a millionaire is mainly a matter of money—the wage-earner of to-day feels himself the millionaire of to-morrow. In Germany, however, there is a great gulf between classes—a gulf wider than in any other country of which I know, not excepting even China. The day-laborer does not dream of ever becoming a professional man, much less an official; he does not dream it even for his children. He is born in the working-class, and he expects to end his days in it, happy in the hope of rearing his children in decency. The officer in the army belongs to one class, the professor belongs to another. The tradesman may go through his life without ever meeting socially one of any other class.

But while shopkeepers, officers, students, officials, and the like represented classes which socially were sharply differentiated in matters social, they all had something in common which marked them as enemy in the eyes of the day-laborer. They all represented in some form either capital which they had not earned themselves, but had inherited, or taxes levied by the government from the body of the working-people.

The French Revolution of February 24th had been a triumph for the wage-earner; it had called into the French cabinet a day-laborer, and had been hailed in Germany

as a recognition of the doctrines preached by Weitling, Carl Marx, and others, who advocated a readjustment of social relations.

The working-man of Berlin was comparatively lukewarm on the subject of abstract political rights such as were demanded by the prosperous burghers of the capital; the mere fact that prosperous burghers wanted them was to him a sign that they were not for the benefit of the laboring class. The man of the forge and anvil cared little whether he had as master a monarch or a money-bag. He hated both and hoped for a movement the object of which would be to do away with both. Meanwhile, he was prepared to side with any party which offered him an improvement in his economic condition.

And at last the party of Revolution saw that if they were to carry Berlin by force they must win over the day-laborers, and so they went to them with promises that the Revolution would mean an increase of wages. Then the men who worked in metals made themselves rude weapons. They pried up the paving-stones with iron bars and they fought the real fight whose issue could be only triumph for the people.

For now at least the issue was a clear one—it was the whole of the civilian population against the troops.

“Das brauset wie Wogen am Meeresstrande,
Von tausend Stimmen in stürmischem Chor,
Vom ganzen deutschen Vaterlande
Dringt draus der Ruf nach Freiheit hervor.

“Doch drohend mit blitzenden Bajonetten
Umstehen gewappnete Scharen das Schloss,
Ihr höhnnendes Auge blitzt Sklavenketten,
Es zucken die Hände zum Todesstoss.

“Was will das Volk, das freche, dumme?
 Was soll es sein, das ihm gebricht?
 Kanonen her, dass es verstumme!
 Zurück ihr Hunde, heulet nicht!

.

“Victoria! schallt es von Mund zu Munde;
 Es hallet wieder im ganzen Land:
 Das Volk ist Herrscher jetzt zur Stunde.
 Glückauf, du deutsches Vaterland!”*

That night of the 18th was a memorable one for Berlin and all Germany. Barricades went up as if by magic all over the city. The troops fought well, albeit their previous drill helped them little in dodging paving-stones which dropped on them in the dark from fourth-story windows. The officers also fought gallantly under equally discouraging conditions; their fine uniforms suffered horribly under a pelting of mud, bricks, and buckets of refuse which were poured upon them from aloft. Their swords were poor things when opposed to the crow-bar of a doughty blacksmith.

According to the best available returns there fell of officers and men 274 in that one night, but it is likely that these returns were made purposely small for “official” reasons.†

On the part of the people the killed and mortally wounded amounted to 230, and among these were several women. There is sad evidence that many were killed in cold blood after they had surrendered; for the officers regarded this Revolution as an act of sacrilege against their caste. It was with them a point of honor to take adequate—that is to say, bloody—vengeance for an insult to the army, and therefore they had no hesitation in shooting down any one found with weapons.

* Carl Jordan.

† This number is given also by Scherr.

The soldiers did their duty—that is to say, they did no thinking, but obeyed orders like well-drilled Prussians. They illustrated what was sung by a great German satirist:

“Hört wie die Trommel schlägt .
Seht wie das Volk sich regt—
Die Fahne voran!
Wir folgen Mann für Mann.
Im Kampf und Streit
Ist keine Zeit
Zu fragen warum? warum? warum?
Die Trommel die ruft wiederum pum, pum, pum, pum,
Mit Gott für König und Vaterland.”*

The analysis of those who were killed that night shows that the majority were mechanics or day-laborers. The minority consisted of students, professors, artists, and tradesmen. Those connected with the aristocracy or the official career kept well out of sight.

It is worthy of note that of the nearly 700 prisoners which the soldiers made on that night and locked up in the cellars of the old palace, an official inquiry failed to find a single criminal.

The aristocratic organs of Germany, nevertheless, persist in describing this Revolution as instigated and carried out by foreigners and criminals—the dregs of society. There is no foundation for this either in official figures or the accounts of eye-witnesses.

* Hoffmann von Fallersleben.

XVII

NARRATIVE OF HERR AUGUST

Testimony of Herr August—The soldiers storm barricades—Attack his house—Treatment of his family—He is dragged through the streets—Finally released—Brutality of officers and men—Attitude of the government—The monument erected to the soldiers—Fear of dynamite.

“Wir Preussen werden Deutsche jetzt.

Weh dem der dieses Recht verletzt!”

—Berliner Revolution's A B C, by Dr. Bach, 1848, to be sung to the tune of “Immer langsam voran!”

It would weary the reader to retail all that happened all over Berlin in that one battle of the people *versus* the crown. Few historical incidents are more difficult to narrate because of the heated state of the public mind at the time. Here is a statement from an official of the crown, a careful, conservative observer of full years and anything but a partisan of popular government.

Herr August was the director of the so-called Koellner Latin School or “Gymnasium” — the word *Koeln* here indicating the island on which stands the old palace of Berlin. The Spree divides above the beautiful Art Museum in order to form this island, and it needs but a glance at the map and a very elementary knowledge of strategy to see that this must have been, as indeed it was, the original Berlin, for its defences are outlined by the river-bank. There was fighting in the streets at the southeastern end of this island, the centre of which is

the old Rathhaus, or city hall, not to be confounded with the noble pile which was built some fifteen years later near by on the "main-land," in the Königstrasse.

Herr August had his official residence in this old Rathhaus, at the end of the Breitestrasse, which leads directly to the palace; he was, therefore, only three hundred yards from his King.

A massive barricade was erected here, for the Breitestrasse led directly from the palace to the heart of the city — the heart being generally that part where the poorer classes live. The rich people, then as now, dwelt westward from the palace, towards the Thiergarten.

Herr August, as a Prussian official, did not wish to appear on the barricade within sight of the palace windows, and so engaged with the barricade builders to remain neutral; this engagement was faithfully kept on both sides. The people respected the building and Herr August was left in peace.

Already, at ten o'clock, the artillery commenced its attack upon this barricade. The people fought bravely so long as there remained any ammunition, but by midnight they were compelled to abandon it, and the troops took possession.

It was a Potsdam regiment, and at that time "Potsdamer" was a word tantamount to "foreigner." Even in my youth Berlin boys could use no harsher epithet to one whom they despised than to hurl at him the word "Potsdamer!" They little knew that they were handing on the hatred which their fathers entertained for the soldiers of 1848.

On this night the "Potsdamers" were glad of a chance to make some one suffer for the hard work they had done, and to avenge the loss of their comrades. They scaled the barricades and entered the town-hall. Herr August

pointed to his official door-plate as indicating that he was a crown official; he protested against their violence, said that he would muster his family and prove to them that he harbored no insurgents, that it was no crime to aid the wounded.

But his words were not heeded, and Herr August bitterly lamented that a Prussian officer should have attached so little importance to the word of a royal Prussian director of a high-school in the very capital of the kingdom, and within rifle-shot of a highly literary monarch himself. He says:

"I felt the sword of the officer in my face and saw the blood trickling down. I heard their blasphemous imprecations. My life was threatened by blows from butts and bayonets—to say nothing of being shot. . . . I tore my war medal from my coat, and cried to my invaders that I had fought for my King and country when they were babies; that I knew the usages of war, and that their barbarity and thirst for blood was a disgrace to the Prussian army.

"This saved my life, but I was subject to indignities.

"They paid no attention to my pleading for my family. They were crowded into the small kitchen—my wife, three grown-up daughters, my half-grown son, and two daughters of my wife's sister. The soldiers seized me; then they seized by the beard my nephew, a law student—indeed, they looked upon his beard as something in itself suspicious; then they seized another nephew and a student at the Normal School. My son was seized by the hair while the soldiers held bayonets in front of my wife. I was dragged away, in spite of my requests to be allowed to stay and take care of my wife. On the stairs I was repeatedly knocked by the butts of muskets; a drummer beat his drum-sticks on my head, and the officer allowed it.

"Officers and men seemed to find pleasure in ill-treating their prisoners.

"At last, in the Breitestrasse, I saw some higher officers, who identified me and finally set me free. . . . But my nephew was dragged away by two soldiers who were evidently unacquainted with Berlin, for they lost their way and got into the Rosstrasse

while seeking to reach the prisons of the palace. An angry crowd of citizens demanded the release of the prisoner. One of the soldiers took the hint and set him free, but the other shot him dead.

“And this sort of thing repeated itself wherever the soldiers found opportunity of taking vengeance upon the people. And so far from the officers exercising a restraining influence upon their men, it was quite the opposite—the officers seemed to think that the men needed encouragement in the task of vengeance.”

This was a night of barbarism in Berlin. Citizens and soldiers had faced one another in hatred, and the streets of the Prussian capital had been stained with the blood of brothers.

It was a thing to regret and, if possible, forget.

Such moments in a nation's history are possible; fights occur even in normally happy families, but the wise man does not glory in triumphs of this nature. The people of Germany were disposed to forgive and forget after the bloody days of '48, but not so the men who led the soldiers, least of all he who subsequently became William I. In Berlin to-day the curious may see a shaft of cast-iron reared in the midst of barracks and artillery drill-yards, and if he asks what it is he will be told that it is reared to the glory of those who fell in 1848 and 1849, not to the citizens who fell in the struggle for liberty, only to the soldiers who wore the King's livery and shot their fellow-Germans.

When I visited this cast-iron monstrosity I found a soldier pacing up and down before it.

A man who passed me saw that I was a stranger and answered my question.

“It's well they keep a sentry here,” said he, with a knowing look; “he has to see that it does not blow up in the night.”

XVIII

ANOTHER WITNESS (MARCH 1848)

Testimony of a Berlin employer of labor—Fight at the Oranienburger Thor—Shooting into the people—Brutality of officers—Moderation and honesty of the mob.

“Prussia fulfils her mission as a state when she shall have set free the human intellect and permitted the people to share in her political development.”—Heinrich Beta, *Das Jubeljahr 1840 und seine Ahnen*. Berlin, 1840, Vereinsbuchhandlung.

WITNESSES are difficult to secure in a matter of this kind. Immediately after the Revolution the press was flooded with accounts of participants in the street fighting, and, according to these, the civilians were all heroes and the soldiers cowardly monsters. When, after a few months, the reaction set in and the soldiers once more gained the upper hand, it became the fashion to describe the civilians as a mere plundering rabble and the soldiers as the party of law and order. I have had to review thousands and thousands of pages dealing with these few critical hours, and the task of sifting evidence has been anything but easy.

Let us hear the story of Herr Egells, an eminent manufacturer of Berlin. It was he who founded the first great plant for the making of machinery in Berlin. We have, therefore, a man of affairs, a large employer of labor, a capitalist, and one whose interests drew him towards the support of the King.

Herr Egells was one of the committee of city function-

aries detailed to join in the grand demonstration before the palace at two o'clock on March 18th. He went there, like his colleagues, for the purpose of cheering his monarch and loyally thanking him for the gracious concessions already made or at least promised.

On his arm was his daughter. They had hardly reached the palace square when they were caught between the furious crowd and the attacking troopers and barely escaped with their lives. They arrived home again about three o'clock, and on the way heard on all sides cries of "Treason! We are betrayed! Arm yourselves! Barricades! etc."*

Their home was near the Oranienburg Gate, the north-western section of the town near the continuation of the Friedrichstrasse. In this section were the principal rolling-mills and factories of those working in metals.

Here Borsig had his great railway shops, from which issued in 1841 the first locomotive ever made in Berlin. The Oranienburger Thor is now well within town limits, and the Borsig establishment has been moved away farther westward, but it is still, as formerly, one of the sights of the capital. From the palace to the Oranienburger Thor was a long tramp, and on the way Herr Egells saw much of revolutionary work, notably barricades in course of erection.

Near the Oranienburg Gate are artillery barracks, and

* The illustrated press was then in its infancy. Under date of March 25th the *Illustrated London News* published an alleged view of Berlin. It might have been meant for Quebec or Edinburgh. There is also a fancy picture of cuirassiers dashing furiously into the mob in front of the Berlin palace. The same issue has an equally imaginary picture of Vienna, and the troops engaged appear to be clothed in uniforms made at Pimlico. In regard to matters French this pioneer of illustration was remarkably well served, but not so regarding other parts of Europe.—P. B.

Herr Egells saw an adjutant gallop up and call out the order:

"Four guns to the palace!"

The crowd heard this also, and immediately reared barricades to prevent them. The guns were finally dragged away by making a long circuit from the rear.

When Herr Egells reached his factory he found his men much excited. A mounted student had galloped into the machine-yard and called upon the men to follow him into the city.

Other students made similar appeals at the neighboring shops.

"But the older men paid no attention to these appeals; only the younger and unmarried ones joined the revolutionary movement."

The men had no weapons; the students themselves had only their light duelling-swords.

"Each man picked up what was handiest—a file, a bar of iron, a hammer. . . .

"There were some three to four thousand mechanics working close by in the various machine-shops of this immediate neighborhood. It was, indeed, the first time that Berlin ever saw this body together—it was a wholly new development of latter-day industrial progress—and Berlin was much impressed by the character of this new organization."

But on this 18th of March "there was no preconceived movement, no previous understanding whatever; there were no 'foreign emissaries,' no leaders or organizers, no spending of money."

"Had there been anything in the shape of premeditation in this movement, our men would not have gone off to fight at points of the city far away from their work, but would have

marched in a solid mass against the adjacent artillery barracks, where they could have done effective and immediate work."*

At the Oranienburg Gate were the barracks of an artillery regiment. There were only thirty or forty men left behind after the withdrawal of the guns for the palace and other points of danger. This remnant attempted to interfere with the building of the big barricade at this point, but they were driven back by a shower of stones, their officers being wounded. The men of this barricade built well, for they drew material from the machine-shops, and their builders were skilled men.

After the soldiers had retired to their barrack-yard the crowd of curious gathered once more, among them many women and children. The barricade building went on, and no one anticipated any more interference from the small garrison in the artillery-yard.

Suddenly, however, a howitzer made its appearance round the corner; it had come out from a rear gate of the artillery stables and was pointed into the midst of the dense crowd of unarmed people before any one suspected its presence. A howitzer is particularly effective at short range; it is a cannon of large caliber and short bore; it is related to the orthodox cannon as a charge of buckshot is to a rifle-bullet. This particular howitzer was loaded with a cartridge containing fifty-six one-ounce iron balls; it was just the sort of charge to have done the most murderous work on this occasion.

Herr Egells said that there was no opportunity afforded for the people to disperse — no notice of any kind was given; there was no beating of a drum, no bugle-call, no

* Herr Egell's personal narrative was published originally under the misleading title *Amtliche Berichte . . . über die Berliner Barrikadenkämpfe im Jahre, 1848*. It is largely cited by Streckfuss; cf. p. 982, *et seq.*

warning shout, not even the usual fuse with which the old-fashioned muzzle-loaders were set off. The cautious hurried to cover, but the rest declined to believe that there would be a serious discharge until the usual warnings had been made. In this case the gun was brought up to within twenty-five paces of the huddled people and then fired into their midst. Five men fell dead immediately, and many wounded were subsequently carried away unnoticed. The piece was clumsily aimed—most of the shots were found subsequently imbedded in the walls high overhead.* Had the aim been a trifle lower the butchery would have been horrible. One man killed was taken for a miller, so thickly was he strewn with plaster, yet he was fresh from the forge.

All over Berlin similar scenes were enacted: the same coincidence of popular effort; the same thirst for vengeance manifested by the officers and by them communicated to their men; the same lack of organization among the civilians, but an ever-increasing exasperation owing to the savagery with which the soldiers acted.

The fighting went on throughout the night and until five o'clock in the morning of March 19th. By that time troops, while not absolute masters of the whole city, had yet succeeded in mastering the most important strategic avenues, and it was obvious that further fighting could but add to the bloodshed without materially altering the relative position of the combatants.

The marvel was, not that the soldiers finally succeeded, but that a body of unarmed and undisciplined civilians could have resisted, for even a short hour, a garrison of 14,000 professionally organized Prussian soldiers, all of guard regiments.

* Some of these were recently pointed out to me.—P. B.

And it was notable that, when the civilians had apparently every reason to anticipate success in any act of violence they might choose to organize, they limited themselves to a defensive barricade war; they made no general movement against barracks or public buildings; they showed no disposition to plunder or to take vengeance upon individuals whom they hated.

Most strange of all, they did not attack the palace, nor was such a proposition seriously entertained, in spite of tales to the contrary.*

Nothing illustrates more drastically the degree to which monarchy was drilled into the fibre of the average Prussian. They admired the Revolution of Paris, they eulogized the republic of the United States, they eloquently denounced all the abuses of the monarchy under which they suffered, they even spoke ill of their monarch; but when they found themselves in the full tide of revolution, with the government at their mercy and the palace only a few feet away, the most ardent of the discontented would have deemed it sacrilege to have ascended the broad stairways of the Hohenzollern palace without a special invitation.

Where in Paris the mob tossed the throne of Louis Philippe out of the Tuileries window and offered to do the same by its royal incumbent, in Berlin the same class of citizens shouted, "We want a republic, but we want our King in the presidential chair!"

* "The minister Count Arnim-Boytzenburg burst in upon the King much alarmed and announced that the people were about to storm the palace with a monster petition demanding that the Prince of Prussia be excluded from the succession. He appeared to think that there was nothing to be done but assent to this. . . . The Princess of Prussia regarded the matter as settled, promptly gave up the idea of her husband coming to the throne, but took steps to have her son (the late Emperor Frederick) recognized."—Varnhagen, vol. iv., p. 345.

IV.—13

XIX

IN THE PALACE (MARCH 18TH)

Prisoners in the palace cellar—General Gerlach—Sybel—Behavior of the King and Queen—Confusion—King signs proclamation, "An meine Lieben Berliner"—It is received with howls of derision—King in ignorance of the truth.

"The word conviction has no meaning in 'Deutschland'—we are not allowed to have any convictions—we must draw them from the government supply of uniforms."—Heinzen, *Bureaucratie*, p. 107.

THE palace of Berlin on this night of tumult was a fair picture of the confusion and alarm which possessed the King and his court. From moment to moment orders were issued and cancelled; advisers all talking at once and recommending conflicting measures; servants packing up with a view to a royal flight; the court-yards down below crowded with wounded and worn-out soldiers; every few moments a batch of prisoners dragged in and kicked down into the cellars with curses; messengers running distractedly, and all looking for orders from a King who had lost his head, to say nothing of his personal dignity.

In those hours the palace was open to all who came as representatives of the city and the people. The King had given this order, and he listened with haggard features to every delegate who professed to come from some society of patriots, and many came as a committee of one.

It was an hour of terrible humiliation for a Hohen-

zollern who but a few hours before had boasted of his power to master any difficulties that might arise.

General von Gerlach wrote in his diary, regarding that night:

"The mob looked horrible (*scheusslich*), . . . several eminent officials already wearing civilian dress! In the palace, the ante-chamber of the King suggested a guard-room—lots of people crowding in, the Queen passing through, the Prince of Prussia (subsequent William I.), many citizen delegations. . . . Most of the mob consisted of foreigners—Poles, Frenchmen, and a few deluded wretches. . . ."*

Gerlach showed that he, too, had lost his head, or else had reasons for propagating what was not true. He was a prime favorite at court, one whom diplomats honored as a great soldier, and whom soldiers despised for being a good courtier. His diary was meant to be read to royalty, and consequently he made it seem as though no one could possibly resist the government save a criminal or a foreigner.

General Gerlach was much depressed when the King persisted in compromise measures. He regarded his country as lost—hopelessly dishonored.

He wrote in his diary:

"March 18, 1848. I went home sad at heart, and said that all would be quiet, because now verily had misery broken in upon us (at court); that the King had given in to every demand; that yesterday I still preserved courage, but now no longer. The King had appeared twice upon the balcony of the palace and been received with cheers. . . . Bodelschwing had sought to make the people disperse by his harangue, but ineffectually. Insurrectionary cries of 'Away with the troops!' were heard."†

* *Mémoires of Gerlach*, vol. ii., p. 135, March 18, 1848.

† *Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 134, *et seq.*

(It was after this that the two shots were fired which precipitated the fight.)

The eminent court historian Sybel wrote in the same vein as Gerlach; he referred to this glorious moment in German history as a "pitiful episode"—much as courtly Germans later on referred to the three months' reign of Frederick III., the sufferer of San Remo.*

"The King was immensely upset through the different deputations and bad advice. The Queen was firm, and said, 'If the King would but refuse all concession!'

"I regard every concession as impossible. In the night, at three o'clock, the King signed his proclamation 'To my dear Berlin Citizens!'"†

The firmness attributed by Gerlach to his Queen appears somewhat modified by the following from the diary of Varnhagen:

"In the night of March 18th-19th the Queen said to her lady-in-waiting (Garderobenfrau Schwartz), she had better pack her things together and get them away, for when we shall have gone no stone will be left one on the other, the palace will be razed to the ground!"‡

"A lieutenant (Lubinsky) in the Royal Rifles of the Guard was detailed with four riflemen and two grenadiers to stand sentry at the palace door through which all the world had access to the King.

"Lubinsky heard all the interviews with the King. At the

* "Der unselige Verlauf der Berliner Sturmtage" (cf. Sybel, vol. i., p. 144, *et seq.*). In his great work this scholar affirms that "every word of this account is based upon testimony of participants or witnesses," but in those days there were many witnesses whose testimony would not have been admitted before a common-law jury.—P. B.

† *Diary of General von Gerlach*, vol. ii., p. 139, March 18, 1848.

‡ Varnhagen notes this (on September 20, 1850), on authority, "So gut als hätte die Frau Schwartz es mir selbst erzählt!" which I take to mean that the lady herself narrated it under seal of secrecy.—P. B.



VARNHAGEN VON ENSE

first sound of the cannon the Queen fell at the King's feet and begged him in the name of God not to allow himself to be shot. 'Let us fly!' she cried. 'We have no children; we have enough money!'

"Five times the King hurried, with the Queen on his arm, followed by an equerry carrying a portfolio, to the side facing the Lustgarten, where in the palace-yard stood the royal carriage all ready packed for a journey, and five times they came back, persuaded by members of his suite.

"March 18, 1848. It is a fact that several soldiers went over to the rebels (the mob) and subsequently fought in plain clothes on the barricades.

"Well authenticated also is the fact that several bodies of troops at different places went into the houses and refused to obey the orders of the officers who came after them.

"This has been confirmed to me by officers themselves, with bitter comments.

"General Pfuel was positive that a continuation of the struggle would have so exhausted the men that they would have deserted in large bodies."*

"The court chaplain . . . stated that on the afternoon of March 18th he had a wedding ceremony to perform in the cathedral (opposite the palace), but soon the congregation showed signs of uneasiness—noise was heard out-doors—people broke in with the news of renewed fighting—all ran away—he could not reach his home (in the Oranienburger street)—took refuge in the palace, and had to remain there until the day following.

"He was mostly with the King and Queen—every one did what he pleased—all was confusion—exhausted citizens threw themselves upon the royal sofas—strangers sat down unbidden at the royal table—all rank, all etiquette, ceased to exist. It was a picture of fright, confusion, timidity, and lack of purpose. . . . Despair, wringing of hands, weeping, imploring! Many valuables were loaded into boats, and these were taken away in the night!"†

In the midst of this stormy night Frederick William IV. signed the famous document "To my dear Berliners!"—the most important of the many documents published at

* Varnhagen, March 18-19, 1848.

† *Ibid.*, vol. iv., p. 314.

this period, for it lays bare the motives and misconceptions of the man about whom everything in Prussia then revolved in bewildering orbits.

“AN MEINE LIEBEN BERLINER !”

(To my beloved people of Berlin!) This famous paper is well known by the above words, which are treated as bitterly ironical:

“By reasons of my proclamation of this day, convening the Estates, you have received proof of the loyal sentiments of your King towards you and our common German (*Deutschen*) Fatherland.

“The joy with which innumerable faithful hearts greeted me had hardly passed when a band of rowdies made incendiary and impudent demands of me, and their numbers increased in proportion as the orderly people disappeared.

“As it was feared that their disorderly crowding up to the gates of the palace might be followed by insults to my brave and faithful soldiers, it was necessary to clear the place by means of mounted troops at a *walk* and with *sabres sheathed*, and two infantry muskets went off accidentally, without hurting any one, for which God be praised.

“A band of rascals (*eine Rotte von Bösewichtern*), made up mostly of foreigners whom it has been impossible to discover, although they have been a week in hiding here, have used this accidental discharge as means of putting thoughts of vengeance into the heated heads of many of my loyal and beloved Berliners—on account of blood alleged to have been intentionally spilled, and thus are they the horrible cause of this bloodshed.

“My troops, your brethren and fellow-countrymen, only then used their arms when compelled to do so by the many shots from the König street. The victorious move of the troops was the necessary consequence.

“Your loving Queen, your truly faithful mother and friend, who is prostrated with suffering, joins her heartfelt and tearful prayers to mine (*ihre innigen, thränenreichen Bitten*).

“Written in the night of March 18–19, 1848. (Signed) Friedrich Wilhelm.” *

* “Die Leute reissen die Proclamation ab . . .”—Varnhagen, *Diary*, March 19, 1848.

Every line of this strange and well-meant paper is marked by exaggerations and statements calculated to irritate rather than to soothe the people for whom it was intended. It is at the same time an illustration of the extent to which a man living at the centre of a city may know less of what is happening in its streets than an average intelligent reader ten thousand miles away. It is safe to say that in those days there was a clearer notion of Berlin entertained by the newspaper readers of Milwaukee or Melbourne than among the gentlemen who drew pay for advising the Prussian monarch regarding his own subjects.

The King's proclamation was greeted by a howl of derision. Berlin was placarded with this satirical answer:

"AN MEINE LIEBEN BERLINER !

"Mein schönes, liebes, sandiges Berlin
Leb wohl! Ich muss dich bombardieren lassen.

Noch ist es Zeit! Berliner werd't vernünftig,
Und kehrt zurück ins alte liebe Joch.
Ihr seid ja für die Freiheit noch nicht zünftig,
Und jede Kugel, wisst ihr, macht ein Loch!

"O höret, um der grossen Zukunft Willen,
Die euch von Petersburg so glänzend winkt!
Die juchtn Freiheit, die Czar Niklaus bringt,
Wird alle eure Wünsche fühlbar stillen.

"Das Waffentragen macht euch nur Beschwerde!
Darum ich euch davon entbinden werde.
Den Festungskommandanten wird jetzt angst und bang;
Gesellschaft fehlt; die Zeit wird ihnen lang.
Drum hat die Polizei wieder das Commando,
So schickt sie dann und wann ein Dutzend wohl nach Spandau."

This text, "An meine lieben Berliner!" found many

applications far from complimentary to the author of this famous document.

In the Breitestrasse leading from the palace was a town pump into which a cannon-ball had imbedded itself.

Above it a ready artist had written the words, "To my dear Berliners," and beneath it was affixed the name of the King.

XX

THE KING WITHDRAWS HIS SOLDIERS

March 19th—Morning—Council called—King decides to withdraw the troops—Opinions of his citizens and soldiers—Opposition by Prittwitz and Prince of Prussia.

“In Kümmermiss und Dunkelheit
Da mussten wir sie bergen!
Nun haben wir sie doch befreit,
Befreit aus Ihren Särgen!
Ha, wie das blitzt und rauscht und rollt!
Hurrah, du Schwarz, du Roth, du Gold!
Pulver ist schwarz,
Blut ist roth,
Golden flackert die Flamme!”

—Ferdinand Freiligrath, London, March 17, 1848, from “Schwartz, Roth, Gold,” ed. (New York) Friedrich Gerhard, 1859 (suppressed in Germany).

THE morning of March 19th was a sad Sabbath at the palace. Citizens and soldiers importuned the miserable monarch with conflicting notions of royal duty and prerogative. There were officers who insisted that a fight would soon result in complete victory; there were citizens who assured their King that a renewal of fighting meant a city in blood and ashes.

The feeling that the palace might contribute a certain proportion of the blood and ashes may have had some influence.

At length the King yielded so far as to call a military council of his chief advisers on the subject of a partial

withdrawal of troops, for instance to leave guards only at the principal public buildings of the city.

The chief Bürgermeister came to the palace while the council of ministers and generals was in session, and his words finally determined the King to surrender to the "mob"—to withdraw the troops entirely and immediately.

The Bürgermeister had just passed a barricade in the Friedrichstrasse at which a conflict was imminent. He managed to secure a truce until he could obtain from the King an audience and an order for the withdrawing of the troops.*

On arrival at the palace he was received by the minister Bodelschwingh, upon whom he made a profound impression by depicting the determined attitude of the barricade fighters.

The King received the deputation, spoke to them in a conciliatory manner, and then withdrew for a private conference with his two ministers (Bodelschwingh and Arnim).†

* "Fieldmarschall Manteuffel told me in Strasburg that in March, 1848, when the Berlin palace was full of all the official notables whom the poor King Frederick William IV. wished to consult, they one and all remained silent when the King asked them what he should do to get out of the scrape in which he then was. Manteuffel was at that time a captain of cavalry (*Rittmeister*), and, seeing that all his elders remained silent, he stepped forward and said: 'Your Majesty, since all the others are silent, I venture to offer this advice. Henry IV. withdrew his troops from Paris in order to conquer it!' Next day Frederick William IV. withdrew his troops, and when, soon afterwards, they returned under Wrangel, the Emperor sent Manteuffel a big vase from the royal factory, with a card reminding the young captain of his advice and reference to Henry IV. . . ."—June 29, 1903, Professor Brentano's statement to P. B., Munich.

† "But General N. (Natzmer) assured me that at twelve o'clock on that night (March 19th) the King was resolved to retreat out of the town (Berlin) with the troops and to invest it; then began a state of wavering until all was too late!"—Bunsen, *Memoir*.

From this audience there soon emerged Minister Bodelschwingh alone, holding a paper in his hands.

According to the official report of the Bürgermeister, this minister stated that "inasmuch as a commencement had been made of levelling the barricades, and since it had been promised that all the barricades would be removed, the King, in order to maintain the peace, ordered that the troops be withdrawn from the streets and open places!"

At this the then Prince of Prussia protested indignantly that the order of his Majesty could not mean that the troops should be entirely withdrawn.

But the minister answered in a loud and very much excited tone that there should be no quibbling about a royal order; that this was the last order which he as minister would ever convey.

This settled the matter.*

The deputation hastened to have the news of this order promptly transmitted to the troops through the staff officers.

In the midst of it entered the commanding general (Prittwitz), who immediately protested vigorously against the royal order as impossible to execute without grave

* "The minister (Bodelschwingh) bore in his hand the order signed by the King, and said, 'The King withdraws the troops!' The Prince of Prussia stepped up, and said, 'That means, after the barricades shall have been razed!'

"Bodelschwingh answered, 'This is my last ministerial act—I am bringing the order of his Majesty as it is.'

"Then followed much talking and shouting.

"The Prince repeated, 'It is understood that the troops retire only after the barricades have been razed!'

"Hereupon Alderman (*Stadrath*) Duncker made rejoinder: 'Your Royal Highness, we all are subjects of his Majesty, and are not competent to twist or modify his wishes or his orders. His Majesty has ordered unconditionally.' And thus at last the order was published."
—Varnhagen, vol. iv., p. 324.

consequences, but again the minister answered by insisting upon literal obédience.

The general then accompanied some of the city fathers to a window overlooking the palace-yard, and, calling upon several staff officers, ordered them to carry the news to the different regiments, that the King had not only commanded a cessation of hostilities, but that all the troops should be withdrawn, *on condition that the barricades be levelled*.

Here we see the ambiguity of the order—whether the barricades should be levelled before or after the retirement of the soldiers.*

To this day we do not know the exact meaning of the King; no minister has clamored for the glory of having either inspired or promulgated this order. Passions rage hotly even to-day over this little difference of opinion, and it will continue to rage so long as there is a party in Prussia whose motto remains, *Summa lex regis voluntas*.

* "Allgemein glaubt man, dass der König doch in der Angst so befohlen habe (the withdrawal of the troops), wie er es bald nachher nicht gethan haben wollte!"—Varnhagen, vol. iv., p. 324.

XXI

THE BERLIN MOB ORDER THEIR KING TO UNCOVER— "HUT AB!"

Prince of Prussia ordered to England—Anger of the people appeased
—The dead are gathered—Procession to the palace—Wounds
laid bare—King called out—Ordered to take off his cap—"The
dead to the living"—The deepest humiliation of the monarchy.

"Son résultat le plus réel à été de mettre à nu les fondements de
la société, nous ne disons pas seulement Française, mais humaine."—
Barrot, vol. ii., p. 2 (referring to the Revolution of 1848).

THE late Emperor William I. never forgave his royal brother for the stain he had put upon the honor of the Prussian army, much less did he ever forgive Berlin or the German people for having dared to govern themselves.

In order to appease the angry citizens, he had been ordered away to England, where he buried himself in the Prussian Legation, on Carlton House Terrace, while his brother carried on the government after a fashion more fantastic than had ever been dreamed by the wildest of Prussian patriots.

The anger of the people allayed itself as rapidly as it had risen. So soon as it became known that the troops were really to withdraw, the manifestations of ill-will disappeared, and in many instances the mob cheered the soldiers as they marched through the streets where the night before they had met in deadly fight.

The King appointed a new and Reform ministry, the

palace square once more filled with grateful and cheering crowds, and the King, at last, was able to convince himself that his life was safest when his soldiers were out of sight.

His safety was purchased, it is true, at the expense of concessions which should have driven an orthodox Prussian officer to suicide; but the orthodoxy of this King was bounded by lines mainly theological, and he was not over-particular as to the sort of bargain he made so long as it promised him repose.

While the troops were withdrawing to the suburbs, the people were gathering their dead on the shoulders of volunteer pall-bearers.

Where should all these corpses be exposed—the men who had laid down their lives that German liberty might live? As by a common but ghastly instinct, the people shouted, “To the palace!” and thither the pall-bearers bent their steps.

The King had been called out on the balcony to receive the cheers of the multitude, but to-day, the 19th, there were mingled with the cheers demands of a peremptory nature.

The people clamored for the release of all political prisoners, not only those in the cellars of the Old Palace, but those that had been dragged away to Spandau and other dungeons of the kingdom. There were many Poles lying in jail for having fought for their national ideals in 1846; and in this hour of popular triumph it was natural and creditable to the German heart that a triumphant people should make the first use of its power by remembering their suffering fellows.

But the King, even now, granted what he did in a manner which was offensive—which again showed his ignorance.

"You shall have the prisoners," said he, "and may they please you!"*

He referred to them as the dregs of society; he had seen only ragged and filthy men dragged in by the soldiers on the day previous, and had not enough wit to know that a most respectable official might readily become the most dilapidated of tramps after a scuffle in the streets and a violent parting with most of his clothes.

However, the men were at liberty. Berlin soon learned with pride that those who had filled the royal cellars, so far from being thieves and tramps, were reputable Germans of good standing in a community of honest men.

The sight of the poor wretches pulled forth from the dark holes and identified by their friends was not calculated to win much sympathy for the monarch at that moment, especially after the gibe with which he had accompanied the order for their release.

The crowd beneath the palace windows was gradually showing less and less disposition to cheer—the fighting element was gaining the upper hand from minute to minute. The throng was a fair epitome of the German people—there were many classes represented, all the way from the day-laborer to the proprietor of a factory—and, while

* The eminent German historian Alexander Meyer wrote in the *Nation*, of Berlin:

"In jedem Jahre werden Leichen aufgefunden, deren Identität nicht festgestellt werden kann. Man kann daraus keine Schlüsse ziehen. Ausser den Gefallenen hat man noch eine zweite Kategorie von Theilnehmern an dem Strassenkampf; diejenigen, welche lebendig in die Hände der Soldaten fielen und nach Spandau transportirt wurden. Keinem einzigen von ihnen ist nachgewiesen worden, dass er ein bezahlter Unruhestifter gewesen. Ich habe viele davon später kennen gelernt, die von der herben Behandlung zu erzählen wussten, die sie zu erdulden hatten. Sie alle gehörten den mittleren anständigen Schichten der Gesellschaft an und hatten sich in Aufwallung augenblicklicher Leidenschaft dem Kampfe angeschlossen."

in the early stages the proceedings were conducted mainly by those of property and academic education, the moment was arriving when the men of the forge and anvil would offer more drastic arguments than those hitherto current.

Loud shouts were now raised demanding the immediate arming of the people—a popular municipal militia. The chief of police Minutoli was surrounded by angry and voluble citizens who forced upon him the disagreeable task of carrying to the King this demand. They made it clear that they would arm in any event, but that it might look better if the King appeared to consent. So Minutoli once more climbed the broad palace stairs, and by his side two city delegates of the people as witnesses.

Even the new ministers, "liberal" as they were in comparison with those who had been dismissed on the previous day, hesitated. They regarded with alarm a proposition to arm the Berlin mob; they feared a general plundering, a repetition of the French days of 1792. How little did they know the gentleness of their own people!*

But the clamoring out-of-doors grew more and more ominous, and the King commenced to feel more and more like a prisoner in his own house—inclined to grant anything at the moment in the hopes of averting violence against his sacred person.

* "C'était une chose extraordinaire et terrible de voir dans les seules mains de ceux qui ne possédaient rien, toute cette immense ville (Paris), pleine de tant de richesses!

" . . . Nous avons passé d'ailleurs, tant d'années en insurrections qu'il s'est formé parmi nous une espèce de moralité particulière au désordre, . . . le meurtre est toléré, la dévastation est permise, mais le vol est sévèrement défendu . . . !" — Tocqueville, *Mémoires*, p. 105, where the author comments upon the general good behavior of the Paris people the day after the Revolution of 1848.

"Il me semblait toujours qu'on fut occupé à jouer la Révolution Française plus encore qu'à la continuer."—1848, *Tocqueville Souvenirs*, written after a walk about Paris on February 25th.

It is hard to imagine the palace of that moment: a haggard, impotent, vacillating King, surrounded by distracting advice from a dozen different sources; a family of hysterical women madly packing up with a view to secret flight; a howling mob down below, both within the palace courts as well as all about it; no back-stairs retreat possible save by way of the narrow Spree, which is here merely a canal.*

No wonder, then, that William I., on ascending the throne, declined to make this palace his headquarters—it contained for him only horrible memories.

His grandson (in 1888) occupied it; restored it in a manner to recall the extravagant splendors of Frederick William II., excluded the public by massive steel gates, and has in every way guarded against a recurrence of what happened in 1848.

While the chief of police Minutoli was seeking to convince the new ministers that the arming of the citizens was a measure of necessity to the King's safety, there rose from below shouts that assisted them to a favorable decision.

The King had received delegations of living men, and these had treated him with uniform respect, not to say servility.

* Varnhagen relates (under date of March 5, 1849) that on March 22, 1848, there arrived in Hamburg Captain von Bergh and Miss Clauce, a lady-in-waiting, with "more than twenty cases containing the crown jewels, other precious things, and a portion of the crown treasure. . . . The officer accompanied them to England. . . . and they have not yet come back.

" . . . Captain von Bergh had been ordered to escort the treasure of the crown—the jewelry of the Queen and the Princesses, and the plate of the Prince of Prussia (later William the Great).

"All could not be taken; but as much as was possible was loaded onto barges and floated to Spandau—this was accomplished while the people were busy with the funeral of those who had fought on the barricades. . . ."—Vol. iv., p. 343.

Now came a deputation of corpses—a ghastly file of bleeding victims, borne high on the shoulders of the mob. They made their way slowly through the dense crowd of hushed, silent spectators; they moved on to the portals of the palace; they passed into the court and waited under the royal windows.

No one dared question the right of these dead men to represent the cause of the people. There they reposed in state while the King hesitated.

Soon, however, there came another deputation from the dead; this time one which spoke with ferocious eloquence. The bodies had been decked with flowers, and, as though nothing should be left to the imagination at this horrible moment, their wounds were carefully exposed.

Below the royal windows the ghastly procession made halt in order that Frederick William IV. might see some of his "Dear Berliners," whom he had apostrophized with such tender words some hours before.

The ministers, in much alarm, came to the window and begged the people to disperse, promising everything. But the people wanted no ministers at that moment. They shouted, savagely, "The King! (*Der König!*)" There was no ring of loyalty in those hoarse shouts; they were the peremptory orders of a mob ready for vengeance.

The voice of ministers was drowned by the angry roar—"Der König!"

The King at last obeyed, and with him the Queen. He thought perhaps that the presence of his wife would exert a calming influence; in any case, it was not an act of chivalry. It recalls too much the time when this King's father sent Queen Luise to Napoleon in the hopes that her personal charm might win for him what his sword had lost. Frederick William IV. was not pre-

pared for the sight that met him as he stepped out onto the balcony, much less the Queen, who started back frightened when she gazed down at the gaping and bleeding wounds of the corpses below.

It was, indeed, a refinement of cruelty, and yet who can blame the people for what they did? Who of us would have done otherwise?

It was with reference to this most bloody, solemn, and dramatic moment that the great German poet vented his patriotic wrath in July of that year. We shall be forgiven for anticipating and citing here Freiligrath's immortal verses:

"THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

"The bullet in the marble breast, the gash upon the brow—
 You raised us on the bloody planks, with wild and wrathful vow!
 High in the air you lifted us, that every writhe of pain
 Might be an endless curse to *him*, at whose word we were slain!
 That he might see us in the gloom, or in the daylight's shine,
 Whether he turns his Bible's leaf or quaffs his foaming wine!
 That the dread memory on his soul should evermore be burned,
 A wasting and destroying flame within its gloom inurned!
 That every mouth with pain convulsed, and every gory wound,
 Be round him in the terror-hour, when his last bell shall sound!
 That every sob above us heard smite shuddering on his ear!
 That each pale hand be clinched to strike, despite his dying fear,
 Whether his sinking head still wear its mockery of a crown,
 Or he should lay it, bound, dethroned, on bloody scaffold down!

"Alas for you!—we were deceived! Four moons have scarcely
 run
 Since cowardly you've forfeited what we so bravely won!
 Squandered and cast to every wind the gain our death had
 brought!
 Ay! all we know! each word and deed our spirit-ears have
 caught!

Like waves came thundering every sound of wrong the country through:

The foolish war with Denmark!—is land betrayed anew!—
 The vengeance of Vendean men in many a province stern!
 The calling back of banished troops! the Prince's base return!
 Wherever barricades were built, the lock on press and tongue!
 On the free right of all debate, the daily practised wrong!
 The groaning clang of prison-doors in North and South afar!
 For all who plead the People's right, Oppression's ancient bar!
 The bond with Russia's Cossacks! the slander fierce and loud!
 Alas! that has become your share, instead of laurels proud."

The King might well have thought that the hour of his deepest humiliation had arrived, and the Queen was ready to faint between fright and disgust.

The mob had but commenced to play with their King. "Off with your hat! (*Hut ab!*)" they shouted, and Frederick William IV. meekly stood uncovered.

Where was now the divine right of kings? Where now his proud boast that never under any circumstances would he grant a Constitution to his people—never budge from his position of monarch absolute.*

Yet here, before a savage mob of his "Dear Berliners," he bowed his head. Now, at last, he was ready to do anything, however humiliating, merely to escape physical harm.

* According to Varnhagen, the ghastly parade of the corpses before the King had its origin thus:

"The mob had clamored beneath the palace windows for the liberation of the prisoners, some of whom had been already sent to Spandau, the rest, however, locked in the cellars of the palace. He promised what was asked, but added these ambiguous words, 'You shall have them, but I don't know how you will like the looks of them now!'"

As these prisoners had been horribly mishandled by their jailers (at least, according to Varnhagen), the people received this jest with furious threats, and bared the wounds of those who had fallen on the barricades; and making the King and Queen gaze down at them, they gave the grim repartee, "And now how do you like the looks of these?"—Vol. iv., p. 322.

And this is the man whose monument in Berlin overshadows all those raised to great poets, statesmen, artists, musicians, and public benefactors.

Could he have done anything else?

Certainly. He could have done his duty as many another soldier on that day, and have taken the consequences like a soldier.

For we must not forget that Frederick William IV. wore the uniform of a Prussian officer, and was the fountain-head of Prussian honor.*

On this particular March 19th he stood a cowed and wretched king, muttering words which may have been meant for another speech, but which were wholly lost in the teeth of the angry storm that raged beneath and about him.

He stood until the mob released him; then, crushed in body and spirit, he made his bow, and retired to sign the papers submitted to him on their behalf.

The people had finally triumphed; they had humiliated

* Varnhagen, in his diary (entry March 14, 1852), after careful inquiry regarding the events connected with the burial of those who had fallen on the barricades, says that at first the King had hesitated about coming out onto the balcony (facing the Schloss Platz) when the crowd below called to him. "Persuaded by General Pfuel, he stepped out. The Prince of Prussia wanted to follow. Pfuel held him back. The Prince turned to see who was holding him, and then decided to remain behind.

"All were uncovered save the King, who wore a cap. The crowd yelled, 'Mütze herab! (Off with your cap!),' and he uncovered.

"The corpses were then taken through the court of the palace to the cathedral. The crowd followed, but they halted in the palace-yard (the inner court), and here again the King was compelled to appear repeatedly on the balcony in order to make obeisance to the dead and to listen to a lot of things (*viele anhören*).

"Finally a hymn was started—'Jesus, meine Zuversicht (Jesus, my Refuge)'—and thus ended this dreadful show; the whole crowd joined, and seemed satisfied, reconciled (*versöhnt*). The King was then permitted to retire, exhausted and broken."—Vol. iv., p. 322.

their King. The fate of their country was now in their hands. There was no force that could bar their way in any direction—either for plunder or conquest. They could sack the palace, occupy the public buildings, break open the treasure-vaults, and legalize all they might do by calling together a revolutionary parliament.

The times were ripe, the way was clear, the forces were there—but they were German forces.

The dead bodies were once more raised upon the shoulders of the people. They were borne away from the palace, and the mob which a few minutes before had been ready for any desperate act now with one accord sought their homes singing in unison the glorious German hymn, "Jesus, meine Zuversicht! (Jesus, my Refuge)."

XXII

HOCH DIE REVOLUTION!

Berlin illuminates in honor of the Revolution—The palace of Prince William threatened—Citizen guard at the old Palace—Prisoners released from Spandau—Ungenerous treatment.

“And though compelled to banishment, ye hunt her down through
endless lands;
And though she seeks a foreign hearth, and silent 'mid its ashes
stands,
And though she bathes her wounded feet, where foreign streams
seek foreign seas,
Yet—yet—she never more will hang her harp on Babel's willow-
trees!

“Ah, no! she strikes its every string, and bids their loud defiance
swell,
And as she mocked your scaffold erst, she mocks your banishment
as well.
She sings a song that starts you up astounded from your slumbrous
seats,
Until your heart—your craven heart—your traitor heart—with
terror beats!”

—*Poems from the German of Ferdinand Freiligrath*, edited by his
daughter (ed. Tauchnitz, 1869), p. 229.

THE night of March 19th Berlin was brilliantly illuminated in honor of the Revolution, and pity 'tis that this same March 19th should not have remained ever since a grand national holiday like our Fourth of July, for it was a day of which Germans might well be proud.

The city was now wholly free from troops; the citizens had organized a guard of their own. No policemen were

to be seen. The mob was triumphant, the crowds were thick in the streets, yet never had life and property been more secure.

Nowadays, when every other man in Berlin appears to be a government functionary of some sort, it does one good to recall a time when Germans behaved themselves without police assistance. They also got on uncommonly well without the Prince of Prussia. He had been smuggled away to England, and this acted soothingly on the mob.

There was a movement to demolish his palace Unter den Linden, but a quick-witted patriot proclaimed it national property, and thus saved it for his country—and for the Prince himself.

The big palace of Frederick William IV. was now guarded by citizens, in fancy militia uniforms, who relieved one another and enjoyed hugely the good food which the King sent to them, to say nothing of the excellent wine from the royal cellars. To be sure, there was scant protection in this guard, had the mob been bent upon injuring the King or his palace.

The business of citizen soldiery was mainly ornamental in those days. The fact that it worked so smoothly is evidence that the people of Berlin were law-abiding, peaceable, and good-natured—that they deserved liberal government.

During the night's rejoicing, while the well-dressed burghers and their wives were promenading the Linden and admiring the festive decorations, they noted at short intervals groups of tattered and tottering tramps also gazing curiously about them in a sort of Rip Van Winkle bewilderment. They were foot-sore and ragged; they seemed out of place amid well-dressed people.

These were men who had been made prisoners by the

troops in the barricade night of the 18th-19th. They had been dragged off to Spandau, and were now returning, lost in wonderment at the change which had been wrought by the last few hours.

Spandau is a fortress only about twelve miles from the heart of Berlin, but on the night of the 18th-19th it seemed longer, for the soldiers who had the prisoners in charge took pleasure in treating them like obstinate cattle.

Throughout that night prisoners arrived at Spandau and were locked up in a casemate of the fortress; the floors were of brick, and no straw was given to lie on. It was at first very cold, but as the space became more and more crowded with the hundreds who followed, there was risk of suffocation. Men fought to secure a place near the key-hole or the crack of the door, and had this confinement lasted long there is reason to fear that Prussia also would have had the story of a "black hole" eclipsing that of Calcutta.

At noon on the 19th the densely huddled and much-suffering prisoners received each a piece of bread called, in German, *Commissbrod*, a sort of food which horses find palatable, but which on normal stomachs has an effect akin to a dose of sawdust and stale beer. The French prisoners of 1870 found in *Commissbrod* an enemy more dreaded than the bullets of the needle-gun.

But the prisoners had, many of them, been twenty-four hours without food, had been brought fresh from the barricades to the damp cellars of the Schloss, thence marched to Spandau during the night. The alternation from profuse perspiration to sudden chill, with no facilities for heating, were, as we can readily imagine, tantamount to officially applied torture.

But on the 19th, at three o'clock in the afternoon,

when it was already dusk in the casemate, a jailer entered and called away ten prisoners.

No one knew for what purpose—all were in total ignorance of what had happened in Berlin from the time when they were marched away to Spandau. According to precedent, they had every reason to anticipate a drum-head court-martial, a firing-party, and a grave in the trenches.

This fortress is the same that held the Turnvater Jahn, the same destined to hold Kinkel, whose name is honorably bound up with that of Carl Schurz. The local *Baedeker* tells the traveller that here are kept the rolls of money which are set in circulation when the Prussian army is placed on a war footing, some \$40,000,000; but we are not informed by this otherwise conscientious guide of the interesting part which these walls played in the struggle of Germans for liberty. We hope in future to have two separate editions of *Baedeker*—the one for German officials, courtiers, and professional soldiers, the other for those who would like to learn the truth.

At the end of ten minutes another batch of ten was released, or, according to those left behind, taken out to execution. And so this evacuation went on for the rest of the afternoon and evening.

As each ten were brought forth, they were taken before the officer in charge and told that they had been pardoned by the King, because he regarded them as having been duped by ringleaders.

But they were not informed of what was happening, were told nothing but that they were free and might return to Berlin.

It was not desired that they should arrive in a large body, and so the officer in charge arranged that only ten at a time should start on foot from their prison, and—

the purpose obviously being to make their release devoid of enthusiasm—to make them march their weary way in the dark, not knowing what was to be the fate of those whom they were leaving behind, not knowing even what reception they might expect on arriving at their homes.

It was a petty revenge, for it robbed these men of a splendid triumph. They were entitled to immediate and unconditional freedom, and equally entitled to enter Berlin by rail, or any other means convenient. Had they been liberated according to the King's order, they would, in a body of five hundred or more, have marched triumphantly down the Linden, cheered by their fellow-citizens, and escorted by a guard of honor with flags flying and a band of music on ahead.

But this time the military secured a triumph, albeit a petty one.

The prisoners arrived in small batches, dirty, worn-out wretches, incapable of giving any information regarding those who were to follow, happy on hearing that Berlin was ablaze with popular illumination, but themselves too weary to more than crawl to their beds.

XXIII

THE KING OF PRUSSIA HAILS POLISH LIBERTY

The King forgives political offenders—The people open the prison doors of the Poles in Berlin—They are brought in triumph through the Berlin streets—To the palace—King greets them—Mieroslawski—His career and fate—Relations of Prussia to Russia.

“What a powerful thing is national feeling! We see it in Bohemians, Poles, Hungarians. Their looks speak—their mournful countenance when they hear pronounced the name of a free country; they clinch their teeth when they hear of free Englishmen; they are inexpressibly sad when contemplating their own!” —Sealsfield, *Austria* (1827), p. 64.

THERE were many Poles in prison, to say nothing of many Germans, whose crime consisted in having loved their country and having dared to tell the truth.

On March 20th the streets of Berlin were placarded with this notice over the royal signature:

“Yesterday I told you that my heart had forgiven and forgotten.

“And in order that there might be no doubt as to this applying to the whole of my people, and in order that the great future now opening for our country may not be dimmed by painful memories, I hereby proclaim:

“Forgiveness for all those who have been accused or imprisoned on account of political offences!”

At one o'clock a huge procession marched to the Moabit model “Pennsylvania” penitentiary and brought the official announcement that the Polish patriots were free.

Throughout Prussian history the court of Berlin has acted in harmony with the Russian police in the suppression of Polish liberty, in handing over to the authorities of the Czar any poor wretches who may have escaped onto German soil.*

This policy was continued through the reign of Bismarck, and is consistently pursued in the year of this writing (1905).

But the policy of the crown has not been in harmony with the heart of the people, and when in 1848 the people ruled, their first political act in the field of international affairs was: *Hoch die französische Republik! Los von Russland! Hurrah for French Liberty! Down with Russia!* And of this the obvious corollary was, "Justice to Poland!"

As we shall see, the future Emperor William I. cultivated† the friendship of Russia, and passed it down as a sacred legacy to his grandson William II. And the reason why William I. sought this friendship is the very reason which made the people cry, "Away with the knout!"

* "The most humiliating thing for a German is to know that it is from Russia that the influences emanate which hamper our forces and limit our intellectual expansion; at this rate we can almost look forward to a time when our much-beloved Vaterland will be controlled by China!

"... It is not France that is our enemy—no, it is Russia. And this enemy is the more to be dreaded because it has its friends here (meaning the King and the future Emperor William)."—Heinzen, *Bureaucratie*, p. 321.

"Then, too, the King was most painfully anxious to please Russia, who regarded every generous act towards a Pole as a personal slight to the Czar. . . . And all the more, therefore, did Germans feel sympathy for the Poles."—Varnhagen, vol. iv., p. 179.

† "The Poles are condemned, not for high-treason, but treason against their country (*Landesverrath*). . . . The Prince of Prussia is furious at the mildness of the judgment; . . . wants to have it upset; . . . eight were condemned to death."—Varnhagen, December 3, 1847.

William I. saw in Russia an ally in his war against popular demands. The people saw in Russia an ally of the Prussian policeman.*

But to go back to March 20th in Berlin: the people had now secured all the rights which they at the moment deemed within their reach; they had now liberty to say and print what they chose; they had their own citizen guards; they had the promise of a liberal Constitution; they were even allowed to smoke on the streets and in the Thiergarten Park.

Their hearts welled over with love of their neighbor, of Poland, and so out they crowded in a huge, enthusiastic throng to bring back in triumph the Polish patriots who had been sentenced to long terms in the penitentiary for their share in the insurrection of 1846.†

The good citizens took out the horses from the carriages and themselves pulled the Poles in triumph through the city, through the Neues Thor, past the place where now stands the Lehrter or Hamburger railway station, into town, and down the Linden. The windows were crowded; on all sides the people waved the revolutionary flag. The carriages were draped with Polish colors; the Poles waved German flags.

* "L'Empereur de Russie (Nikolaus) voit bien de son côté quel obstacle lui opposerait une Allemagne Unitaire. Lamoricière (French ambassador in Russia) dans une de ses lettres particulières me mandait qu'un jour l'Empereur lui dit avec sa franchise et sa hauteur ordinaire: 'Si l'unité de l'Allemagne, que vous ne désirez sans doute pas plus que moi, venait à se faire; il faudrait encore pour le manier, un homme capable de ce que Napoléon lui même n'a pu exécuter. Et si cet homme se rencontrait—si cette masse en armes devenait menaçante, ce serait Notre Affaire, à vous et à moi!'"—Tocqueville, *Mémoire Souvenirs* (1849), p. 388.

† "When the King's order arrived for the imprisoned Poles to be set at liberty, they had already been released by the people."—Varnhagen, March 21st.

At the university, in front of the palace of the "Prince," a halt was made, and speeches; then a citizen guard of honor was provided, and the crowd proceeded to the palace. Here again there was cheering, the King was once more called out, and this time he took off his cap, and each time that he did so the crowd cheered with increasing vigor.

Then the "liberal" minister Schwerin said a few words, which were also cheered.

Then one of the Poles made a speech, which presumably thanked the King for setting them free, but which was not generally heard. After a long interval of cheering, Count Schwerin again addressed them and expressed the hope that in future they would look to Germans as their best friends, now that they saw what feelings were entertained for them by the Prussian government.

Then another Pole made a speech, and assured the King's minister and all near him that Poles would never forget this day, but that henceforth all Poles would show their gratitude by fighting against Russia for the benefit of Germany.*

It was a beautiful love-feast, which it is well to recall now when Prussia is violently Germanizing her Polish provinces.

And who was the hero of this Polish love-feast—the man to whom the Hohenzollern King took off his cap and greeted as a brother liberator?

It was the Polish patriot Mieroslowski, another of that bright band of devoted men whom the world is apt

* In a proclamation dated May 3, 1848, the Berlin committee (Germans) for the restoration of Poland called upon fellow-Germans to defend Polish liberty.

"Poland, an empire from the Vistula to the Black Sea, would be a market for Germany, a source of wealth beyond the trade of any other country. Shall Russia close this market from us forever?"

to regard as failures, but without whom our annals would be but a dreary record indeed.

Mieroslawski belongs with Robert Blum, Louis Kossuth, Kosciuszko, Garibaldi, Winkelried—men whose actions are determined by love of their fellow-man, hatred of the tyrant, a willingness to die for an ideal.

The name of Mieroslawski recalls that after the Napoleonic Wars the great powers erected something in the shape of an independent republic of Krakow, with some 150,000 souls—a small state at the junction of Russia, Austria, and Prussia.

Such a commonwealth could not long escape the interference of its predatory neighbors, and therefore it is not surprising that it was occupied by a joint force of Russians and Austrians during the Polish insurrection of 1846.

In the fall of that year Prussia, Russia, and Austria came readily to the conclusion that Krakow was a nuisance and ought to be suppressed, and so it was handed over to Austria.

But Mieroslawski believed in Polish rights and fought for them. He had already fought for his country throughout the campaign of 1830, and after that unhappy struggle had lived an exile in France.

With the outbreak of 1846 in Poland he once more went to the front, was captured by the Prussian troops, and, after a trial which lasted over a year and a half, was finally (November 17, 1847), condemned to death in Berlin;* the sentence was commuted into imprisonment

* After liberation Mieroslawski hurried to Poland, and again for the third time organized his people and led them into battle. A third time he was defeated and again took refuge in France. In 1849 he fought in Sicily for Italian unity, and in the same year took command in Baden of the people who there resisted the Prussian

for life — and the Revolution opened the gates of his prison.

army under the "Prince of Prussia." . . . Here again he was beaten after a good fight, again escaped to France, and again in 1863 fought for Poland—for the fourth time in a little more than thirty years. He died (1878) a poor man, forgotten save by idealists.

IV.—15

XXIV

THE KING FOLLOWS THE FLAG OF LIBERTY

The King drapes himself in the revolutionary colors and marches round the streets of Berlin—His proclamation—Stieber at his side—Burghers as watchmen—The students called upon to act as body-guard for the King—Details of the procession—The King makes speeches—Adopts the programme of the Revolution—Places himself at the head of United Germany.

“Die Freiheit ist die Nation
Ist *Aller* gleich Gebieten.
Die Freiheit ist die Auction
Von dreissig Fürstenhüten.
Die Freiheit ist die Republik!
Und abermals die Republik!
Pulver ist schwarz,
Blut ist roth,
Golden flackert die Flamme!”

—Ferdinand Freiligrath. London, March 17, 1848.

WHEN Frederick William IV., on the morning of March 18th, caught sight, from his palace windows, of a black, red, and yellow banner floating from a neighboring house, he turned indignantly to a deputation of citizens and said: “Tear away that thing! Out of my sight with that rag!”

Three days later, on March 21st, this same King draped himself in these self - same revolutionary colors and launched upon the world this proclamation, printed in the royal establishment and affixed to every conspicuous corner while Berlin was still chatting over the morning coffee:*

* “The court functionaries last night looked much afflicted—the King kept walking restlessly, with short steps, from one room to the

"A new and glorious epoch opens for you to-day! From this moment you are a great, united nation—strong, free, and mighty—in the heart of Europe.

"Prussia's Frederick William IV. has placed himself at the head of the United Fatherland in order to save Germany. He has done this because he confides in your heroic support and your intellectual regeneration!

"To-day you will see him on horseback in your midst draped in the illustrious colors of the German nation (*Deutsche Nation*).

"A blessing on the Constitutional Prince Monarch, the leader of the whole German people, the new King, the free and newly born German 'Nation.'"

Read this singular proclamation once more, and carefully, and you will find scarce a word which did not become a cruel lie within a very few months.

And so, on this 21st of March, Berlin and the bulk of Germany wept tears of joy in the belief that the glorious dream of German unity and liberty was at last to be realized.

It seemed so for the moment; for by this time the people had become used to the marvellous. The past week had witnessed almost daily miracles; why not one or two more? The jails of Germany were still filled with young men whose only crime had been to wear the colors of United Germany, and the man who had locked them up now ordered a flag of the same color for himself.

There are those who see in this King and his immediate advisers shrewd and far-seeing hypocrites who pretended to humor the mob merely that they might gain time to prepare the counter-move or "reaction."

other. He looked pale and haggard, laughing nervously—almost childish—a picture of misery. Yesterday he called down to the mob from his balcony, to inquire if it would be agreeable to them if he rode through the streets to-day!"—Varnhagen, *Diary*, March 21st.

A man who was much with the King when he went out was one Stieber, who had raised himself to police power by acting as a government spy among the poor weavers of Silesia. He was destined to achieve unenviable notoriety later on by worming out secrets of the alleged Socialists and betraying those whom he had pretended to treat as comrades. In these days he professed the loudest liberal sentiments, and made the people believe that he was heart and soul with the Revolution.

There were many like Stieber, many who later distinguished themselves by the violence of their measures against their former fellows.

Count Arnim, the new and supposedly liberal minister, urged former officials and men of position to join the newly organized militia of the city. He did this under pretence that the King and government were now heart and soul for the new order of things, and that consequently all good courtiers and members of the "aristocracy" should follow this example.

The simple people cheered. Yet this apparently generous behavior bore fruits not dreamed of by the men of the barricades. The city guards became little by little diluted with aristocrats and officials masquerading as revolutionary patriots. They showed immense zeal for their work; through their military experience and leisure they soon worked their way up to commanding positions, and the result of it was that in a strangely short time the so-called *Bürgergarde* was but another name for a royal body-guard acting largely under the influence of the Palace.

The *Bürgergarde* were soon weary of mounting guard day and night, and were not loath to accept as substitutes any who would allow them to go to their shops and counting-rooms.

But on this 21st of March the enthusiasm was still well sustained.

Behind the university, opposite the palace of the late William I., students were feverishly drilling in order to learn the trick of saluting properly and relieving guard according to the text-book. Suddenly there appeared Count Schwerin, the minister of the King. He called them all together in the *aula*, or general hall, of the university, and addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen, it is my duty to inform the 'academic youth,' which has shown such courage in maintaining public order, of the steps which his Majesty the King proposes to take in the direction of reform.

"His Majesty proposes to place himself at the head of a 'Constitutional Germany.' . . . He wishes liberty under the protection of constitutional monarchy, not merely for Prussia, but for all Germany.

"He has decided to convene, so soon as possible, a German parliament, and to place himself also as leader of the progressive movement.

"The King, in this, counts upon the protection and support of his faithful people; and are you not also of opinion that he may safely do this? (Vociferous cheers!)

"Accordingly the King intends at once to decorate himself with the 'German' colors and appear in the streets. He counts upon the students to cluster about him.

"Gentlemen, long live our genuine German King!

"Gentlemen, we are the responsible ministers of his Majesty, but the spirit that animates us is that of his Majesty—Progress and Liberty—we are responsible for the realization of these ideals.

"Long live the Responsibility of Ministers!"

Even in those hours of exaltation it was notable that a responsible minister of the crown should ask advice on vital matters of international policy of student youngsters fresh from the leading-strings of the grammar-schools.

No wonder that the students cheered themselves hoarse for a monarch who was pleased to invoke their protection, not to speak of their advice, in a crisis such as this.

No doubt every freshman in that assembly saw before him a career as statesman. Of course, they dropped their drilling and marched in a body to the palace in order there to enter upon their duties as *corps d'élite* near the person of the monarch.

The King at once came forth on the balcony to greet them and to ask them to be patient; he would soon make his appearance, as per programme.

Then he called out for a German flag; there was none in stock at the palace, but the ever-present and resourceful Dr. Stieber fetched a ladder, leaned it against a house in the Breitestrasse, from whose upper window a splendid red, black, and yellow flag was floating proudly (for in this street the fiercest fighting had been through the night of the 18th).

This flag he brought to the King, who promised to regard it henceforth as his royal standard.

At about eleven the King made his appearance on horseback, wearing the uniform of the First Regiment of the Guards of Prussia—the full-dress helmet on his head and about his arm a red, black, and yellow band.

Here at last was a Prussian King in full military uniform, freely offering himself as a symbol of all that his predecessors had abominated and which his successor was soon to trample under foot.

He came forth from the palace surrounded by everything that could add solemnity to this great act—princes of the royal house, generals of his military household, notable citizens who had but a few hours before fought fiercely against the royal troops within the very shadow of the palace.

The King was radiantly happy in the midst of this motley of mob and monarchy. Before him waved the great flag of the Revolution, and about him howled with delight the men who now believed that they had secured a Hohenzollern King as leader of the people.*

Slowly moved the procession; the crowd pressed him from all sides; men and women wept with hysterical emotion; it was all like something on the stage; the King enjoyed it hugely. At last he felt he was playing the part that suited him; he felt himself once more in the stained-glass world of the Middle Ages; here was the grateful people joyfully hailing him as their savior, kissing the hem of his garment, craving his blessing, satisfied if they could even touch his horse.

He stopped many times, and each time had something to say of his mission as leader of free and united Germany. Many begged favors of him, and many of these favors he granted on the spot.

It all recalled some Oriental scene, some sacred kalif dispensing happiness in his path, radiating divinity from his person.

The procession had left the palace-yard by the gate facing the present gigantic statue to William I.

From the palace it turned towards the Linden Avenue, and made its first halt in front of where is now the great statue of Frederick the Great, of which then only the pedestal was complete.

* "Took a walk in the Unter den Linden Avenue—the house (*haus*) of Prince Wilhelm was to have been attacked; it escaped through the protection of the German flag (black, yellow, red), and a notice, 'Property of the whole nation!'

"Speeches were made.

"All purveyors to the Prince had their signs torn down—those of the King were respected, and a notice to this effect was chalked up."—Varnhagen, *Diary*, March 20, 1848.

Here the King addressed the municipal guard who occupied the guard-house next to the university, and here he remarked to the citizen warriors that he had "no words with which to thank them for their services!"

Hereupon some one proposed three cheers for "The Emperor of Germany!" To which Frederick William IV. made the same sort of protest that Cæsar made when they offered him the same sort of homage.

Then the procession moved on. At the head rode two Prussian generals decked in the revolutionary colors. After them followed three of the King's ministers. Then came the new flag, and immediately behind it the King himself, with members of the citizen government on either hand, one of them the citizen Judas Stieber, who acted as guide and had much to explain. Behind him rode a brilliant suite of princes and generals.

When the round trip had been finished, they passed once more the university, and here the students were drawn up in a body and presented arms in military fashion.

Frederick William, of course, made a speech, in which he said things which many of them remembered later on in prison or exile:

"Gentlemen, my heart beats high to think that it is my capital which has produced all this splendid sentiment.

"The present day is a great one—a never-to-be-forgotten one—a decisive one.

"There is a great future reserved for you, gentlemen, and when you shall look back upon your lives, some of these days, then think of this day!" etc.

It would be waste of space to reproduce more than a few samples of what the King said to his people in these days. He spoke freely, and with astonishing fluency. Nearly everything which he said had about it an ele-

ment of the nebulous. It was his fortune to be ever misunderstood; he used language which to you and me would mean one thing, but which he subsequently intended to be taken some other way. The people had very distinct notions of what they meant by the words German Unity, Parliament, Liberty, Constitution. They wept with joy, because they thought the King was talking to them in their own home-made German. They believed that he meant what he said—that he intended to convene a German parliament, to really place himself at the head of Germany, to unite all sections of the Fatherland and make them happy under a common government.

After this memorable ride and round of speeches, the King again appeared on the streets, and this time on foot with Prince Albrecht. Again he was the recipient of hearty ovations.

He had satisfied himself, no less than the rest of the world, that so far from being a prisoner in his palace, he was free to wander about among his people in complete safety; he had no further need of military guards; his safety lay in the love of his loyal subjects.

That same day his heart again welled over, and, not content with the many public utterances of the morning, he sent to the press the following, which is worth recalling:

“To my people—to the German ‘Nation’!

“Thirty-five years ago the King (husband of Queen Luise) trusted his people, and his confidence was not misplaced.

“The King, united with his people, saved Prussia and Germany from disgrace.

“To-day I am speaking confidently to my people. The Fatherland is in danger, and my people are among the noblest of those composing this Fatherland. Germany is in ferment, and at such a time there may be danger from more than one direction (the reference is either to France or Russia).

"There is no safety from this position save through uniting princes and people under one leader.*

"This leadership I now undertake for the days of danger. My gallant people will support me. To-day I have assumed the old German colors and ranged myself and my people under the venerable banner of the German Empire.

"Prussia now is absorbed by Germany (*Preussen geht fortan in Deutschland auf!*)," etc.

* "It seems to be the general opinion that the King of Prussia has shown considerable dexterity in putting himself at the head of this (German National) movement!"—Greville, March 22, 1848. Greville shows that he was poorly served in his Prussian news—he probably got the views of Bunsen, the Prussian minister in London.

XXV

BERLIN CITIZENS AND THE DEAD SOLDIERS

Citizens bury the dead soldiers—Details of the procession—The *Invaliden*—Generosity of the mob—Feeling of anger among officers—Number of soldiers killed—Official mystery.

"Prussia and Germany are lost if the Prussian people go to sleep and this mad landlord reign once more has its way. Even the murders which are committed unpunished by the officers, and about which not even indignation is shown among the people, are signs of the old cowardice and meanness."—*Arnold Ruge's Correspondence and Diaries*, 1825-1880 (Berlin, 1886), p. 219.

THE citizens buried the soldiers on March 24th, two days after the great procession to the Friedrichshain.

Again Berlin was to show the world that though the military caste would not fraternize with civilians, nevertheless the men in mufti would pay honor to the dead, irrespective of class.

At seven o'clock in the morning the procession started from near the Brandenburg Gate to the graveyard reserved for old soldiers, the so-called *Invaliden*. It is here that has since been reared the cast-iron monument already referred to.

In this graveyard lie two illustrious soldiers: the one, Scharnhorst, who incurred the displeasure of his King by advocating democratic principles for the army; the other, General Boyen, who laid down his post of war minister because he would not be a party to an administration of the army which had for its object the separation of citizen and soldier.

These two men would have rejoiced had they seen this procession; they would have grieved to see the cast-iron column.

The procession was headed by citizen bands of target companies, then by students, and then a choral society singing hymns.

Then came the *Bürgergarde* (the municipal militia) led by the chief of police (Minutoli), and then the coffins decked with flowers.

Behind the coffins walked the Protestant and Roman priests.

Then came many officers high in rank, the commander of the Berlin garrison, several aides-de-camp of the King, and generals living in Berlin.

History would gratefully record a large and cordial co-operation of officers in this citizen act of generosity, but, aside from officers who were obviously ordered there by the King, the army was conspicuous by its absence.

However, there were uniforms enough present to make a fair display and to prove that the King at least was in favor of harmony between classes.

It was noticed that many of the older officers wore the Iron Cross, won during the Wars of Liberation. The men who were thus decorated may be presumed to have treasured some sympathy for "the people in arms." The most arrogant of the new school of officers were not born when Blücher led his bearded Landwehr over the Rhine in the winter of 1813-1814.

Immediately after the army officers came a long train of mechanics and factory workers, apprentices, and representatives of the trades, preceded by singing societies and liberally intersprinkled with the tricolor of the new Germany. And the procession closed with a file of the municipal volunteers (*Bürgergarde*).

At the entrance to the graveyard stood the venerable pensioners—the old soldiers worn out in war for their country's freedom. There they stood in sorrow, marvelling by what strange turn of destiny it was possible for Germans who but a few short years ago stood shoulder to shoulder fighting a common enemy should now be turning their hands one against another.

A long and deep grave had been dug, and into this the bodies were lowered. Short addresses were made by the military chaplains, and then the last honors were paid in the shape of a salute fired over the grave by the citizen volunteers.

The crowd was great (estimated at 10,000 by Streckfuss), and at the close of the proceedings General Natzmer, then sixty-six years old and an intimate of the King, thanked the people warmly for their generous treatment of the soldier dead. Then all went home to think it over.

The thinking grew less and less satisfactory. The citizens, little by little, recognized that their magnanimity found but a very feeble echo in the army. The officers at Potsdam, so far from being grateful, were angry at the mere participation of civilians in a military funeral; they would have taken the bodies up and had them buried anew in strict military manner, could they have had their way.

Prussian soldiers *honored* by a salute fired by revolutionary citizens! The mere idea was revolting on the Havel!*

Then the citizens brooded over the strange fact that instead of burying several hundred soldiers, the number of coffins proved to be only fifteen!

* "Potsdam is another world—nobody there wears the German colors, although the King wears them, and ordered the troops to wear them!"—Varnhagen, *Diary*, April 2, 1848.

The military had obviously smuggled away the rest, which must have been, according to popular impression, at least 1000.

The citizens lost in their barricade fights from 230 to 240, counting those who died of their wounds prior to the great funeral. It could not be that the troops who attacked these barricades should have had only fifteen killed, when in similar cases the attacking party loses many more than those who are protected behind breast-works.

On this point the truth must have been known within a very few hours after the fighting, for no soldier could have fallen without its being known by one side or the other.

It was, however, not until April 11th, nearly three weeks from the day of the chief fighting, that the war authorities thought fit to publish what they called a final and official report. In this it appeared that the whole loss of the troops was only three officers, seventeen privates and non-commissioned officers killed in action or who died of their wounds before March 24th.

The truth may never be known, but in Berlin at the time it was believed that the soldier dead had been taken away at night on barges, floated down the Spree, and thus into the Havel, and buried secretly, in order to spread the notion that the troops could readily have mastered the people had not the royal orders interfered.

The historian Scherr leans to the opinion that the dead on both sides were about equal.

Streckfuss is inclined to believe that four soldiers were killed to every one citizen.

It is unfortunate that there were then men of the highest "honor" who deemed it of more importance to sacrifice the truth than their military reputation.

XXVI

BURY THE DEAD

The people propose to bury soldiers and citizens together—Opinions differ—Officers oppose it—King willing—He receives deputation—The corpses collected—Procession passes the palace—The King salutes them—Burial and orations—Details of the procession—Friedrichshain neglected.

“Each generation must judge independently of the one that has gone before. It has a right to do so because of increased accumulation of knowledge and experience. . . . Therefore must each generation write anew the history of the past—each according to the needs of the present.”—Gustav Freytag, *Aus neuer Zeit*, p. 493.

THOSE who write about mobs and their work are usually educated in a school which teaches that wisdom and moderation come from above, while violence and cruelty distinguish those at the bottom. There are several notable exceptions to this alleged rule.

Berlin furnished one on March 22, 1848.

On this day and month in 1797 was born William, first German Emperor. But there was no thought of honoring him in 1848, albeit he was then more than fifty years of age—old enough to have earned the respect if not the love of his fellow-Germans.

On this day of 1848 the city of Berlin was at the mercy of the “mob,” had there been such a thing at that time in the place. The people, through their representatives, discussed the question of burying those who had fallen while defending the barricades, and, with a generosity singular in the annals of civil war, it proposed to bury

soldiers and citizens side by side, and to invite the soldiers to shake hands over the freshly made graves.

It was a noble resolution, a spontaneous suggestion, and it came, not from the military authorities, but from the men of the barricades.

This proposition might have found many opponents among the most violent of the Revolutionists, but even on this 22d of March, only four days since the great night of blood, the most influential of the popular party were already eager to close the breach between themselves and the party of "privilege," and no time seemed so opportune as that in which the dead of both sides were being laid in soil sacred to both.

A committee of notable citizens who met at the old town-hall (*Kölnisches Rathhaus*) issued this memorable notice:

"To all Prussians:

"Citizens! in time of war every citizen becomes a soldier!

"Soldiers! in peace, every soldier becomes a citizen!

"Citizens and soldiers! Let us embrace as brothers in the same Fatherland, and let us join in paying the last honors to our dead brethren," etc.

The hero of the hour was a veterinary surgeon named Urban; he had distinguished himself on the barricades, and could not, therefore, be suspected of lacking in popular fervor.

So firmly was he convinced of the "mob's" generosity at this moment that he made his way to the palace, and on being admitted to the royal presence threw himself on his knees at the feet of Frederick William IV., and, in answer to the King, said:

"My name is Urban. I am a vet. I fought on the barricades, and I have come to thank you in the name of the people for giving us peace."

The King ordered him to rise, and encouraged him to talk. And our fighting vet then told his King that if his Majesty would call the regiments back to Berlin they would be escorted and welcomed by the citizens.

On this the King signed the following order:

"At the request of the vet Urban, I hereby cheerfully (*sehr gern*) consent to his escorting back to Berlin the troops quartered in and about Potsdam, notably the Kaiser Alexander Grenadier Regiment" (which was a regiment particularly dear to Berlin).

"Selbst geschrieben am 21 März, 1848.

"FREDERICK WILLIAM."

The troops were to march in on the 22d, in time to take part in the burial.

At least so thought the vet and those whom he represented. But there were those who would have none of this forgiving, who were still angry at the soldiers, and whom it was not easy to persuade.

There were others whose anger was still stronger. The officers of the army would have none of this brotherly forgiveness. They regarded the people of Berlin as a mad dog to be shot down; the mere notion of parleying with popular representatives seemed to them a stain upon their honor. And so the hand held out by the people was struck down.

And strange that the citizens of 1848 failed to realize this and to act accordingly when the power was theirs.

But the honor of the Prussian army is different from the honor of the citizen. The late Emperor William never forgave the people of Germany in general and Berlin in particular for having resisted men in the royal livery. Such a desecration, when it applies to the individual, must, according to caste etiquette, be followed by suicide of the victim or else a bloody and immediate vengeance. In 1848 neither of these remedies was

thoroughly applied; for, while the officers brooded over their disgrace, the soldiers in the ranks had but a remote understanding for the stain upon the quaint honor of their superiors.

Most of the men in the ranks felt sore at the moment, owing to the effect of bricks and sticks, want of sleep, and scanty rations; but, so soon as they were once more well fed, and well quartered at night, their sores healed and they secretly wished well to their fellows on the barricades.

To come back now to our narrative.

We are compelled to believe that whatever grumbling there might have been here and there among the most violent of the Berlin populace, the real reason why a joint funeral of soldiers and citizens did not take place was because the military authorities desired no reconciliation. On the contrary, they felt like a wild beast deprived of its prey; they yearned for an opportunity to establish military supremacy once more, and their time was soon to come.

On the day before the funeral (March 21st) the city government issued this formal announcement:

"On all sides is the eager desire expressed in good old German fashion that the funeral of our fallen brethren do not take place until all hearts have been touched by reconciliation.

"At the earnest request of the popular voice, we have secured from his Majesty permission for the troops to return and take part with us in the burial of those who have fallen.

"The troops will enter peacefully and be escorted by students and guilds of mechanics and apprentices. In order to still further awaken confidence, his Majesty has ordered that before they enter Berlin the troops shall take the oath to support the German Constitution!"

This placard was prepared but never posted. It was made public two years later, much too late to do any good.

It shows us, however, on what a broad and intelligent basis of popular generosity the statesman of that day might have built the home of German unity and liberty.

But the Prussian officer wanted no such thing.

So Berlin buried her dead in sorrow, and in anger as well.

Throughout the night of March 21st-22d workmen were busy rearing a huge staging, on which were placed the dead, embowered in flowers. There were 183 of these bodies; five of them were women, two were boys.

There were thirty-three whom no one claimed on that day, but each was decked with flowers like the rest. They may have been passing strangers in the Prussian capital, Germans from distant towns, warm-hearted patriots who rushed to the barricades and gave their lives for liberty without pausing to make their wills or sort their letters; they may have been sons of parents far away in high official positions who would have been embarrassed had it been made public that one of their family had fought with the mob against the sacred cloth. Many eminent Germans take pains to suppress the part which their illustrious kinsmen took in the days of 1848, and that is one reason why it is to-day difficult to secure more than a part of the truth about this period.

The dead were gathered in the open square at the centre of which is now the monument of Schiller, the poet of German liberty. But there was no Schiller there in 1848. This monument was not reared until after Berlin had become the capital of united Germany, and even then the first German Emperor refused to honor the ceremony with his presence.*

* Communicated by the late George von Bunsen, member of the Imperial Parliament. His father was the minister in London in 1848.

Until the adoption of the Imperial Constitution (1871), Berlin may

The royal theatre, Schinkel's beautiful creation, was there, as it is to-day, but the two churches have been latterly added to. The platform was built by the light of torches, and all through the night and the following morning an endless stream of citizens crowded about the place. All were in deep mourning, which was worn for the next two weeks. Houses displayed flags of black, red, and yellow, and with it black flags of mourning.

On this 22d of March the people gave another instance of that delicacy of feeling which was sadly lacking in the class which boasted of being "noblest of the noble."

The funeral committee had not determined the route by which the mourners were to reach the place of burial; on this subject they wished first to consult their King.

A member of the committee called at the palace, and, through the minister (Von Arnim), asked if it would be agreeable to the King that the procession pass the palace windows.

The minister gave a decidedly negative answer.

The citizens' delegate was about to return to his colleagues with his answer when the minister begged him to wait a moment, saying that the matter was so important it might be well to have the King consulted personally.

Now there was no reason why the citizens should have consulted any one in regard to this matter; the nearest way from the square at the royal theatre to the burial-place at the Friedrichshain lay past the palace, and that

be said to have tolerated no public monuments save to kings and soldiers. Those to Schiller (1871), Goethe (1880), Jahn (1872), Lessing (1890), Stein (1875), Luther (1895), seem, even to-day, very lonesome when compared with the wilderness of warriors to whom Hohenzollern gratitude has reared costly mementos. If we judged cities by their monuments, Berlin would stand very low in the scale of civilization as compared with Paris or Munich.—P. B.

the King should have been specially consulted beforehand is a fact which should be recorded in letters of gold.

The King unhesitatingly rejected the advice of Von Arnim.*

After some delay the minister returned to the delegate and said that, although the whole cabinet was opposed to the King's again appearing on the palace balcony, for fear of a possibly painful incident like that of the 19th, nevertheless his Majesty had "of his own motion declared that he would very cheerfully appear personally on the palace balcony in order to testify his respect for the dead!"

The people's delegate took this message back to the committee, and now the great procession formed.

Three clergymen first addressed the people, a Lutheran, a Romanist, and a Jew, each stirring the audience by eloquent reference to the burning questions of the day.

Then once more the great mass raised their voices in the splendid hymn "Jesus, my Refuge" (*Jesus, meine Zuversicht*), and together marched slowly to the palace. The band, playing mournful music, headed the procession; then came the ancient guild of *Schützen*, or riflemen, and deputations of rifle-teams from neighboring cities—Halle,

* "On the day of the funeral the King was reconciled to the notion that he would be compelled to follow the corpses, and he seemed to feel, on this account, not so much humiliation as fear lest an attempt might be made on his life.

"He inquired earnestly as to who would be with him; what sort of people would be his escort; begged that the most trusty men of the municipal guard might be selected.

"His worry was groundless. No one wanted the King along; but if it had been demanded he would certainly have gone."—Varnhagen, *Diary*, March 22, 1848.

Halberstadt, Brunswick, Magdeburg, Lückenwalde, Potsdam, etc. Then came the chief marshal of the procession, the same who had been to the palace in the morning to learn the King's pleasure.

Then came a high municipal official bearing a satin cushion which had been worked by the women of the district from which the procession started. It bore the inscription, "To the dead heroes of March 18th and 19th." Then followed fifteen maidens dressed all in white and each bearing a white cushion on which lay a green wreath.

Then commenced the long train of coffins, each borne on the shoulders of six friends or fellow-craftsmen. The coffins were grouped according to the different professions or crafts represented, and after each group followed the banners and the men of that particular guild or fraternity.

Then followed the whole of the clergy of Berlin, all in their robes, and headed by those who were to make the orations.

Then came the Berlin University, the rector at their head, and accompanied by the illustrious Alexander von Humboldt, a man whose presence alone indicated the importance of the moment. Humboldt was born in the same year as the great Napoleon and lived out all the years of Macaulay; he seemed like a human bridge between two different ages. He was, on this 22d of March, already seventy-nine years old, albeit he had before him another decade of usefulness.

Then followed all the high officials in the King's government, the Royal Academy, the art societies, the chiefs of the city government, the members of the aldermanic body, and deputations from various municipal societies.

There was a strong representation of factory workers—a novel species in the Berlin of that day. They had been

foremost in the fights of that eventful night, and their fellows filled many of the coffins.

The procession was closed by a section of the city militia, or *Bürgerwehr*.

Here marched together representatives of every interest, from the King's Majesty to the bricklayer. The most illustrious and loyal names were here, and all doing honor to men who had fired on the King's soldiers.

All were represented, all but the soldier caste, whose chief temples were in Potsdam, and whose high-priest was hiding in London.

When the great procession reached the opera-house, next door to the palace of the absent "Prince," it was greeted by the choir of the cathedral singing "Jesus, meine Zuversicht," From here the great palace "Schloss" came into view, and every eye was fixed on the windows at which their King might appear. But would he?

The head of the procession had already reached the royal windows — no King was there; murmurs were heard among the mourners. But as the first group of coffins appeared the royal windows were swung open and the haggard monarch stepped forth. He wore the uniform of a Prussian general, and took off his helmet as the coffins passed beneath him.

After each group of coffins he retired, to come forth again as each fresh group made its appearance. At the centre of the balcony was a large flag with the revolutionary colors, and at each corner a black flag of mourning.

These three were dipped as the groups of coffins passed, in token of the royal sympathy.

With bare head the monarch stood once more silently begging pardon of his people for the blood which his soldiers had shed.

He was fifty-three years of age; he recalled the disgrace

which smothered the Prussian army after the battle of Jena, for he was then eleven years old. He had followed his mother as a fugitive to Königsberg in 1806, had grown up in a Prussia which was but a province of France until the popular War of Liberation (1813), in which year he celebrated his eighteenth birthday. He had seen his country disgraced through the pretensions of a military aristocracy, he saw it raised into national dignity by the popular levies of 1813; he had seen all this, or should have seen it, had his eyes been those of normal man.

Now, in his declining years, he once more saw in his army but a rotten reed, and learned, or might have learned, that there are forces mightier than those of the parade-ground, and that a throne is strong only when sustained by the consent of a generous and enlightened people.

It is just possible, then, that on this particular March 22d the King of Prussia did really in his heart ask forgiveness of his people, and silently vow to avoid in future the faults so abundantly committed in the past.

Arrived at the Friedrichshain, which is a park at the eastern end of Berlin outside the Landsberger Gate, the funeral oration was made, the benediction spoken, and the bodies lowered into a vast pit prepared for them.*

The proceedings were closed officially; not a word or

* "Heil Euch im Siegeskranz
Söhne des Vaterland's
Im kühlen Grab.
Helden in heisser Schlacht
Brach't Ihr die stolze Macht
Opfer der blut'gen Nacht,
Heil Euch im Grab!"

—"Hymn for those Buried in the Friedrichshain," to the tune of "God Save the King."

gesture that could have offended the monarch. On the contrary, a magnificent sign that Berlin needs few police.

But after the benediction rose up one (named Jung) who had been selected at a meeting of citizens independently of the regular funeral committee. He demanded the floor, and the people wanted to hear him. He spoke for the people and to the people, and his words found an echo throughout Germany:

"Let us forgive," was the burden of his oration, "but let us not forget. Let not men whom we now bury die in vain. Let us not rest until we have carried this fight on to a decisive victory for the cause of popular liberty.

"Woe to him who shall infringe the liberties sealed to us by the blood of our brothers whom we have laid to rest!

"Woe to him who shall prevent us from choosing our representatives in parliament!

"Our liberties are, as yet, merely in the germ. Cultivate this germ carefully. Your most important rights are not yet granted—you have not yet universal suffrage, nor have you protection against police violence; you have no right of free assembly; you are still represented by people who are not of your choice, but who are of another class and set of interests."

Many then present had occasion to recall the utterances of Herr Jung not many months after they were uttered, when those who then listened to him were hastening to destroy their black, yellow, and red badges, and to efface all marks by which the police could recognize them as having once marched in the great procession along with Alexander von Humboldt and the chief officials of a revolutionary Hohenzollern crown.*

It is a sad picture, this Friedrichshain graveyard, sacred to the heroes of 1848. The visitor looks in vain

* On April 8, 1848, there was a good picture of these funeral services in the *Illustrated London News*.

for signs to indicate that he is here on a spot sacred to German liberty and unity.

It would seem as though the government wished the people to forget those who had died in their service. But for those heroes there would to-day be no German Constitution, and yet the ground that holds their sacred remains suggests a Potter's Field rather than a national mausoleum.

Even as late as 1898, the fiftieth anniversary of this memorable day, the citizens sought to make some improvement to this hallowed shrine, but the government forbade.

XXVII

SCHNEIDER—THE FRIEND OF KING AND CZAR

Court-Councillor Schneider—Intimate with the King and with Czar Nicholas — A court - chronicler — Actor - director of the royal theatre — His activity — Loyalty during the Revolution — His interesting career — The theatre during the Revolution—Small box-office receipts—Behavior of the audience.

“Dès le moment où les peuples discutent la monarchie au lieu de l'aimer, la monarchie se meurt.”—Don Jaime Balmes, *Révolution de 1848*.

ONE of the figures pointed out to me (1871) in his walks by my good tutor in Potsdam was the famous, mysterious, and mighty Herr Hofrath Louis Schneider, the intimate of Emperor William and his predecessor Frederick William IV., the notable dramatist and man of letters generally; the man without whom the Prussian court never moved; the man who provided the King with his intellectual food, who had charge of his private library, who wrote for the papers what the King desired to have popularized; who spread monarchical sentiments under the *nom de plume* of a bluff soldier; a man through and through anti-republican, anti-liberal, a royalist in the narrowest sense of the word.

Schneider was so cordially hated in 1848 that, after having been treated to hostile demonstrations outside of his house, and unmistakable signs of ill-will at the court theatre, where he was stage-manager, he was forced to retire, and spent the rest of his life in Potsdam as member of the royal household.

In the campaign of 1866 he was much with the Emperor William, and in that of 1871 also. He edited a soldiers' paper in both wars, supplied the German press with "inspired" information, launched false news through English correspondents in order to deceive the enemy, entertained the venerable Emperor, as he had his predecessor, by reading to him, by declamations, by providing him with interesting matter suggested by the places where they happened to be or the events of the day.

He died so loaded down with medals that he might be said, like the lady in the classics, to have succumbed to the weight of silver and gold ornaments.

For eighteen years the Russian Czar sent him annually a diamond ring. For a time he received a salary from this autocrat as reward for furnishing him a weekly letter on the state of things in Berlin—this was immediately after the Revolution of 1848. His pay was 1200 rubles annually—a handsome price for such service at that time.

The late Emperor William dictated to him the material for his life, and both he and his elder brother were in the habit of revising what he wrote for publication; he may be said to have been their secretary *par excellence*, their very living pen. The public sentiment, or rather the legend, about the late Emperor William is mainly the result of Schneider's graceful, and at the same time vigorous and highly popular manner of presenting a picture in words.

He wrote as one of the people, and was so good an actor that he deceived his audience whenever he chose.

During the revolutionary ferment of 1848 he had the courage to address his comrades of the reserves (*Landwehr*) in the tones of a thorough royalist, and contributed much to create the feeling which called back from his

London exile the then "Prince of Prussia," afterwards first German Emperor.

He was both soldier and actor; indeed, he excelled in so many directions that he might claim a separate notice under many heads.

His career is interesting. Born in 1805, the year of Austerlitz, his family suffered through the Napoleonic invasion, and his childhood was a struggle with poverty. His mother was an actress; his father played in the orchestra. From his eighth year he was employed in children's parts, and by his fifteenth year, after helping about the royal theatre in Berlin, trimming lamps and doing odd jobs, he finally was permitted to appear in a minor rôle, after which the director of the royal Prussian theatres gave him an opportunity of qualifying himself for the profession in earnest, not only by lessons in singing and declamation, but also in ballet-dancing, in which accomplishment he became an adept.

While his parents were playing in Russia, young Schneider was sent to school and acquired the language, and to this fact he owed his subsequent friendship with the Czar and the opportunity of writing much for and about Russia.

But all his literary and dramatic talent would have brought him little court notice had he not at the close of his military service written a soldiers' manual, intended only for the "Reserves" (*Landwehr*), in very popular, condensed, and loyal manner. This filled an immediate want. The King was so much pleased that he ordered 900; the commanders of the different reserve battalions ordered a further 34,000; and the little work went through a second edition of 50,000—no trifle this—nearly 90,000 copies of a military work by an actor twenty-five years old.

Schneider was now a made man. He became to the

Hohenzollerns not merely the court clown, the entertaining travelling companion, the confidential secretary and news-gatherer, but, in the year when Charles X. was driven from the throne of the Bourbons (1830), when popular discontent was venting itself against monarchical institutions, the Berlin court found in Schneider the thing most needed—a thoroughly loyal, courageous, witty, and, above all, rough-and-ready writer who could counteract the teaching of liberals by counter-articles conceived in equally popular language.

For nearly half a century this man was a species of Hohenzollern press bureau—I might go a step further and say a Hohenzollern-Romanoff confidential clerk. St. Petersburg and Berlin were then tightly bound in political and family sympathy; both stood together in the trades-unionism of the Holy Alliance, and the favor Schneider enjoyed with successive Prussian monarchs was freely added to by Nicholas and his successor on the Neva.

From 1830 to the Revolution of 1848 he was a brilliant dramatic star at the royal theatres of Berlin, and, at the same time, the first military author of the kingdom, if we measure such fame by the sale of copies. His manual for the "Reserves" was so popular at court that he followed it by one for the regular infantry, then one for the cavalry, and finally for the artillery. The successive Hohenzollerns regarded him as royal historiographer, gave him special facilities for studying military affairs not only in the annual army field-exercises and the great manœuvres incident to the visits of the Hohenzollerns to Russia, and *vice versa*, but notably in the Danish campaign of 1848 and the wars of 1866 and 1870.

He was not raised to the rank of a noble, but short of that he enjoyed the royal sunshine for more years than

any actor or author with whom we have any acquaintance.*

The royal theatre being, as it were, a part of the royal palace, it is an interesting barometer of governmental emotions. During the revolutionary days it had a delicate task to perform.

Let us cite a few sentences from Schneider's voluminous pages. For instance, as illustrating the immediate effect of a Paris mob on that of Berlin:

"The first rehearsal of an opera was being held in the royal palace (Berlin) when news was brought to me (Schneider) that Louis Philippe had fled and the republic proclaimed. Count Schafgotsch, who brought me the news, expressed the opinion that on this account there would probably be no further thought of opera performances. He was right." (Vol. ii., p. 3.)

"Needless to say that neither his Majesty the King nor any of the royal princes attended the theatres during this period. Ladies were rare. In the stalls were only men in slouch hats (*Schlapphüte*), beards, carrying weapons. The applause was coarse and rasping. Free tickets were given to a certain number of students and writers. We felt the degradation of the establishment." (Vol. ii., p. 41.)

"On March 16th (1848) we had 'Dorf und Stadt,' at the royal theatre (to an almost empty house), and at the opera a dress-rehearsal of 'Oberon.' This same evening the guard opposite the opera-house shot into the noisy mob, but instead of hitting the guilty they killed an innocent man who was hurrying home about his business. From this moment feelings grew more and more bitter. It was impossible to have a calm talk with any one. It was all passion and injustice.

"On the 17th came an order from the chief of police to remove into a safe place all the theatrical warlike property—swords,

* His *Mémoires (Aus meinem Leben)*, dated 1857, were published in 1879, a three-volume work of 1250 pages octavo (but no index). We do not dip into this in expectation of finding praise for the men who died on the barricades, but it is still full of interest for the sidelight it gives on the Berlin of that day.

guns, pikes, etc. . . . We ordered carts and were beginning to pack up when news came of threatening masses in front of the Prince of Prussia's palace, which made it risky to remove the weapons in broad daylight, so we waited until the next day, meantime removing the hammers from the muskets and pistols.

"That night, at the rehearsal of 'Romeo and Juliet,' the members of the company ridiculed our timidity and behavior." (Vol. ii., p. 8.)

"By royal command it was forbidden to have the usual shooting in the ballet of 'Paul and Virginia,' the rehearsal for which was held on the night of March 17th; it was feared that it might arouse excitement." (Vol. ii., p. 9.)

"On the 19th the notice was chalked up on the doors of the royal theatres (by whom it was not stated), 'There will be no performance to-night!'" (Vol. ii., p. 15.)

"Nirgends mehr ein Soldat zu sehen; aus den Fenstern wehten schwarz, roth, gelbe Fahnen; in front of the doors were chairs with plates on them with this notice, 'For the wounded champions of liberty.'" (Vol. ii., p. 15.)

"Monday, 20th, the popular authorities had compelled the royal theatres to suppress some of the 'royal' designations on their posters."

On March 20th, Schneider was indignant that instead of "Royal Opera" the bills omitted the title "Royal"; Madame and Mademoiselle gave way to Frau and Fräulein; a big tricolored flag was ordered.

"On the 21st the people demanded that the actors wear tricolor sashes or badges, and the order was obeyed at both royal theatres." Schneider was also outraged at having to give a special performance for the benefit of those who had fallen during the street fights—citizens as well as soldiers. It had to be done, however.

"'Wilhelm Tell' was ordered for the 23d, to please the people—by way of reopening the royal theatres." (Vol. ii., p. 25.)

"Ich hörte zum ersten Male einen Demokraten öffentlich reden und erschreck vor der Geschicklichkeit mit der er die Masse zu bearbeiten wusste." (Vol. ii., p. 59.)

Schneider did not buy a tricolor revolutionary badge until after March 26th, when he was mobbed (if we may believe him) for ostensibly refusing to identify himself with the national movement—"but I would not put it on my hat until my wife had sewn beneath it a Prussian *cocarde*!" (Vol. ii., p. 32.)

"Diese Katzenmusiken waren damals noch etwas Neues!" Schneider recounts the one he received May 22d—a serenade of tin pans, horns, and cat-calls. But we have no record that his windows were smashed or that any attempt was made to break into his house or ill-treat him. It was, indeed, a gentle mob! (Vol. ii., p. 80.)

"On the evening of the funeral for the citizens the royal theatres were closed.

"The box-office receipts dwindled from day to day since the opening (on March 23d). Even the special benefit 'Für die Schleswig-Holsteinsche Sache' (Götz von Berlichingen) brought in only ninety thalers,* so that, after deducting expenses, there was not much left for the *Sache* (cause).

"Later on even 'Don Juan' earned only sixty thalers, and by May 13th the receipts sank to thirteen thalers. The record was established on May 10th—fourteen thalers—a play called, 'Vor hundert Jahren.' (Vol. ii., p. 39.)

And when Germans forego the theatre it is a sure sign that matters out-of-doors are more dramatic.

* One thaler is worth about three shillings, or seventy-five cents.
IV.—17

XXVIII

WHEN WILLIAM THE GREAT WAS "THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA"

William the Great in 1848—Unpopularity—Testimony of contemporaries—He is ordered to leave Prussia—Conceals himself in England—Cartridge Prince—His views of government—Not modified by his forty days in England—Appears in the Prussian parliament.

"Aber die Geschichte weiss von keiner Tabula Rasa!"—Otto Abel, *Das Neue Deutsche Reich* (1848).

WE are looking back upon the late Emperor William "the Great" through the eyes of his contemporaries.

To-day he is already a legend; about him gather all the virtues which the German holds dear, and no orthodox historian would venture to write of him save as we used to write at school of George Washington and Martin Luther.

His monument in Berlin already overtops every other effort in this direction—in size at least—and in the great national biographical dictionary of Germany he is honored with twice as much space as the combined amount allotted to Goethe, Schiller, and Frederick the Great.

Let us listen a moment to a Berlin chronicler, a most precious Boswell of his time, the illustrious Varnhagen, who can no more be displaced from German history than Evelyn and Pepys from that of England.

On March 16, 1848 (two days before the big fight), he entered in his *Diary*:

"Why are our princes, brothers of the King, so universally hated. It is the popular answer that for now twenty years we have never heard of any good qualities in any of them—no generosity or gentleness, not even intellectual force; nothing but filthy stories, immoral actions, miserliness, narrow - minded opinions, pride, rudeness, offensive conceit. On what grounds are we to cultivate affection or respect for them?"

And the caricatures of the time pictured the then Prince of Prussia as an arrogant, tightly laced, and extremely dandified young guardsman in spite of his half-century of years.

"March 16, 1848. Yesterday General Pfuel withdrew the troops to the shelter of the palace court under a shower of stones from the people. He did not permit any firing, but sent out some cavalry, who made a sudden raid and secured twenty prisoners.

"The Prince of Prussia (then fifty-one years old) rushed angrily up to Pfuel and exclaimed: 'General, you have destroyed all that I have created with so much difficulty in these last years; . . . you have demoralized my soldiers! It is shameful! (*indigne*).'

"Pfuel answered immediately: 'Your Royal Highness, I shall at once complain of you to his Majesty. I acted with reason and am responsible for my acts.' Both then hastened to the King. Pfuel demanded his dismissal or else satisfaction. The Prince of Prussia apologized, and so the matter dropped.

"March 16, 1848. A crowd formed in front of the palace of the Prince; they hooted at him derisively as he stood at the window.

"Yesterday his son Frederick (subsequently Emperor Frederick, but then not quite in his seventeenth year), on his way from the old palace (*Schloss*) was hissed by the people, and arrived very much excited.

"Soldiers were noticed slipping into the 'house' of Prince William. The people caught wind of it and hooted. The Prince's face twitched with rage. The King is said to be quite pale; he has no appetite, does not sleep, wails aloud (*laut jammern*).

"Colonel T— (of the Gendarmerie, Élite corps) told me that on March 19th the Prince of Prussia was so angry with his

brother the King for having withdrawn the troops that he screamed at him (*angeschrien*): 'I always thought you were a babbler, but I did not know you were a coward! It is impossible to remain in your service with honor!'

"And with that he dashed his sword to the ground at his feet.

"The King, beside himself with anger, shouted: 'That is too much! You shall not remain here! Be off!'

"The soldiers were already fraternizing with the populace—drinking coffee with the citizens, promising never again to shoot, laughing at their officers; and that is why they withdrew the troops from Berlin."*

In this famous *Diary* we have much difficulty in separating what the eminent scholar saw with his own eyes, what he saw through the eyes of others, and what was merely report. Yet it is no small part of history to record what it was possible for the people of Berlin to believe regarding members of their royal family.

It all belongs under the head of national psychology. He wrote on March 22d that:†

"The King ordered the Prince of Prussia to leave on March 19th, because, he said, he was too cordially hated by the people—that he feared the worst—they might declare a republic. . . . In the dusk they drove out through the Potsdamer Gate and spent the night in the 'Carlsbad,' at the Schleinitz house.

"Before day, next morning—they had not gone to bed—they drove to Spandau. The Prince was surprised, for he thought he was to have been driven to Potsdam, but he spent the whole of the 20th concealed in Spandau. . . . From here he was driven to the Pfauen Insel, the Peacock Island (on the Havel, between Potsdam and Berlin, a favorite park of his mother, Queen Luise). . . . Here the Prince permitted himself to be persuaded that the only place where he might take refuge was England, and therefore he started for Hamburg. Before that, he discussed Magdeburg, and even Potsdam, as refuges; but these were soon abandoned. . . .

* Varnhagen, vol. iv., p. 326.

† *Ibid.*, vol. iv., p. 311.

W — gave the Prince 400 thalers and returned to Berlin to report to the King, . . . who approved of the trip to England. . . . The Prince was concealed in Hamburg at the house of the Prussian consul, Oswald."

He noted also that the "Princess," the late Empress Augusta, escaped, dressed as a man, in cap and overcoat!"

The "Prince" was universally referred to as the "Cartridge Prince (*Kartätschen Prinz*)," and the explanation is indicated by Varnhagen on "very trustworthy testimony of people in the court circle." (Vol. iv., p. 311.)

At the time that the King was contemplating the withdrawal of the garrison from Berlin there was violent discussion between those who did and those who did not approve of this measure.

" . . . The Prince of Prussia then stepped up to the King and protested that the troops should not be withdrawn. 'No, never; rather let Berlin with all her inhabitants be destroyed (*zu Grunde gehen*). We must shoot down these rioters with cartridges!' (*mit Kartätschen zusammenschiessen*)." (Vol. iv., p. 311.)

" . . . Efforts are being made to exonerate him (William I.) from the charge of having issued orders on the 18th of March by pointing to the fact that he was not in command.

"That may be, but equally true is the fact that he was constantly issuing orders, interfering in arrangements, giving his opinion violently. On every possible occasion did he give vent to military arrogance (*Dünkel*), his thirst for vengeance, his desire to have the soldiers shoot the people down, his contempt for the civilian (*Bürgerthum*), his wish to see the supremacy of the crown sealed by blood. Not only during the stormy days did he talk in this way, but for weeks and months before. . . . History will furnish witnesses—to-day we hear nothing but party clamor in his praise!"*

The Prussian consul - general in Hamburg (Oswald)

* *Diary*, May 17, 1848.

told the story of the Prince of Prussia's flight at a dinner-table, where the Prince of Prussia was present, by request of Prince Albrecht, the Prince's brother.*

"How the Prince had disguised himself in other clothes, had shaved his upper lip, and even then had been recognized on the railway; how he had left the train during the journey and struck across the fields on foot; how finally he got a lift on a wagon and continued his journey by unfrequented roads; how at Ludwigslust and at Hamburg thousands had been waiting at the station to tear him to pieces," etc.

"April 1, 1848. Pass shop-windows with a portrait of the Prince of Prussia; beneath is written, 'Played out!' (*Ausgespielt*)."

Writing in 1852, he quotes this as a sample of talk commonly heard even then by officers and men about the court:

"We who were sure of our men would not have hesitated to have forced the King to abdicate had we been sure of any one to fill his place. The Prince of Prussia, by his flight to Hamburg and England, had become useless to us, and even since then all attempts to make a hero of him failed pitifully (*kläglich ausgefallen*)."[†]

Greville contains but this entry regarding the Prince of Prussia, under date of March 28th:

"The Prince of Prussia arrived here yesterday (London) from Berlin. He had been advised to leave that place for the present, in consequence of his having incurred extreme unpopularity by the part he has taken in the late events; this is, however, denied in the *Times* by *authority*, but is, I believe, the fact.

"It is pretended that he is 'come on a special mission to her Majesty.'"

The late William the Great arrived in London at a

* Varnhagen, vol. iv., p. 344.

† *Ibid.*, vol. iv., p. 340.

singularly interesting moment; for on April 10th the mob had arranged to storm the capital and intimidate the government; but the British government did not lose its head, and the whole demonstration passed off peacefully.

Prussian historians seek to make us believe that the "Prince" studied profoundly English constitutional safeguards, and experienced a genuine change of heart on the subject of Prussian absolutism.

I can find no evidence for it save in the desire to make this illustrious monarch popular with the masses.*

From contemporary English account, the "Prince" found little to interest him in England, although he did go to see a few "sights."

Lord Malmesbury, in his *Memoirs* (vol. i., p. 223), referred to him briefly as a "very soldierlike-looking man, with a determined but very harsh countenance."

He was away from Berlin from March 18th to the end of May—forty days in the wilderness, so to speak—and during that time every effort was made by those about the court and under its influence to counteract the prevailing public sentiment against him.†

Nor was this very difficult to do, because he had behind him the army and the shop-keepers of the capital. The garrison was an important customer, and there were those who looked with some alarm at the prospect of losing this source of revenue.

* The late Ernst von Bunsen, son of the Prussian Minister to London, and the one who accompanied him on his round of English sight-seeing, told me that the Prince took no interest in the English Constitution—had no sympathies in that direction.—P. B.

† "The clergymen now no longer mention the Prince and Princess of Prussia in their prayers.

"Is this by order?

"I was not able to learn."—Varnhagen, *Diary*, April 21, 1848.

But it was not very easy; it required some time and the effort of many like our friend Schneider.*

Varnhagen wrote, May 5, 1848:

"I hear voices calling louder and louder for the recall of the Prince of Prussia to Berlin—that means the voice of the 'reaction.'

"The prospects of liberty are looking more and more cheerless; they will not be able to rob us of our liberty, but they may spoil it for us (*Verderben*)."[†]

Greville, in his *Diary*, under date of April 28th, notes:

"There seems to be some probability that the King of Prussia will abdicate in favor of his brother, who will assume the imperial title."

In Berlin the walls were placarded on May 12th with this:

"Protest against the Recall of the Prince of Prussia." (Signed) "Der politische Club."

It includes these words:

"The ministry cannot be ignorant of the deep hatred which has been created in the heart of the people against the Prince of Prussia, owing to the Revolution of March 18th. At the gates of the palace, and in the presence of the bloody corpses of citizens, the voice of the people has spoken distinctly."

* In the Munich Library I was shown a large picture in two panels entitled "Die Mission" ("*Demission*"), a satire on the pretended mission "to the Queen of England." The one panel pictures him retreating before a volley of stones; in the other he returns to Germany in a skiff loaded with emblems of war—at the helm sits the devil.—P. B.

† "Mannigfache Anschläge unter den Linden—alle gegen den Prinzen—seitens der Studenten, der Clubs, eines Theils der Bürgerwehr, Gruppen in denen er ein Mörder genannt wird," etc.—Varnhagen, *Diary*, May 13, 1848.

The popular song "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben, den freien deutschen Rhein," received a new verse:

"Wir wollen ihn nicht haben
Den Prinzen Urian
Mit allen seinen Gaben
Und Schnurrbart lobesam.
Ob Garde—Lieutenants—Raben
Ihm nachkrähen in Chagrin
Wir wollen ihn nicht haben
Den Prinzlichen Blondin."

And Varnhagen went so far as to anticipate bloodshed if he should show himself again in Berlin.*

The Prince did return at the end of May, and blood did flow.

He came back as he had gone away, more than ever convinced that the salvation of Germany lay through her army, and that the first duty of the Prussian King was to make a recurrence of March 18th impossible.

These sentiments he vented freely to the friends whom he trusted. To General Natzmer he wrote frankly that the man who would govern Germany must first subdue her by force of arms, and this he finally did.

Meanwhile, however, he played the part of a penitent exile fairly well. He permitted himself to be described as having become reconciled to the new form of government, of even promising it his cordial support.

And, to close the apparent breach between himself and the people, he appeared in the so-called "National Assembly of Prussia," on June 8th, only a week after his return, and among other things said:

* "Und mich sollte nicht wundern wenn durch sein Erscheinen in Berlin wieder Blut flössel"—May 11, 1848.

"Constitutional monarchy is the form of government which the King has pointed out for us—to this I shall dedicate all my strength!"

These words nearly choked him.

It was an immense effort; it marks the high-water mark of his enthusiasm for German self-government.

It is true, he did come to this hateful parliamentary assembly, but he came in the uniform of a soldier.

XXIX

REVOLUTION ON THE DANUBE

Vienna influenced by Paris — Ferdinand and Metternich — Fancy themselves secure — Character of Ferdinand — Greville — Lord Hardinge — Anecdote — Kossuth fires the Hungarian heart — Demands for a Constitution — Vienna prepares addresses — Feeling at the Hofburg — Well-dressed mob in Vienna — Meeting of the Diet — Stormed by the mob — Hofburg besieged by deputations — Metternich compelled to retire — Triumph of the people — Popularity of Ferdinand.

“Vater Metternich, der du bist in Wien, entheiliget werde dein Name; zukomme uns eine bessere Regierung; es geschehe der Wille der Unterthanen wie in Bayern, so auch in Oesterreich; gieb uns ein grösseres Brod und vergieb uns unsere Wünsche und Schreien, wie auch wir vergeben dein neues Anlehen; führe uns nicht in Versuchung durch die Banknoten, sondern erlöse uns durch's wirkliche Silbergeld von dem Uebel, Amen!”—*Neues österreichisches Vaterunser*, 1848.

WE must turn back now a few days in our chronology for a look at Kaiser Ferdinand, an emperor who would have had to speak some fifteen languages in order to have understood all subjects in his polyglot empire.

The Vienna Revolution, like Berlin's, was prompted by that of Paris,* and naturally received considerable encouragement from Munich on the west and Presburg to eastward.

* “... Partout enfin, sur cette ligne du Rhin, ou l'influence de la France se fait directement sentir, le bruit seul de la Révolution de Février avait conquis à l'Allemagne ces libertés qu'elle réclamait depuis si longtemps.”—Taillandier, vol. ii., p. 9 (ed. of 1853).

Dates are weary diet, but whatever others you forget, bear in mind February 24th, the day on which the people of Paris tossed the throne of Louis Philippe out of the Tuileries; the date on which liberty started from the Seine as a centre and radiated to every cottage of Europe as fast as post-horses and the then modest supply of railways would permit.

Metternich ruled in Vienna—the same Metternich of the Carlsbad Decrees, the patron of every law hostile to liberty. He had in the Hofburg an epileptic emperor whose main interest in life was collecting butterflies and ferns, dreaming of patriarchal days, a worthy colleague of Frederick William IV. in Berlin, of Ludwig in Munich, and many another impotent majesty of that day.

Ferdinand had been emperor thirteen years when the storms of 1848 broke over him.* He was a gentle and enlightened man according to the standards about him, but those standards were woefully low.

Twenty years before, his political horoscope had been mapped by an "American citizen" of Austrian birth, who thus referred to his father Francis:

"Silent, deep, and imbittered this (Austrian) people go on. Francis II. has instructed them in the art of dissimulation, and his successors will reap the fruits of it. The Hungarians are only waiting for the favorable opportunity to raise the standard of opposition, and all the rest of the empire will follow!"†

Immediately after ascending the throne Ferdinand proclaimed to the world his attachment to the past policy of his father by a confidential conference with Nicholas of Russia and Frederick William III. of Prussia, at Teplitz,

* Born 1793; ascended the throne March 2, 1835; abdicated 1848; died 1875, eighty-two years of age.

† Charles Sealsfield, *Austria* (1827).



FERDINAND I

in Bohemia, at which conference vows were renewed to support the doctrines of the Holy Alliance, to tolerate nothing likely to disturb the sacred monopoly enjoyed by a few crowns.*

Ferdinand ran away from Vienna twice during 1848, before finally abdicating at the end of that year in favor of the present Emperor, his nephew, Franz-Joseph.

But he had never really ruled; his ill-health had early induced him to hand over the business of the state to a committee called *Die Staats Conferenz*, in which sat several royal members, but the whole was dominated by Metternich.

Austria under Ferdinand remained, as before, the political prison-house of Europe—a fine field for priests and officials, a poisonous swamp for healthy men.†

So secure did the Hofburg feel that the news of what happened in Paris (on February 24th) raised but languid smiles in upper circles.‡

* The Emperor (of Austria) must be regarded at this time as the head-jailer of his dominions. "He had a plan of the fortress (Spielberg, near Brünn), and seemed to be constantly studying the means of isolating the captives more completely and increasing the rigor and irksomeness of their confinement. . . . Several of the political prisoners of 1820–1821 perished prematurely in their dungeons."

And when, in 1830, an amnesty was granted by the Emperor (Franz), Confalonieri was prematurely aged and infirm, Pellico had lost a limb, Maroncelli was in the last stages of disease, and there was not one of the survivors whose sufferings and long confinement had not shortened his remaining years of life.—Thomas Frost, *The Secret Societies of the European Revolution*, vol. i., p. 265 (London, 1876).

† "The only public newspaper in Vienna deserving the name is the *Austrian Observer*, whose editor is private secretary to Prince Metternich.

"Goethe, Schiller are wofully mangled (for the Vienna stage), and woe to him who shows a predilection for 'Wallenstein' or 'William Tell.'"—Sealsfield, *Austria*, p. 212 (1827).

‡ "The Swiss minister reported to his government that it had

When Metternich was told that rioting had commenced in Vienna, he treated the matter as a mere local brawl; said it was none of his business—"quite out of my department!"

The sublime ignorance of Metternich regarding his own country is illustrated by this entry in Greville's *Diary* :

"It is curious to note that Lord Hardinge, who arrived here* (London) on the 16th, Thursday, passed two hours at Vienna (on March 9th), and saw Metternich, who spoke of passing events without the least apprehension, and said it was possible there might be some disturbances in different parts of the empire, but that they would be put down without any difficulty, and that he had no idea of making any concessions at this time.

"Four days afterwards he was obliged to fly from Vienna, and his house was sacked and burned!"

A notable German contemporary wrote of Austria:

"Her people have been dragged to the level of the brutes, robbed of their sense of honor and morality through long generations of police and Jesuit rule . . . that is the condition of Austria to-day according to the testimony of her best-informed subjects. . . . And where are we to look for the men who will guide the ship of state in this storm? Metternich has kept such men far from him or else he has reduced them to mere machines of his will."†

Speaking of Germany between 1815 and 1848, Tailylandier noted:

"Réduite à tourner incessamment sur elle même, condamnée à se tourmenter, à se dévorer dans l'ombre, la pensée de l'Allemagne eut bientôt le vertige; et toutes ces Saturnales de l'Athéisme

raised the question of a possible European war, but nothing more."—Letter dated March 3d. Effinger. Correspondence to the Foreign Office.

* "Then on his way home from India, the same who was later (1854) commander-in-chief."—*Diary*, Monday, March 20, 1848.

† Otto Abel, *Das Neue Deutsche Reich* (1848).

dans la patrie de Leibnitz ne peuvent être considérées que comme les grimaçantes visions de délire."*

The great German nation had passed the stage where help could be expected from the orthodox pharmacopœia of doctors reared in the "old school" of Metternich. Their drugs only made the patient worse. It was a moment for heroic measures; but the Holy Alliance was not a school of heroes.

German liberty *in extremis* cried for help from any quarter.

The cry was heard in Hungary, and Kossuth answered.

He made a speech at Presburg which for the first time put into concrete form the political yearnings not only of Magyars, but Germans. This was on March 3d. He had penetrated the "looped and windowed raggedness" of Metternich's political cloak; he laid bare, in glowing language, the shallowness and brutality of the Vienna government; he had looked Metternich between the eyes; had learned the secret of his sham greatness.

To-day his demands sound tame enough; we have grown up with them; but in 1848 every word was revolutionary; the mere thinking of such things sent men for life to the Spielberg.†

"We demand a national government," said Kossuth to the Diet of Magyars at Presburg. "Our national needs can only be adequately met by a government springing from a parliamentary majority, and this parliament must be responsible to the people."

It was enough to give Kaiser Ferdinand several fits of epilepsy that within his mediæval borders any one should

* *Études sur la Révolution en Allemagne, 1853*, vol. ii., p. 584.

† Here died the famous Baron Trenck in 1749; in 1855 it was converted into barracks.

dare to quote from such poisonous documents as the British Constitution, or, even worse, the American.

"We demand a responsible Hungarian ministry" cried the fearless tribune. "Furthermore, we all know that our progress is seriously impaired by the manner in which the Vienna government administers the various territories belonging to the imperial crown. These various provinces must be closely united one to the other; this unity will produce peace and loyalty—it will also guarantee our liberty.

"We therefore desire that the imperial throne be surrounded by constitutional checks and that there be one Constitution for the whole of Austria."

Wild and prolonged *élyens* rent the air after this speech, and almost equally wild were the cheers which it evoked not only among the people of Vienna, but in every village from the Alps to the North Cape.*

It was the more welcome throughout Germany for having a quasi-German appearance. Kossuth spoke German as well as Magyar; he was, in their eyes, something of a brother-German, for in those days it had not become the fashion to boycott languages.† Maygars and Germans marched together under the common banner of liberty.

The word constitution in Austria sounded explosive, anarchistic. Metternich defined this word for his imperial master as an article most dangerous to society in general and the Habsburg throne in particular.

* "Only in Hungary there is still life and resolution. The firmness of these men will be rewarded by the most brilliant consequences."—*Arnold Ruge's Correspondence and Diaries*, 1825–1880, p. 69 (Berlin, 1886).

† "French is still (1827) the favorite language, not so much from scorn of the native German, Hungarian, or Bohemian, as from the need of having a tongue that will not be understood by the servants, who might betray them to the secret police."—*Sealsfield, Austria*, p. 171.

"Kaiser Franz" had once consulted his doctor regarding a cold.

"Your Majesty will suffer no harm; it will be all over in a day or so, for you have an excellent constitution."

"How dare you say I have a *constitution*?" roared the offended monarch. "Don't you ever dare use that word again! You may say that I look well, that I have a good complexion, that my organs are sound; but don't you ever dare say I have an excellent constitution!"

When Kossuth thundered for a Constitution in the then capital of Hungary,* it caused Ferdinand for a moment to look up from his beetles and inquire if there was still room for another of his subjects in the Spielberg, and Metternich reassured him by saying that he would soon have matters in their usual sleepy channel.†

But already, only three days after the speech of Kossuth, a deputation ventured to present an address to the Emperor's brother in Vienna, and in this address it was broadly hinted that Austria ought to make common cause with the great German Fatherland. All this was nebulous in a way, but scandalously modern to a government which regarded any political thinking as treason. The mania for addresses was abroad. On March 7th the Vienna students decided to take a hand in the matter. A petition was formulated. On the 11th it received its final touches and was signed by 2000 students. The de-

* Budapest became the capital later, in 1848. The population, which was but a little over 100,000 at the census of 1841, had become over 700,000 at that of 1900.—Brockhaus (ed. of 1904).

† "En effet pourquoi son talent (Louis Philippe) est il si vanté?

"Parce qu'il a maintenue l'ordre!

"Malheureux peuple qui, pour maintenir l'ordre, a besoin d'un homme extraordinaire!"—Don Jaime Balmes, *Jugement sur la Révolution de 1848*. Of him Lesseps said (*Souvenirs de Quarante Ans*, p. 295), "Il est le premier Espagnol à qui ses concitoyens aient érigé un monument par souscription nationale."

mands were the usual ones—common to all such addresses at that time—mainly copied from French models and such as we have already noted.

Kaiser Ferdinand received the two professors who presented this address on the 12th, gave them a few pleasant platitudes, and dismissed them (and the whole matter) from his mind.

Had any one then told him that within a week he would be making his escape like a thief from his own capital, he would have laughed pleasantly at the idea.

On March 13th the so-called Landtag of Lower Austria met in Vienna. This Landtag, or Diet, sounds parliamentary, but, as in Berlin, it was but the outward husk of an institution whose life had expired many ages ago under the withering influence of absolutism and centralization.

However, this mere husk had something inspiring to the Austrian of 1848. The Hungarians had demanded a Constitution on March 3d. Ludwig of Bavaria had granted one on March 6th. Could Vienna remain indifferent when her neighbors were so active and so near?

The Viennese did not know very well what they wanted, but they cordially disliked Metternich.

Press liberty appealed to those who wrote and read; but of those there were few among the laughter-loving Viennese.

The people at the bottom wanted better wages, but there was nothing in the various addresses which interested other classes than professors, shopkeepers, and those "on top" generally.

The doctrines of Weitling and Karl Marx were whispered in dark corners by a very few.*

* "Whatever man needed he took without asking. If any one prepared a bountiful meal, the neighbor dropped in and shared it, for the notion of mine and thine was then unknown. It must

This was a revolution of the well-dressed people; there were, so far, no blouses, no grimy hands.

The people outside crowded about in the streets and squares, feeling that something was going to happen.

The students met in the *aula* of the university and decided that something should happen. The ferment was there. Revolution was in the air, but there was no programme.

At length Dr. Fischhoff (a Jew) jumped up onto the town pump and shouted, "Hurrah for liberty!"

That broke the ice, and from now on speeches were made which served to give the people a notion of how far they might go with their political sports and still keep out of jail.

Then a student read forth, in a loud voice, the famous Kossuth speech of March 3d. This was the programme they all wanted. The crowd commenced to grasp the elements of political education—they learned rapidly. Soon were heard cries of "Down with the government!" "Out with the ministry!" "Away with the Jesuits!" "To hell with the Russians!" "Arms for the city guards!"

The thirst for such education increased; and in a short time the populace rejected government concessions which an hour before they would have deemed acts of touching grace.

The Diet thought they were extremely advanced when have been glorious for man, the child of love and of nature, to have lived in that primitive age—in the paradise of this beautiful world!

"What a gulf between then and now!"

"Verily the red Indians of North America live more happily in their forests than we in our walled cities with our enclosed fields, for they live in freedom."—*Garantien der Harmonie und Freiheit von Wilhelm Weitling*, 2d ed., Vevey, 1845, published by the author, 264 pages, small 8vo. I found a copy in the British Museum, but not in the Munich Library.—P. B.

they finally voted to petition the Emperor for the mere publication of the national budget. But the crowd below brushed aside the members of the Diet and roared themselves hoarse with the cry, "We want a Constitution!"

And this song of the Constitution they sang in the very court of the Hofburg, under the windows of gentle Ferdinand, who could not escape it, however he might seek to bury himself with his picture-books and beetles.

The roaring was hoarse and loud; such a sound as had not been heard in that mouldy palace for many, many years. If Kaiser Franz, in his Capucine vault, still had power to hear, we may think of him as turning, not once, but several times, and muttering, as to his doctor, "How dare you use such a word in my presence!"

The mob stormed the Diet, carried away the members, and in a formidable array of students, deputies, professors, shopkeepers, and apprentices invaded the sacred precincts. They had acted under the spur of a false alarm; the rumor had been floated that troops were marching against them, also that their leader had been held a prisoner by the Diet.

The people in the Hofburg, much like those in other palaces at this time, knew little of what was going on, least of all Metternich.

The burgher delegation was received with icy coolness. The Metternich committee, which was the whole of the ostensible government, made reply after due deliberation "that the wishes of the people would be taken into consideration and a reply formulated in due course by his Imperial Majesty," and so "good-morning!"

But another element introduced itself at this juncture: those in the palace heard a sound of musketry outside, followed by shouts and screams of pain and rage.

An archduke had marched troops in towards the palace; he had not stopped to inquire what was going on at that moment—there were people in the way and soldiers were there to fight. In the square facing the Diet was a big and noisy crowd, and the Diet itself was filled with citizens much inflated with their recent triumph over the deputies.

The Arch-Duke gave orders to have the square cleared, and this became the signal for the mob within to commence smashing chairs and tables, and then using the pieces for the purpose of bombarding the troops below.

No great harm was or could be done by such a garrison, but, as fortune would have it, a piece of wood struck no less a person than the Archduke himself. Immediately after this impious act two volleys were fired and five citizens fell dead, one of them an old man with long white hair.

Here, as in Berlin, the soldiers had orders to fire straight into the crowd, which in each place consisted of all sorts and conditions, the curious women and children along with the rest.

Here, as in Berlin, the effect of the bloodshed, so far from cowering the people, made them disperse only for the purpose of getting weapons and coming back for vengeance.

It is one of the many illustrations afforded by history that the work of the policeman and that of the soldier are very different, and cannot be blended save at considerable sacrifice.

In many instances the soldiers fraternized with the citizens, and the fact that so few were killed in the volleys just cited is abundant proof of this.

The good burghers, even the old and conservative ones, now cried out for arms, and all classes rushed to enroll

themselves in the so-called *Bürgergarde*, or city trainbands, which from time immemorial had existed (at least on paper), and which ordinarily turned out on festive days in order to pay honor to their sovereign or some saint.

But now they came forward with a double purpose, as in Berlin. On the one hand, they resented the manner in which the soldiers had been used, and on the other they feared that the Revolution would take a turn *à la* "Terror." They thought it eminently wise to see that the city should have some guard against possible excesses of the so-called "dangerous classes."

The students, the members of the city government, and the officers of the city guards appear to have clamored for the same thing at about the same time; at least they all appeared at the Hofburg towards five in the afternoon, insisting that the burgher guards must be called out and intrusted with the policing of the city, otherwise "the worst was to be feared."

These delegates were not allowed to see Ferdinand, but one of the many archdukes received them and said that they must not bother the government, that Metternich was doing all that was proper, and they had better go home and be quiet.

Then the venerable rector of the university, a gentleman of seventy-two, threw himself on his knee before the Archduke, and with tears in his eyes implored him to grant speedy relief, that otherwise he (the rector) would not answer for the consequences.

"Well, well," answered the Archduke, "we'll see about it. The government, the Metternich committee, will take the matter into consideration, and we'll send you word—"

"But what about the arming of the students?"

"Oh, we'll look into that also."

Here was indeed a concession, with the city in an uproar and a mob ready for any excess, to have this message! It was one of those half-concessions which are worse than none at all.

The deputation from the city guard fared at first no better.

It was with difficulty that they were allowed to present their petition even to an archduke, whose only answer to them was:

"Concessions! Nonsense! It's the business of the *Bürgergarde* to maintain order. Now be off!"

The Hofburg was crowded with generals, princes, councillors, prelates, officials, flunkies, and courtiers of every grade, much like the Berlin Schloss five days later. The delegates of the Vienna militia concluded that there was nothing more to be done, and were working their way out of the palace when another archduke, alarmed at the effect which such a message might have on the mob, begged the spokesman to wait a bit.

The interval had been full of activity outside, and some of the incidents had come to the notice of a few, at least, within the palace. The crowd had assumed more and more of the blouse and grimy-handed look which at such times is vastly more impressive than when the color is furnished only by men with gold watch-chains.

Then, too, there was considerably more noise. The political feelings were rising. The first to feel the whiff of public opinion was mighty Metternich himself; his handsome and luxurious palace was burned to the ground, nothing was left standing but the four walls, and the courtiers reflected that the venerable Hofburg was no more fireproof than the palace of their great minister.

So the Palace decided to parley with the people.

The matter was reconsidered; the burgher deputation was asked anew what they wanted. And this time they wanted much more:

"We wish Metternich to retire."

"How dare you make such a request! Don't you know that Metternich has been thirty years the right hand of the throne? Do you suppose that the Emperor could possibly entertain such a request?"

"I know nothing of that," answered the leader of the deputation. "All I know is that I am here on behalf of the people, and that it is my duty to speak for them."

There was then more commotion; more running to and fro of adjutants and lackeys, the proposition of the civic deputation was monstrous, sacrilegious, yet there was the mob outside, equally monstrous and probably more sacrilegious.

The chairman of the deputation was finally called into a neighboring apartment filled with high officials, among them Metternich, surrounded by princes and generals.

Metternich came forward, smiling and cool as ever.

He approached the spokesman of the citizen guard, tapped him condescendingly on the shoulder, and cheerily said to him:

"It would be a shame, would it not, if the citizen guard and the troops combined should not be able to get the better of a little street brawl?"

This was well meant; so was the answer:

"Sir, this is no street brawl; this is a Revolution in which all classes of the people have a hand."

Similar words had been spoken to Louis XVI. at Versailles, on the night of July 14th (1789); the two situations had their parallels.

Metternich knew French history better than that of Vienna.

"You lie!" said he. "This is a mob of Jews, Poles, Italians, and Swiss, who are stirring up the lower classes." And it is interesting here to note how identically the two palaces of Berlin and Vienna thought at this time, each helping to dupe the other.

With these words, and a further warning from one of the archdukes to the effect that he was minded to have them shot as rebels, the members of the deputation made their way out into the halls and gave the news to those waiting there.

There was a move to reach the street, but meanwhile matters had come to look still more serious, and some of the courtiers begged them to have patience once more.

Every moment gained by the civilian deputation was to their advantage, for each moment added to the noise of the mob down below. Towards evening the workshops and mills turned their workmen loose, and weapons were brandished which looked formidable from the palace windows.

The deputation waited, and meanwhile there was a conference of Metternich & Co., who finally decided that something should be done, but, as in many similar cases, it was too little and too late.

The big door had swung open to announce that the censorship should be modified, when—who could believe it?—there were heard many and angry calls of "Metternich must resign!" It seemed impossible; there must be some mistake. But no, the cries were renewed, and more loudly and fiercely. The princes and generals, to whom Metternich was something holy, something interwoven with their very religion, no less than the royal family, these bent their ears in expectation of hearing counter-cries in his favor; but no, there was but one cry, ominously distinct, "Out with Metternich!"

And so at last, at eight o'clock of March 13, 1848, this smooth political gambler, this oracle of the Holy Alliance, this confidential mentor of kings and emperors, this very father-confessor of the Austrian court, this minister at whose word the armies of united Europe had been set in motion, this passionless dictator of peace and war, in the palace of the Cæsars, surrounded by the family of his august master, laid down his office, by order of—a "street brawl."

The joyful news spread rapidly; men sang and wept and laughed; strangers embraced one another. It was almost too good to believe; everywhere cheer entered the hearts of the people. The fallen minister sneaked out of the Austrian capital that night in disguise, hastened to Prague, thence across Germany to the North Sea, where he took ship for London, and here was able to compare notes with Guizot and Louis Philippe and the Prince of Prussia.

That night the citizens of Vienna indulged in a grand illumination; they felt that with the flight of Metternich all had been achieved; the only serious enemy to reform was out of the way, and from now on they could joyfully work with their beloved Ferdinand for the welfare of a common country—a free and united Austria, not to say Germany.

So they cheered for Kaiser Ferdinand, their "Constitutional" Ferdinand.

From now on the motto of the *Bürgergarde* was, "Kaiser, Freiheit, und Vaterland"; they were all Republicans, who wanted Ferdinand to remain with them as president for life.

Ferdinand was known to have a soft heart. The illustrious Windischgrätz had been given command of the Vienna garrison, but, said the good King Ferdinand,



FIELD-MARSHAL WINDISCHGRÄTZ

"I will permit no shooting. If you shoot, I'll go away."

So far fifty had been killed during the various conflicts, and when Ferdinand looked down from the windows of the straggling Hofburg and heard the people cheering him as their father, and praising him for his clemency, he had not the heart to inaugurate what he felt must become a general massacre.

And, besides, now that he saw beneath his windows a mob that carried muskets as well as clubs, crow-bars, and hammers, we are justified in thinking that his clemency was not unmixed with prudence.

The Revolution in Vienna had been effected; it remained now only to give it imperial sanction. Ferdinand sealed his approval of all that happened by taking a drive about the city in an open carriage, and he was delighted at the greeting which he received: "Long live Ferdinand, who wouldn't shoot! (*Vivat Kaiser Ferdinand, der nit schiessen lässt!*)"

He shed tears, and is reported to have said to his attendant as he undressed that night, "Such a good people as mine deserves to have a Constitution."

Ferdinand had as little notion of a Constitution as the Sepps and Xavers on the sidewalk; but if they had wanted a flying-machine or submarine torpedo, he would have placed an order for them, as any other fond and foolish parent would have done under similar circumstances.

The people about Ferdinand were not disposed to discourage his leanings at this moment, for from Hungary came news that was highly disconcerting. Kossuth was on his way to the Hofburg as delegate from the fiery Magyars. The news of Metternich's fall had reached Presburg within a few hours after the event, and, of

course, it was received by Hungarians with joy, and it gave immense encouragement to the patriotic party.

So at three o'clock on March 15, 1848, there stepped forth from the chief portal of the Hofburg an imperial herald, who read to the assembled people this proclamation:

"We, Ferdinand the First, have enacted what we deem essential to gratify the wishes of our faithful people."

And then he went on to promise liberty of the press, a free parliament, and what was then usually regarded as a Constitution.

Again Vienna swam in a sea of light and song and tears and political intoxication.

And all believed that the millennium had come.

XXX

ROBERT BLUM IN 1848

French influence on Germany—South German states the first to feel the impulse from Paris—Baden Revolution—People afraid of their princes—Princes afraid of their people—Mistakes of the people—Caucus at Heidelberg—March 5th—Committee appointed to call national convention—Representatives invited—Lack of politicians—Too many theorists—Picture of Robert Blum—At Frankfort—Neglect of his memory—The police—Saxon Revolution—Monarchy *versus* Republic—The question left open—Jubilation on March 31st—Dream of German liberty and unity.

“Roughly speaking, the Revolution will kill off the feeble ones, but raise up the strong.”—Gustav Freytag, 1849, *Grenzboten*, No. 11.

“Robert Blum, Leipzig publisher, tried and properly executed according to law as guilty of high-treason (Hoch und Staatsverrath), who, aside from his public treasonable and revolutionary activity in the German parliament, . . . dared to make the statement on March 1, 1848, as member of the Leipzig town council, that ‘the time had come for action!’ . . . He is a regular miniature Marat (‘Ganz Marat, au petit pied’).”—From the confidential Index of the Political Police, (*Anzeiger für die Politische Polizei Deutschland’s*, ed. of 1854). Blum being in his grave, there could be little point in this insertion, save to encourage officials to insult his memory.—P. B.

GERMANY is a political puzzle to one who would enter into details, to note what was done in the several dozens of small states. We have given a little sample of what the Revolution was in Vienna, in Munich, in Berlin, and the reader will already have been struck by the absence of originality in the various steps taken to secure what was desired. And what happened in the larger states was even more true of the smaller ones.

There is a strong French flavor in much of what was done* in those days throughout the Fatherland; the words in vogue appear to have been mainly coined elsewhere: *Nation, Bourgeois, Proletariat, Constitution, Parlement, Representation, Barricades, Proclamation, Republik, Demokratie, Partei, Presse, Souveränität, Tribune*, and many others of like import, became current in reform circles, inspiring horror at court and confusion among the illiterate.

Yet the people came honestly by their proclivity to copy things French; for German official and military nomenclature was even more French than that of the stump-orator. It would seem almost as though the German lacked words for his daily needs. In the army it was, and is still, conspicuous. The very word *armée* is French; so are the words *régiment, bataillon, compagnie, corps, troupe, train, bivouac, colonne, militaire, avancement*; and then the grades: *porte-épée, lieutenant, major, général*. In official life we have the *bureau chef*, the *gouverneur*, the *inspecteur*, the *secrétaire*, the *civil cabinet*, etc.

Bismarck did much to eliminate French words from the German language; he had some success wherever an order would suffice, as, for instance, to substitute *Fahrschein* for ticket or billet. In the army the word *Oberleutenant* takes the place of *premier-leutenant*, etc.; but in general the German shows a preference for the French, and it will take many Bismarcks to change the character of a people.

No sooner had news of the Paris Revolution crossed

* "Ces deux véhicules qui tendent à effacer les frontières des empires et des intelligences, l'univers les a aujourd'hui. Le premier, c'est le chemin de fer. Le second c'est la langue Française."—Victor Hugo, *Le Rhin*, vol. ii., p. 424 (1841).



BISMARCK AS A YOUNG MAN

the Rhine than the little states, one after the other, commenced to demand popular government on French lines.*

Already on February 27th, Mannheim, in Baden, rose and demanded liberty of the press, trial by jury, national militia, and a parliament based on manhood suffrage. Her demands were granted, and this encouraged the movement elsewhere. The smaller the state, the more democratic the movement. Austria and Prussia were the laggards, perhaps because they were a trifle farther from the French frontier.

Between the Paris Revolution on February 24th and the meeting of the so-called National German Parliament at Frankfort, May 18th, our imagination may picture a succession of scenes not very different from those we have already noted. The people from day to day gained courage to make their demands more and more definite; the princes from day to day showed more and more inclination to yield anything rather than their thrones.

The rulers little realized then how timid were the people, much less did the people realize what an easy thing it would have been to declare every throne in Germany vacant.

* "La Royauté constitutionnelle (Louis Philippe) avait besoin de créer ou de maintenir autour de la France des États libres. La République y est plus obligée encore. Le Gouvernement demande donc à tous ses agents, et exige impérieusement de chacun d'eux de se conformer fidèlement à ces nécessités de notre situation.

"Voyez le Grand Duc (of Baden) et faites lui bien comprendre quels sont les désirs de la France.

"Nous ne laisserons certainement jamais établir à côté de nous, ni une province Prussienne, ni un gouvernement absolu à la place d'une monarchie indépendante et constitutionnelle!"—Letter of De Tocqueville, when French Minister of Foreign Affairs, to his agent in Baden, 1849. The letter was provoked by the rigor with which Prussia persecuted those who had taken part in the Revolution. It suggests a French "Monroe Doctrine."—P. B.

It is not wise to irritate a man unless you can crush him. In Germany the popular assemblies proceeded to give deep offence to those on or about the many thrones,* yet they did not at the same time withdraw from their princes the means by which they were soon to take a savage vengeance—the control of the army, to say nothing of the power to levy taxes.

The curious may wonder what had become of the so-called *Bundestag*, or Diet of the German Empire, which Metternich had since 1814 permitted to hold sessions at Frankfort, and which had been carefully stuffed with pliant delegates from the various German courts, who all voted to order.

Down to 1848 the most patient research would fail to discover a single measure proposed or passed by this feudal body which on examination could be classed as constructive legislation.

It was a sorry picture of political impotence; it bowed to the popular storm, and passed a resolution as early as March 1st promising to serve the interests of united Germany. On March 3d it authorized the different states to abolish the censor; indeed, it went on from day to day annulling different acts which Metternich had passed with so much labor through the past thirty years. They even hoisted the black, red, and yellow flag of German unity on top of their hall of sessions.

The uncommon promptness with which princes and their ministers yielded so soon as they heard the shouting of the mob under their windows made it possible for a

* "Doch wie er nun mit eigener Hand
Am Kloben zerrt und reisst,
Da läuft sein Volk ins Nachbarland,
Von wo es Steine wuthentbrannt
Ihm in die Fenster schmeisst," etc.

—*Demiurgos*, vol. ii., p. 85.

caucus of patriots to come together already on March 5th at Heidelberg in order to discuss the calling of a popular congress, or rather what we might call a national convention, whose object was to frame a Constitution for the proposed united Germany.

This first caucus appointed a committee of seven, and these, on March 11th, issued a call to all members of representative bodies to gather at Frankfort on March 31st.

There was no machinery in Germany for determining who was or was not qualified to sit in the proposed national convention, and the language of the call was purposely left free enough to include any one who might in general be regarded as worthy, with or without official credentials.

Indeed, the word "representative body" meant nothing anywhere in Germany, least of all in Prussia and Austria. Every state had something with that name appended to it, but it was not "representative" of any interests save those of the crown and aristocracy.

It sounded well, however, to the credulous, and there were many such in 1848.

The national convention (using this word in the American sense) which on March 31st answered the informal call of March 11th was a thoroughly "revolutionary," not to say "irregular," assembly. Germans call it still "Das wilde Parlament." There was no recognized basis of representation.

Prussia had 141, Austria only 2 delegates — a monstrous disproportion. The Prussians came nearly all from one section (the Rhine), and were mainly aldermen (*Stadlverordneten*). Little Hesse - Darmstadt sent 84, while big Hanover sent only 9. Bavaria sent only 44 — ridiculously few when we reflect upon her population as compared with that of other states.

We call this a representative body, albeit in so doing we are forced to put a heavy strain on that elastic catch-word.

It was, at any rate, a school of parliamentary practice, and, as might have been foreseen, was soon dominated by those who had learned the trick of playing with large and untrained bodies of enthusiasts.

There were 574 members of this "wild-cat" convention, mainly professors, theorists, politicians, who knew all that books could teach and were so crammed with knowledge of this kind that no room was left for common-sense.

There were no representatives of the great labor party; in those days the German dreamed of no reformer more radical than a scholar like Jahn or Arndt.*

Even the learned publisher, lexicographer, and orator, our old friend Robert Blum, of Leipzig—the "Dan O'Connell of Christian Catholicism"—was *in those days* branded as a very dangerous man, because he had worked his way up from the ranks of labor, and was therefore suspected of secretly favoring the party of communism and chaos.

A German portrait-painter has left us this study of him:

"He is undoubtedly one of the most important figures in the Frankfort parliament (1848).

". . . Short, stocky (*gedrunken*), broad-shouldered; a broad, short face; the eyes a bit slanting like a goat's or a Chinaman's;

* "It is notable that the so-called Liberals are in favor of freedom of the press, but are opposed to freedom of speech. They are willing to accord freedom of discussion to the individual, because they associate with the man who uses the pen a certain amount of education—a certain moderation and discretion. But they look with alarm upon the battle of the masses in the popular convention; here they see the danger of theoretical talk being transferred to practical execution—popular will united with the power to enforce."—Lasker, *History of the Revolution*, p. 157.

between them an impertinent rosy nose cocked up like a bowsprit; under his chin *ein langer spitzer Bart* (a long, pointed beard), which works oddly in unison with the speaking of the orator.

"On the street he wears a black paletot (frock-coat), with a light-gray, broad-brimmed, round (bowler) top-hat.

"He is an impressive figure in the assembly.

"He looks like one who has no desire to produce an effect, and yet his repose is most impressive.

"He makes no effort to speak loudly, but his voice comes so powerfully from his chest, moves so mightily, that one never loses a single word of what he is saying. He speaks slowly, never departs from his quiet manner, and takes up as he goes along each interruption—all with perfect self-possession.

"The most momentous, far-reaching propositions he propounds as though merely saying, 'Good-morning, Mr. Fischer.' . . .

"When he ascends the tribune the whole house is delighted, even his political opponents—he holds their attention irresistibly for the moment."*

* The visitor to Frankfort to-day will be disappointed if he expects to find there any monument to Robert Blum.

In the Church of St. Paul I was shown the seats occupied severally by Blum, Arndt, Jahn, etc.; Arndt alone has a tablet to indicate where he sat; the others are pointed out by means of a hymn-book which the verger lays at each of the interesting seats.

"Why has Blum no tablet?" I asked the verger.

"I suppose the Social Democrats will attend to that," was the answer.

Outside the Paul's Kirche are two handsome bronze tablets informing the passer-by that the sessions of the national parliament were held here.

The only exhibit at the Frankfort Museum touching 1848 was the baize-covered reading-stand, or rather lectern, and the speaker's bell used by the national parliament.

There is a well-known wine-house in Frankfort (Boehm's), where Blum met his political friends in 1848. To-day there is not a single mark about the place inside or out to indicate the one event which causes strangers to look it up. I had a long conversation with the landlady, but she implied that the government would not be pleased if Blum were in any way noticed.

In the museum of Frankfort the director, Cornil, appeared to be rather annoyed that any one should still be interested in Blum. Nothing relating to him was on exhibition, but he fished out a dusty

The German police may be proud of the thoroughness with which they have suppressed the name of Robert Blum, but those who have helped the police in their task have less reason for self-congratulation.

His strong hand and practical good sense were felt during those days, notably in Leipzig, his home. And it is noteworthy that this centre of German intelligence, the capital of the book trade and seat of her most famous university, should have selected as her leader a man who had not even an academic degree.*

Two whole weeks before the Berlin outbreak, and nine days ahead of Vienna, Robert Blum (on March 4th) persuaded the Leipzig town council to demand the dismissal of the Saxon King's ministry. But this King, like others of his craft, would at first listen to nothing of this nature.

"Nothing shall ever induce me to deviate from the path marked out for me by my relations to the Deutsche Bund and the terms of the Constitution. . . . In this matter of the regulation of the press I shall not be influenced by the happenings of to-day, but by conscientious consideration for the welfare of the people intrusted to my charge."

But by March 6th he had proceeded so far in political education that he addressed his Saxons in a tentative fashion:

portrait of the patriot draped in the same sash that he wore officially in 1848 — black, red, yellow — the forbidden colors. It was a mere lithograph.

He had also an excellent oil-portrait bust about 12mo size, but could tell me nothing about the author; it was an excellent bit of work.—P. B.

* Robert Blum's name appears among the collaborators of Brockhaus's *Encyclopædia* (10th ed., of 1855). After his name are the words, "Died in 1848." In this edition is a review of the struggles of the founder of the house, but no mention of what he suffered at the hands of the censor. Indeed, this edition is obviously carefully expurgated for the benefit of the political police.—P. B.

"Be patient," said a royal proclamation, "and have confidence in what I have already done and intend to do.

"Do not do prematurely what is to be done by representatives of your own election."

The King and his cabinet were seeking for time, hoping that they would yet find a way of quelling the disturbances which were epidemic throughout the little kingdom.

One minister was finally dismissed, but, as Robert Blum shrewdly remarked in the town council (March 7th):

"They have sacrificed to us a minister, . . . but the old system has not been abolished."

The *Bürgergarde* was increased; the students took a prominent share in the movement. It was Robert Blum who inspired his learned fellow-citizens with courage.

The King of Saxony had received a provincial deputation with these words:

"No! No! No! No! No! I can pay no attention to unreasonable requests. I cannot enter into any argument with you on this subject. *Leben sie wohl!* Good-morning!"

And for a short time the King seemed to have triumphed. Indeed, on March 11th he received so much encouragement from Prussian troops massed upon his borders that he ventured to send a minister (Carlowitz) to Leipzig with a strong escort of troops, in order to demand that the *Bürgergarde* be dismissed.

The Leipzig authorities, however, would not listen to him. They had the day before listened to Blum in the city council:

"Consider a moment the investing of Leipzig by soldiers. Why this expense? Why is the peasant so heavily taxed at this

moment (by having troops quartered upon him)? Because five men (ministers), with an army at their back, cannot understand that, though they can kill a man with their bullets, they cannot make a single hole in the idea which has now taken possession of the world."

Carlowitz did his duty by his masters; he told his King things which previous courtiers had concealed. And in consequence, on March 13th, the whole Saxon cabinet retired, and on March 16th a new and liberal cabinet was called.

The new government issued its programme with such revolutionary provisions as:

- "Soldiers to take the oath to the Constitution.
- "Abolition of censorship forever.
- "Liberal regulations for the press.
- "Reform of the administration of justice in the direction of publicity of trials, trial by jury, and oral examination.
- "Reform of the election laws.
- "Right of free assembling under proper regulations.
- "Reform of church affairs in the direction of tolerance, and equality of all confessions before the law."

Saxony demanded a reform of the customs, demanded that the old Frankfort Diet should become a "popular body."

Vienna and Dresden purged their governments at that same March 13th; after this day reform followed reform—liberty of the press, political amnesty, a popular militia; everything was granted as soon as asked.

By the time Robert Blum started to his new field as delegate for framing the Constitution of united Germany, Saxony had ranged herself among the modern constitutional kingdoms; and all this through the skill and courage of the man who started life apprentice to a Cologne cooper.



ROBERT BLUM
After a lithograph by Schertle

Let us anticipate a moment here: When, on April 20th, south German delegates from various governments arrived in Dresden to induce Saxony to join the new Constitution of a German union under Prussian leadership, the prime-minister (Braun) at once despatched to its representative at the Frankfort parliament (Todt) as follows:

"Germany becomes a *Bundesstaat*, a Federal Union based upon popular institutions (*auf volksthümlicher Grundlage*); she is to have an executive with a responsible cabinet, a parliament with two houses, a supreme court (*Reichsgericht*). The central government is intrusted with representing the whole country according to international law."

In other words, Saxony outlined a Constitution for united Germany similar to that of the United States to-day, at the same time hailing the King of Prussia as chief executive.

The temper of the Saxon cabinet was illustrated by the words of the minister Von Pfordten to Biedermann when the latter started for Frankfort.

"Bring back any Constitution you please, but, for Heaven's sake, spare us a republic!"

A deputation from the Saxon mountains came to Blum and violently demanded that within a fortnight he bring them a republic from Frankfort.

He asked them if they had a fire-engine in their village.

"No," was the answer.

"Then tell your constituents that until every village in Germany has its own fire-engine I cannot provide a German republic!"

Arrived in Frankfort he found violent cries for a republic. Blum comforted them:

"The republic will come all in good time; just now what we need are Republicans!"

On March 28th he founded the *Vaterlands Verein* in Leipzig, composed of Monarchists and Republicans. The only ones that could not unite were the extremists of each party.

This society had by the end of April forty branches and 12,000 members, and by the beginning of September 100 branches and 30,000 members. It had reached a membership of 40,000 before the death of its founder.

This society gave Blum a foretaste of the difficulties ahead of him at Frankfort, difficulties created by violent men at each wing of the Reform party.

Republic or monarchy? That was the question on which the people's representatives were to grow hot in Frankfort, no less than in every other part of Germany.

The question had to be left an open one. After much debate the *Vaterlands Verein* voted:

"We must not seek to anticipate the wishes of the nation. It is for the people to determine what form of government suits them best."

Finally, by way of compromise, it was resolved that:

"The Demokratisch-Constitutionelle Monarchie was for Saxony to be regarded as fulfilling the wishes of the people."

When Blum reached Frankfort, the city of the Holy Roman Emperors, he found her streets gayly festooned with flowers, ribbons, and gaudy transparencies, all uniting with the radiant smiles of her burghers to make the

574 delegates feel that at last the Millennium had arrived.

Germany was now free; her princes had all apparently joined with the people in framing new constitutions on a popular basis; the standing armies had fraternized with the burghers, and here at the capital of the German Cæsars had gathered together eminent scholars and liberal tribunes representing the great Teuton family, scattered from the Alps to the Baltic, from the Rhine to the Vistula. It was, indeed, a theme over which warm-hearted Germans could well afford to grow rosily prophetic on that glorious 31st of March, 1848.

They saw already in their minds' eye all the little states happily united under one common law, one customs union, one* flag, one Constitution, and, over all, one German Kaiser—symbol of German power and unity.

Already they were reaching out the hand of friendship to their brothers in freedom on the Thames and the Hudson; already were they invoking justice for Poland; already they were passing laws for the benefit of the great new commonwealth.

There were men in that assembly who had shouldered a musket in the wars against Napoleon; these now cheered for "French liberty."

It was a beautiful, a sublime picture of German patri-

* "During my stay at Frankfort I had to pay for my excursion from this city into the surrounding country, a distance of three miles, not only three different tolls, but for my coachman, who carried about half a bushel of oats with him, a duty double the value of the oats.

"Owing to the same cause, a bottle of Rhenish wine is, thirty miles from its growth, quite as dear as in England."—Charles Sealsfield, *Austria*, p. 12 (1827).

otism and poetry, loyalty to her princes, devotion to the ideal.

All this happened on the last day of March, 1848—and the next day was “April Fool!”

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